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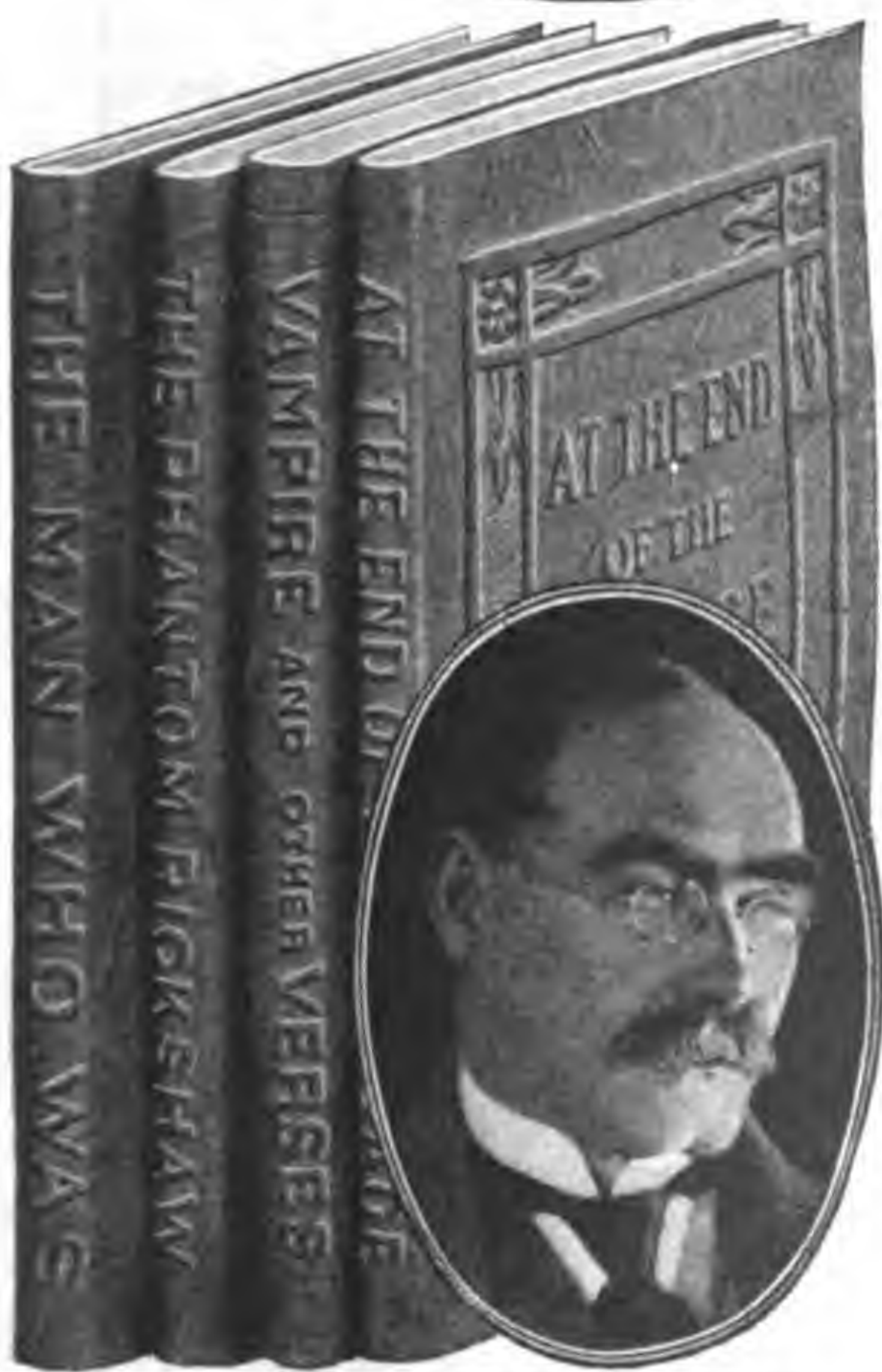
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HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

APRIL, 1923



"IT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS AT HARVARD"

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HAPGOOD On *Law, Drama*

Query **I**N OUR foreign relations several attitudes are clear, easy to state, possible to defend. One is that of the irreconcilables, who oppose any participation whatever. Another is that of the Wilsonians, who have always held that unless all participated matters would go from bad to worse. And third is that of Senator Borah, who would participate in so far as the idea of force was eliminated and reliance put alone on reason and moral influence.

What of the fourth, which was that of the Harding Administration? It did not wash its hands of consequences, like the irreconcilables. It cannot say it was thrown out of power, and therefore is not responsible, like the Wilsonians. It can scarcely answer Borah when he reminds it that only on his insistence was the Arms Conference called, and that only because of administration assurances of imminent success in keeping the French out of the Ruhr did he withdraw his call for an economic conference, to forestall the invasion.

The Administration, in short, took a position, but relied for its justification on success, and on nothing else. When it goes into the campaign, little more than a year from now, it will have not the answer of the irreconcilables, that it is not our business; not the answer of the Wilsonites, that the invasion of Germany is just the sort of thing they asked us to prevent; not the answer of Borah, that when he asked us to accomplish Wilson's aim in a milder way Lodge, speaking for Harding and Hughes, assured him the object had already been attained. What *will* the Administration say about its foreign record when it enters the campaign of 1924?

A Book to Read **S**IGNOR NITTI'S standing as an economist was such, before he became premier of Italy, that his book, called "The Decadence of Europe," should be read by all students of foreign affairs. Some of his charges against the French army of occupation are so shocking as to be incredible, as when he says the Germans are compelled to supply brothels. Nitti dedicates his book to his son and to all Italians who died "in the belief that they were fighting and dying for the liberty of the peoples and for equal justice for conquerors and conquered."

He points out that Mr. Wilson promised equal treatment for victors and vanquished, but that all the promises of the entente, all the promises in the name of America, have been broken, and Germany treated more brutally than any country in modern European history. After France was defeated in 1871, no such destruction was inflicted as that with which France is now seeking to crush Germany and keep her crushed. Certainly the excuse for crushing France after Napoleon had been through Europe would have been as plausible as the excuses with which France now veils the mere brutality of fear.

Meantime, the French politicians carry out the ideas of the secret report made by Dariac, Poincaré's secret commissioner. "The whole of French policy in the Rhineland," wrote Dariac, "is at all times subordinate to one purpose, the continued maintenance of our army of the Rhine in the occupied territories." According to the same carefully secret document, the French plan

has to be "a well-thought-out course of action which, little by little, will detach from Germany a free Rhineland under the guard of France and Belgium."

The purpose is not economic: it is political. Reparations are in the main an excuse; the major purpose is to weaken Germany and cut her to pieces.

Bunk **N**EXT to the gyrations of French politicians toward Germany, the most dangerous acts in the world relate to Constantinople and the straits. Most of the talk about the subject is what is known in modern English as hot air, camouflage, or bunk. The speeches being made about Turkey are about as useful as those made in the patriotic years 1914-1918 about Germany. The entente, being victorious and all-powerful, is responsible. If it had had faith as a mustard seed it could have dealt with the mountain-sized problem.

The mess is a result of the patriotic hoggishness of Britain, Italy, and France. Patriotic hoggishness is the menace all over Europe, because it makes impossible a rational settlement in any of the defeated countries. We became so inured to propaganda and lies during the war that we now flap our ears willingly, even if sleepily, while people tell us about Turkish atrocities, or how different Turkish religion is from our sweet and peace-insuring religion. We ought to throw cabbages at such orators and make them talk about a settlement on the basis that Turkey and Russia are as bad as England, France, and Italy, and also as good. Chicherin's proposal is the best up to date, but of course statesmen cannot accept an idea emanating from a source so unfashionable.

Learning Nothing **A**S THE French pursue their fatal way with Germany, how much enthusiasm do they find in their soldiers? How many of these young men agree with Byron:

"They never fail who die
In a great cause"?

What is a great cause in which to die? Here, quoted from memory, is another way of putting it:

"God heard the embattled nations sing and shout:
Gott strafe England, and God save the king:
God this, God that, and God the other thing.
'Good God,' said God, 'I've got my work cut out!'"

The French policy is helping German reaction. It is helping an alliance between Germany and Russia. It is making for the financial ruin of France. It is Louis XIV and Napoleon over again. France can never weaken Germany today as much as Napoleon thought he had weakened her in 1814. All she can do is to ruin Europe, and that her politicians may successfully accomplish.

Justice **I**N FAIRNESS to President Harding, in looking back over his record, it should be added that he did release one political prisoner unconditionally during the holidays in which we celebrate the spirit of Christ.

and The Folly of France

As we write, fifty-two prisoners are still lingering in jail, on sentences ranging up to twenty-five years, because they failed to see the glory of our late war. One man has gone insane; one died, very inconsiderately, after a public statement by the authorities that he was in the pink of condition; two seem to be dying of tuberculosis, while others have other diseases. Let us hope the remainder are able to read the news from the Ruhr, and thus are led to see how evil it was of them to think poorly of war, and how right Mr. Daugherty has been to keep them in prison until they die and their families become true patriots.

Sin Some More

THE Kansas legislature has had before it a proposal to put prisons on a business, modern, self-respecting basis. The New York legislature will soon be discussing a more carefully thought-out plan. Mr. Lord, who describes the idea in this issue, has had a great deal of practical experience in prosecuting prisoners, in pardoning them, in knowing them personally. At present there is exactly nothing that we manage worse. "Go and sin some more" is an exact description of our method.

What Matters?

OUR friend, H. G. Wells, points out that in the fiscal year 1920-1921 his country spent about five million pounds on housing, eight million on health, fifty-one million on education, and 354 million on debts, practically all of these debts meaning war. Wells was defeated for Parliament, but his party is strong and before many years will be in power. Then we shall see a revolution in the purposes for which public money is spent. Britain in twenty-five years will be far more socialized than Russia will be. And there is no shouting about it.

Seeing Ahead

JUSTICE HOLMES has genius. We believe no judge has more. Also he has courage, and courage in belief is rare on the highest court, as everywhere in the seats of the mighty.

Justice Brandeis has done more brilliant and constructive thinking about industry than any other living American. He stands alone in what he combines of great legal knowledge, intimate grasp of practical problems, respect for the constitution and experience and prophetic vision of new life needed.

These two men have been for some years the strength of the court. Justice Pitney, next in legal grasp, is gone. Justice Clarke, devoted to liberalism, is gone. Others may pass soon. The court, by March 4, 1925, may be a Harding court, making everything safe for special privilege. In that case, amendment of the constitution is probable.

Messrs. Holmes and Brandeis nearly always agree on matters of freedom. In one great case this session they have disagreed. Therefore that case becomes a landmark.

Wisdom

IT IS SIMPLE. A coal company sold some land, retaining mining rights under it. Later the state of Pennsylvania by statute forbade the mining of anthracite coal where it would cause such danger to buildings as in this case. The question is on Pennsylvania's right to pass on the statute.

The Supreme Court, Justice Holmes writing the opinion, upset the statute. "This," said the Court, "is a question of degree, and therefore cannot be disposed of by general propositions. But we regard this as going beyond any of the cases decided by this Court."

Justice Brandeis cited many authorities. Liquor, oleomargarine, the height of buildings, oil tanks, brickyard, livery stable, billiard hall, brewery—in such instances the Court, he held, had made decisions that would justify the Pennsylvania Statute.

What matters now is the trend. Justice Brandeis knows fifty times as much about the inside of modern industry as the other eight combined. Not long can nine men prevent a legislature in a mining state, upheld by the highest court in that state, from deciding what protection is needed. The great dissenting Judge was a little more caustic than usual. "There was no reciprocal advantage (in other cases cited) unless it be the advantage of living and doing business in a civilized community. That reciprocal advantage is given by the act to the coal operators." The technical question is close. The future, with amendment to the constitution or without, is with Justice Brandeis.

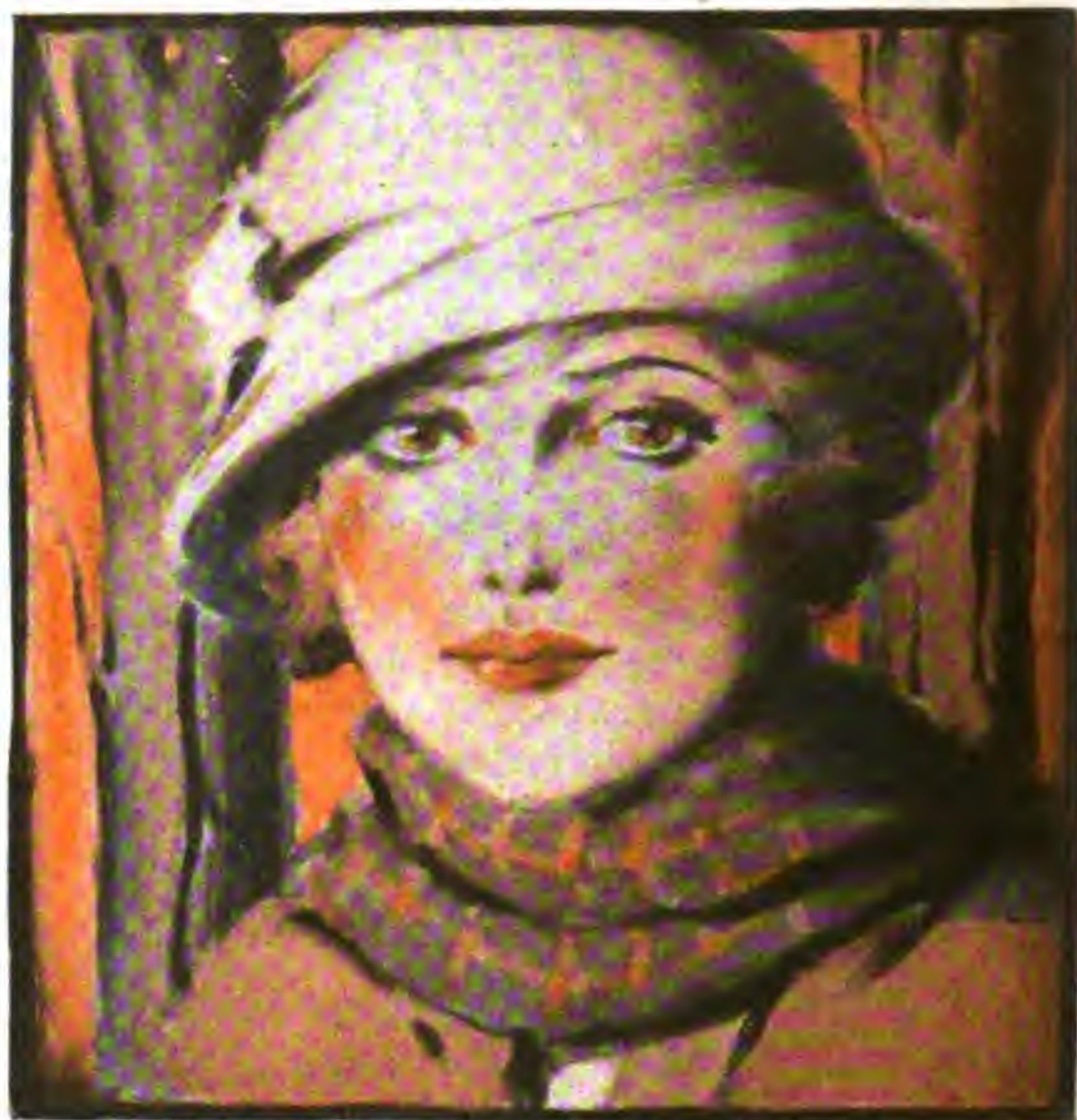
Plays

THE Stage in America is more interesting than it was when we were a professional dramatic critic. It has lost much, but it has gained more. Taking the plays of this season, having their first production in this country, no one season of the period of twenty years ago could equal them in variety of intellectual interest. Most of them, to be sure, are foreign, but what of that? It means only that Europe puts far more thought into her playwriting than we do. Last year, thanks to Eugene O'Neill, we were at least competing. This season all the best is imported, which makes no difference.

Dr. Crane, that popular essay writer, often hits his mark. He hit it when he said that were he a billionaire, he would see that the ant scene in *The World We Live In* was made a one-act play and put on every vaudeville stage in the world. Of the two Chekh brothers who wrote this satire the one who also wrote *R. U. R.* produced another genuine comedy, a play, that is, acutely showing up some of the flaws in our civilization. Chekhov and Gorki have been here, with their meanings clarified by the best ensemble acting ever seen in America. Galsworthy in *Loyalties* has stirred thought with an exciting drama made out of some of the loyal human emotions that in our day are doing most harm. Seldom if ever in one year has New York given as much attention to Shakespeare. Indeed, although New York creates little in the drama, she promises to become its most cosmopolitan home. With the added culture of the next few years it may become, in variety of stage literature, what Berlin once was.



☞ *Daniel Rocke*, Detective



☞ *Ann Lancaster*, of the Foreign Office

THE SCARLET

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

AT HALF-PAST twelve on a blustery morning in March, a middle-aged, neatly dressed man of powerful appearance, who had settled down in the neighborhood under the name of Mr. Joseph Britton, turned into the main street of the small town of Dredley, in Surrey, pushed open the swing doors of the offices of Messrs. Harrison & Co., land and house agents, and tapped on the mahogany counter with the crook of his stick. Mr. Harrison at once emerged from his private office. The two men exchanged greetings.

"I want to sell my house," Mr. Britton announced.

The house agent looked at his visitor over the top of his spectacles, with some surprise.

"Why, Mr. Britton, I thought you'd settled down for life among us," he said, slowly drawing his ledger toward him. "You're not leaving the neighborhood, I hope?"

"I'm having some trouble with my wife," the other explained. "She has worked herself up into a nervous state about these two extraordinary disappearances."

Mr. Harrison's expression was one of somewhat irritated concern.

"Come, that's too bad," he remonstrated. "If everyone were to adopt that attitude, what would become of the price of property in the neighborhood? Why, you'd ruin us all."

"I can't help the price of property," Mr. Britton replied coldly. "We've no children, and my wife's the only person I have to consider in the world. It's seeing the policemen about the lane, I expect, that has upset her."

"Take her away for a change, Mr. Britton," the house agent advised. "Don't you go throwing away a nice little property that you've just bought because of a lady's spell of nervousness. Give her a month at Brighton and she'll come back a different woman."

"I am afraid the matter is too serious for that," the other sighed. "I have no desire to part with the house, just having settled down, but I have given my word, and there we are. Take down the particulars."

"I don't need any," was the reluctant reply. "It isn't a couple of years since I sold you the place. What do you want for it?"

"I gave four thousand pounds for it," Mr. Britton reflected,

"and they say property has increased in value. I'll consider any offer."

"Why, you must have spent hundreds upon the garden alone," Mr. Harrison remonstrated.

"A thousand pounds wouldn't cover what I've spent on the place, one way and another. All the same, I've passed my word of honor that down it goes into your books. If you don't sell it, I can't help it."

"Well, I'm glad the other residents aren't adopting your attitude," Mr. Harrison grumbled. "After all, these two disappearances might be cleared up at any moment. They may be entirely voluntary."

"That is precisely what I have pointed out to my wife," Mr. Britton acquiesced. "In my opinion the police are only advertising their incompetence by hanging about the place and making senseless inquiries. People don't disappear nowadays except of their own choice."

"I quite agree with you," the house agent answered. "Lot of fuss about nothing, I call it. . . . Will you take a glass of sherry with me, Mr. Britton, before you go?"

"With pleasure!" was the courteous response.

THE TWO men left the place together and entered the adjoining hotel. Dredley was one of those half-urban, half-suburban town-villages, which mock the wayfarer from London who thinks that thirty miles from the metropolis should bring him to the country. The shops were mostly branches of larger establishments, and the hotel retained its kinship to a public house. The house agent and his client established themselves in hard, horsehair easy-chairs in an inner smokeroom. The floor was covered with oilcloth, the walls hung with chromo advertisements. The young lady who waited upon them was affable but towny. With the second order for refreshments, she brought out a local newspaper.

"After all this fuss," she exclaimed, "Bert Endell's people have heard from him at Newcastle, where he's got a job, and Mr. Lancaster's written to his family from London."

Mr. Harrison pounced upon the paper.

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♣ *Sir Joseph Londe, Surgeon*



♣ *Mrs. Londe, Nurse*

PATCH

*Illustrations by
Dalton Stevens*

*A new series of short stories
by the man who has entertained
and thrilled more readers
than anyone else in our time*

"That's right!" he exclaimed. "Well, I never!] What about it now, Mr. Britton?"

"I should think that might possibly modify my wife's prejudice against the place," was the somewhat doubtful reply. "Keep the house on the books and I'll let you know."

The two men separated soon afterwards, and Mr. Joseph Britton walked homeward. He was a man apparently of early middle-age, of medium height, powerful build and inconspicuous appearance. He was clean-shaven, with black hair, unstreaked with gray, massive jaw, firm mouth, but curiously restless eyes. Of his antecedents nobody knew anything, but his banker's reference had been unexceptionable, and his manners and speech were the attributes of a man of culture.

The residence which he had purchased two years before was situated on the side of the heath, about a mile and a half from the town. It was built of white stone half-covered with creepers, and there was about an acre of garden, bounded on one side by a long and narrow footpath which crossed the heath and led into the town. Mr. Britton looked meditatively across at the rock garden, which was in the course of construction, as he rang his front doorbell. The idea was, without doubt, a good one. The proposed addition backed up against the thin hedge which separated the footpath from his garden. It would, in time, shield the house from passers-by.

The door was opened by a manservant, somberly dressed, and of uncouth and aggressive appearance. He took his master's hat and coat and glanced at the clock with an air of disapproval.

"Luncheon is on the table, sir," he announced gruffly.

Mr. Britton nodded and opened the door of the dining-room. A woman who was already seated at the small round table looked up at his coming.

"Have you sold the house?" she asked eagerly.

"I have placed it in the agent's hands," he replied.

She continued her luncheon in silence—a striking-looking woman, if not beautiful, with pale cheeks, strange haunting eyes, and masses of beautiful brown hair. She was gazing steadfastly out of the window which looked on to the heath.

"It appears," he went on, "that both the disappearances which have been troubling the people of the neighborhood, are

accounted for. The relatives of Mr. Lancaster have heard from him, and young Endell has written his mother from Newcastle."

His wife looked at him—a long and steady gaze from her wonderful eyes. She said nothing at all.

"It was in the local paper," he continued. "It will be in the London papers tomorrow."

The meal, served by the gloomy and taciturn manservant, was finished in silence. At its conclusion they made their way into a small library and seated themselves in easy-chairs before a huge log fire. Mr. Britton at once took up a book and became engrossed in its contents. The woman neither read nor attempted any sort of needlework. There was no window open in the room, yet occasionally she shivered. She sat with her hands folded in front of her, her eyes sometimes fixed upon the fire, sometimes engaged in a steady contemplation of her husband's face. The latter remained completely absorbed. There was no attempt at conversation.

THE DAY was cloudy and twilight came early. At five o'clock, the butler served tea which was partaken of by the woman only. She drank three cups greedily. Then she left the room again. When she reappeared, she was wearing a handsome fur coat and a small, becoming hat with a veil, behind which her eyes seemed stranger and more beautiful than ever. Her husband gripped the sides of his chair and looked at her.

"You are going out?" he inquired.

"I am going to take a walk across the heath," she replied.

He rose slowly to his feet. For some reason or other the statement seemed to affect him. He walked to the window and looked out. A belt of pine trees loomed like a black smudge at the end of the garden. The single trees and shrubs bordering the footpath had assumed chaotic shapes, more fanciful than ever by reason of the fantasies of a high wind. The footpath across the heath was dimly visible. A solitary tradesman's boy on a bicycle was making his way toward one of the large houses on the other side.

"It's a wild evening," he muttered.

The woman laughed, strangely but not unpleasantly.



Mr. Britton watched the woman's form as she moved swiftly into the bosom of the darkness, and the booming wind.

"I love wind," she said, "wind and the falling darkness." She left the room. The man remained at the window. He watched her cross the lawn, step over the strands of wire at the further end of the garden, and pass along the footpath. He watched her slim form as she came into sight on the other side of the trees, moving with swift and effortless grace into the bosom of the darkness and the booming wind. Then he turned away, left the room, and, walking all the time with a curious mechanical effect, almost as though in a state of coma, he unlocked with a key from his chain the door of a small room behind the stairs. For a moment he paused to listen. Then he entered the room, closing the door behind him.

Daniel Rocke looked up from the desk in his newly acquired office, and gazed with some curiosity at his unexpected visitor. Miss Ann Lancaster subsided into the chair to which he had instinctively pointed, and laid her muff on the floor by her side.

"You remember me, Mr. Rocke?" she began.

"Quite well," he answered. "You were one of our cipher typists at the Foreign Office."

She nodded.

"I am still engaged there," she said.

There was a brief pause. Miss Lancaster seemed in no hurry to declare her mission, and Daniel Rocke, without displaying undue curiosity, was interested in renewing his impressions of her. At the Foreign Office she had just been one in a dozen, a little distinguished from the others, perhaps, only on account of her superior intelligence. He had certainly never appreciated before the small, excellently-shaped head, the glints of a richer color in her deep brown hair, her clear hazel eyes and delicate eyebrows, her pale complexion, creamy rather than pallid. She was of medium height and slim figure, distinctly feminine but with the subtle possession of poise. In the long, bare room at the Foreign Office, Rocke would never have glanced at her twice. Here, in his rather shabby little apartment at the top of a block of buildings in Shaftsbury Avenue, she was an altogether different person.

She, too, from her point of view, found interest in studying more closely this person whom she had come to visit. She remembered him merely as a man of about thirty-five years of age, of medium height, pallid-faced, with somewhat cynical mouth, and the fretful ways of a hypochondriac. He had the reputation of extreme cleverness, and he had more than once charmed the whole room by a rare but very delightful smile. His gracious moments, however, were very occasional, and the chief impression she had formed of him during their period of more or less close association, was of a man swift in intuition, capable but short-tempered, a man with an indomitable capacity for mastering any obstacle which came in his way, but impatient of all delay or interruption.

"MAY I ASK why you left the Foreign Office?" she inquired at last.

He raised his eyebrows very slightly. The question, coming in that form, surprised him.

"You may ask," he replied.

"Impertinent of me, of course," she remarked, "but I am on serious business and my mind is filled with serious things. The report there was that, since the war, you had only been sent abroad four times, and that you were tired of doing nothing but decoding ciphers."

"The report, for once, was absolutely accurate," Rocke admitted.

"It was further reported," the girl continued, "that you were thinking of seeking a post in the Foreign Intelligence Department of Scotland Yard."

"That is where rumor failed," he replied. "If I am to take you into my confidence at all, I will tell you that I am weary of officialdom. Now, suppose you tell me what you have come to see me about, Miss Lancaster."

"Doesn't my name suggest my mission," she inquired. "Ann Lancaster?"

"Not in the slightest."

"You have read of the Dredley disappearances?"

"Yes," he acknowledged.

"My father was James Lancaster, the first one to go," she confided. "He went out for half-an-hour's walk on the heath whilst they were getting his supper ready, and never returned."

"But I thought that was all explained now," he observed. "I thought that a letter had been received from your father, and also from the other young man who disappeared."

"That is where these 'mysterious disappearances,' as the Press used to call them, really do begin to be mysterious," the girl replied. "I have seen both letters. I know nothing about the young man who wrote from Newcastle, but I am perfectly convinced that the communication which came to us with the

postmark 'Bethnal Green,' was neither typed nor dictated by my father."

"Have you the letter with you?" he asked.

She produced it—a half-sheet of common note-paper, on which the few sentences were roughly typed:

My dear wife and daughters:

I am in trouble and obliged to lie low for a few months. Do as well as you can without me. I have found some work in a quiet spot. I shall return before long.

Affectionately,
James Lancaster.

"You do not believe that this came from your father?" Rocke inquired.

"I am sure that it did not."

"Why?"

"My father was a quiet, home-loving man," she declared, "unadventurous and contented. I have been to see his employers. They were perfectly satisfied with him, and they scoffed at the idea of his being in any sort of discreditable trouble."

"Have you been to Scotland Yard?"

"Yes," she replied. "They were very noncommittal. They went so far as to tell me that half the mysterious disappearances we hear about are hoaxes. They took a copy of the letter and promised to make inquiries, but we are not able to offer a reward, and I am quite certain that they intend to do nothing further in the matter."

"What about the letter from the young man?" he asked.

"I borrowed that from his mother to show to you," she announced, producing another sheet of paper.

"Also typewritten," he murmured.

She nodded. "Also, I believe, a fraud."

The letter was typed upon a sheet of expensive paper which might have been the stationery of a commercial firm of repute. The printed address at the top, and telephone number, had been cut out. The letter itself consisted only of a single sentence:

To Mrs. Endell:

Madam:

Your son, Herbert Endell, has found employment with a firm in this town, and desires me to let you know that he is well and happy.

"No reasons for disappearance given, in either case," Rocke pointed out.

"None at all," she replied. "In my opinion, this letter is as fraudulent as the other one."

He laid them side by side upon his desk, and studied them for a moment. Then he folded them up and returned them to the girl.

"If one is to accept your theory," he remarked, "the fact of your father's disappearance, and this young man's, becomes more mysterious than ever."

"Quite true," she assented.

"What do you wish me to do about it?"

"Leave off decoding silly cipher messages and turn your attention to something worth while," she told him bluntly. "I know a great deal about your work at the Foreign Office. It wasn't always what it seemed to be. It was you who tracked down Nicholas Green at Bristol—"

"That will do," he interrupted. "Tell me where I can communicate with you when I get there. I shall go down to Dredley by the next train."

"A GENTLEMAN to see over the house, sir," the uncouth-looking butler announced, ushering Daniel Rocke into the dining-room of Heathside, on the following afternoon.

Mr. Joseph Britton laid down the volume which he had been studying. His wife looked eagerly up from the depths of her easy-chair.

"I hope I have not called at an inconvenient time," Rocke observed. "Mr. Harrison, the agent, told me that I could see over the place at any hour."

"You are perfectly in order, sir," the tenant of Heathside declared courteously, as he rose to his

feet. "I will show you over myself, with pleasure. The house has many good points, but my wife desires a change."

The woman looked across at their visitor. He was at once aware of the spell of her eyes.

"It is really my husband who wishes to travel," she said softly. "Am I to show Mr.——"

"Mr. Rocke," he put in.

"—Mr. Rocke over the house, or will you, Joseph?"

"I will show him over myself," was the brusque reply.

Rocke fancied that there was a shadow of disappointment



Q. Mrs. Britton came into sight on the other side of the trees.

in the woman's face as she resumed her task. Her husband, however, hustled him out of the room. The business of inspecting the upper rooms was soon concluded. Looking downward from the front bedroom, Mr. Britton noticed a taxicab standing outside.

"Is that your cab?" he asked.

The prospective tenant of Heathside nodded.

"I told him to wait."

Daniel Rocke's close watch for anything in the least unusual connected with these two people—the only residents in the vicinity who seemed suddenly anxious to change their quarters—was at last rewarded. There was a look of almost venomous disappointment in his companion's face, as he gazed down at the harmless taxicab. It was an expression which lingered only for a moment, but it was unmistakable. Daniel Rocke, affecting to notice nothing, turned away.

"Rather lazy of me not to walk up," he remarked, "but I had eighteen holes at golf this morning, and want to finish up with a little practice later on. I shall be interested to see what accommodation you have on the ground floor."

"My wife and I are quiet people," Mr. Britton explained, as he led the way downstairs, "and we live nearly altogether in the dining-room and my small study. This is the drawing-room, however—a fine room, but we've never properly furnished it. This is my study," he added, showing a small apartment, the walls of which were lined with bookcases. "Cozy, as you see, but a little cramped."

Daniel Rocke was examining the volumes.

"Are you a medical man, Mr. Britton?" he asked, pointing to one of the rows of books.

"Only an amateur," was the curt reply. "Come along."

"Interested in Australia, too, I see," his visitor continued, pausing before another shelf. "A Colonist, by any chance?"

"No!" was the short rejoinder. "The books were an inheritance. Would you like to see the gardens now?"

"What is this room?" Daniel inquired, pausing before the door with the Yale lock.

"Little more than a cupboard. I keep some oddments there—golf clubs and things."

Daniel measured with his eye the distance between the door of the next room and the window on the left.

"It must be a very large cupboard," he remarked. "Can I have a look at it?"

"Next time you call, with pleasure," the other replied. "As a matter of fact, I have mislaid the key."

Daniel nodded. He seemed indifferent about the matter, but he added another fact to his little store.

"The gardens aren't much, but perhaps you would like to have a look at them," his companion suggested, leading the way out-of-doors.

On the whole, they certainly justified their tenant's criticism. In the corner near the footpath, however, a very elaborate rock garden was in course of erection.

"You've put in a lot of work there," Daniel observed thoughtfully.



There was a sound like whistling close to Rocke's ears, a jerk around his neck, a sense of stifling.



¶ He caught a glimpse of Ann's terrified face outside the window.

"I have indeed," was the somewhat grudging reply. "Dug every foot of the ground with my own hands. Waste of time, too, I'm inclined to think now. If I were buying the place, I'd pull it down and make a hard tennis-court on the top."

"A capital idea," Daniel assented. "Your agent asked me four thousand pounds for the house. Is that your lowest?"

"Not if price is a material object," Mr. Britton answered, with ill-concealed eagerness. "The fact of it is, we want to get away. My wife is nervous. She wants a change, and at once. I'd like to make a clean job of it, if I could."

"If I decide to buy the house, I will make you an offer, then, through Mr. Harrison," Daniel promised.

"Why not clinch the business now?" the other suggested.

Daniel shook his head, smiling, as he stepped into his waiting taxicab.

"You shall have definite news in the morning," he assured him.

DANIEL ROCKE caught a fast train to town, and arrived at a great public office at half-past three. He made his way to a department which had flourished hugely during the war, but which was now considerably reduced in numbers and was in fact in process of reconstruction. The Chief, Colonel Sir Francis Worton, K. C. B., D. S. C., received him as an old friend.

"What brings you here, Daniel?" he inquired, pushing across a box of cigarettes.

"I came to ask for your help," was the prompt reply. "Give me a clean sheet of blotting-paper, will you? That's right. Now let me have sixty seconds to complete this work of art."

With a few deft touches, he produced a very reasonable likeness of Mr. Joseph Britton.

"Look here," he continued, "I am in search of a man, probably a criminal, who served through the war in some capacity or other, who was probably an Australian; and from whose hands,

and other evidence, I judged him to be either a doctor or a surgeon. He is living with his wife in Surrey, and that is an impression of him."

The Chief glanced at the sketch and nodded approvingly.

"Great gift, that, Daniel," he declared. "Certainly, I can tell you the man's name and all about him."

"Get on with it, please, then. The matter is urgent."

"If it's a criminal affair, or anything of that sort, you are going to be disappointed," Sir Francis warned his visitor. "That is a picture of Joseph Londe, the Australian surgeon, who was given a baronetcy by the King. He was one of the first of the really great surgeons of the world in France, and, poor devil, he paid for it!"

"Tell me about it," Daniel begged.

"He rigged up a sort of traveling field hospital for operations, and they say that, during the Mons debacle, he sometimes had as many as sixty or seventy bad cases on his hands at a time. Nothing seemed to tire him. He was three years out there . . . but, then, of course, you've read about him. Very few people know the end of his story, however."

"Tell it to me at once, please."

Sir Francis sighed.

"It was very sad," he continued. "One night, after a simply terrible seven or eight hours' work—it was in that Cambrai affair—Londe and his head nurse both went raving mad. They hushed it all up, but he killed two men before they could get hold of him. He and the nurse were both brought home to an asylum somewhere near London. It was only last year I heard that they were discharged as cured."

"And what became of them?"

"I believe that they went quietly back to Australia."

Daniel rose to his feet.

"I'm immensely obliged, Worton," he acknowledged. "If you'll lunch with me at the club, the [Continued on page 108]



☛ Four of the witnesses against the dope peddling guards of Atlanta penitentiary, photographed outside the solitary cell.

The Inside Story of **DOPE**

IN THIS COUNTRY

By Sidney Howard

☛ *Mr. Howard gives a vivid picture of how easily dope is furnished to our prisoners, and how it was sold in the army. After the war the government sold it at auction. The Customs officers are corrupted. All the big dope rings have protection from government or from city officials*

WAY DOWN east near Gardner, Maine, is the Togus National Soldiers' Home. The pedestrian, walking around the boundaries of its reservation, covers a distance of three miles and circumnavigates the retirement of nearly a thousand assorted veterans of our three latest wars. G. A. R. octogenarians, middle-aged autobiographers of San Juan Hill, crippled striplings from the trenches of France.

The institution is as complete and modern as any in the country, maintains its own theater, its own churches, its own post office. It is thoroughly sufficient unto itself, with cows and horses, vegetables and hens, modern barns and a model dairy. The Governor of the Home, Colonel John A. Hadley, and its Surgeon in Chief, Major Benjamin A. Hayden, have just closed up the dope concession there.

Because a Soldiers' Home seems not entirely the proper place for a dope concession, the story is worth telling. One Walter Douglas, of Providence, Rhode Island, serves a sentence in Atlanta for some crime in no way connected with dope. A fellow convict, whose name he refuses to divulge, shares a good deal of information with him and places general facilities at his disposal.

Tells him: "Togus is a great field for dope peddling. All veterans' homes are." Tells him how to get there. Tells him how to line up with certain doctors and a druggist. Douglas gets out last summer and proceeds accordingly.

He makes arrangements, though he is not himself an addict, for large dope prescriptions from three gentlemen, by name Farrell, Libby and Millikan, each of them an M. D. in his own right. He forges further prescriptions on his own account. He has them filled by Mr. Beane, the local druggist.

Then he meets an addict, Albert B. Norton, of Lowell, Massachusetts, world war veteran and inmate of the Togus Home. He furnishes Norton with the drugs he requires for his own use and establishes him as sales agent in the Home.

He charges the inmates five dollars a day for their provision. Norton controls the hypodermic and gives its services free to each addict.

The doctors and druggist cooperate eagerly, although they know, all four of them, that the official hospital of the institution is amply equipped to nurse and to correct addiction.

Business proceeds profitably until Surgeon Hayden, at weekly medical inspection, detects symptoms of drug addiction. Colonel

Hadley focuses suspicion upon Norton and calls in Agent Kelly, of the Boston Narcotic Office, to investigate what proves to be a really tremendous underground drug traffic. Kelly arrests Douglas and Norton. Search discloses a load of several ounces of morphin in Norton's pockets; in Douglas's pockets a letter from a former prison mate named Eugene V. Debs, generously wishing him better things and a straighter path upon his return to the world of free men.

KELLY's investigation of druggist Beane uncovers the doctors' prescriptions, made at Douglas's request, and those forged by Douglas's own hand; uncovers, too, "the rottenest dope records I have ever seen."

One of the older addicts, a veteran of the Spanish War, dies when his dope is taken away from him.

Douglas pleads guilty and is given sixty days in the local jail; Norton, on the same plea, gets thirty days. The doctors and the druggist, turning state's evidence against the prisoners, are legally entitled to make settlements, "offer of compromise in lieu of prosecution." Farrell and Libby at \$250 each, druggist Beane at \$500, and Millikan, this being his second offense of the sort, at \$1000. The government is still considering the doctors.

The Togos National Soldiers' Home is a federal institution.

In Prescott, Arizona, is the U. S. Veterans' Hospital for the treatment of tubercular patients. Federal Narcotic Agent Frazier, working along the Rio Grande, hears rumors of bad conditions in the Prescott sanatorium, stories of soldiers spending their entire compensation checks for drugs.

Another agent, himself a veteran, is sent into the hospital, stays for four weeks and buys drugs from the local barber, giving his compensation check in payment. Then Frazier raids. In the barber shop he finds two hundred and fifty capsules of cocain. In an outhouse, under a heap of coal, he finds thirty-six ounces of cocain and morphin. Prescott is not an addicted town. The barber confesses that he has sold exclusively to veterans suffering from tuberculosis. His confession is rewarded by twenty-five months in Leavenworth.

The Veterans' Hospital of Prescott, Arizona, is a federal institution.

Dope goes always in the trail of tuberculosis. Small wonder that Saranac, New York, should offer the dope pedler a rich field. The pedlers of Saranac run an efficient motor smuggling organization between Saranac and Montreal, and Saranac and New York and gloat over their hold upon the world war veterans under treatment there.

Again and again the commanders of veterans' hospitals have been startled by manifestations of the dope evil in the institutions under their charge. Hearst investigators in Chicago are watching the magnificent Speedway Hospital. The Commanding Major has already broken one ring and admits his suspicions concerning another, telling of an addicted patient who has announced that he can get his dope easily whether they allow him to go out for it or keep him in confinement.

If the government cannot itself claim immunity from the menace of dope, what can it do for the rest of the country?

I follow the point further.

During the war the army had to detach, both in France and in this country, special units of the intelligence service, simply to run down dope pedlers who were selling to the soldiers.

For a time, after the war, the

government indiscriminately sold unused medical stores at auction. Whoever came might buy and, in as much as these stores included large quantities of narcotics, illegal dealers flocked to the auctions. The government sold to them irrespective of legal registration to deal in narcotics, until the Federal authorities, after several sensational narcotic violations in which the narcotics concerned were directly traced to this source, put a stop to the whole business. Since then the government has mended its ways. But an informant connected with this organization, has bought drugs directly from a captain until lately in authority in the Army Medical Distribution Center, at Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Nor can the navy claim a clean bill of health. Here is the case of Yrisarri, Spanish seaman of the U. S. S. Nevada, who is arrested for smuggling and selling dope in Norfolk, Virginia. He pleads guilty with astonishment that so great a fuss should come of such a commonplace naval sideline.

IN THE January issue of this magazine, Mr. Eugene V. Debs introduced my articles with an eloquent picture of drug conditions in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta. Hearst investigators in and about the penitentiary and Assistant Attorney General Crim's statement, from which I quoted last month, corroborate Mr. Debs. The Atlanta penitentiary ranks as probably the chief correctional institution of the country. With Mr. Debs's article and Mr. Crim's statements behind me and with our Atlanta investigators to back me up, I give you the story of dope behind prison bars, word for word, crudely and brutally, as a convict just released from them, told it.

His name is Harry Wilson, alias "Mike Sullivan," alias "Mike McMillan." He is a yegg and stick-up man, a box-car thief, a crook of many sides. Of the past twenty years he has spent fourteen in prison.

He vouches for himself: "I wouldn't take a shilling for what I say. Give my sincerity the benefit of the doubt."

"Where I begin this, I'm in the city jail in Cleveland. 'Who's the big junker?' the matron's asking and the desk sergeant answers: 'He has the name of an Irishman but the look of a bum. He'll be yelling loud in this place before he gets his junk.'"

"That gives me the idea. When I wake up in the morning I beat a tin pie plate on the bars for the din it makes. I know a boy who cut the arteries in his wrist here a couple of weeks before. That earned him his shot. I figure I'll take a beating to get mine."

"What are you sweating about?" says the sergeant.

"I tell him."

"I'll break your back if you don't stop your noise," he says.

"I rattle the pie plate in his face for answer and he calls another over."

"Why," says the other, "he's the man who crashed the narcotic officer in Toledo."

"Has he got a lawyer?"

"No," the other says, "he's got nothing but a habit."

"They decide not to beat me up. 'We might as well send him to the doctor,' they say. 'It will save a lot of trouble.'"

"They do send me to the doctor every morning. I'm using fifteen grains a day at that time, but the doctor fixes me up all right."

"After that I'm transferred to the Cleveland County Jail. There I meet addicts of all kinds and ages and they give us a grain and a half every night and the freedom of the bull pen in the afternoon. Every man for his



C. Colonel Wild Bill Donovan who broke the Buffalo Drug ring. He is United States Attorney for Western New York and wears the Congressional Medal of Honor for his services overseas.



Q. *The Ace in the Hole, a soft drink parlor often shacked down by the Buffalo police. Raiding here, the federal agents found the dope hidden in the baby's crib under the baby.*

own racket and I for mine. I get up enough steam on the grain and a half to recite poetry to the square shooters and when I pass the hat I'm a couple of bucks more to the good. I do thirteen days on that game. Then they ship me back to Toledo.

THERE things aren't so easy. Unless you know the screws (the jail guards) or your friends on the outside come across you're up against cold turkey which is the jail way of saying no junk at all and hell to pay for the junker. I do the most natural thing. I sell my best suit for one grain of M. and my new hat for a cut-in on another junker's supply. While I wait for my trial there I give the officials more trouble and I'm in the hole (solitary) more than any man in the place. That's how it is in a real cold turkey jail. I go along six or seven days sick as a dog with my habit, then I manage to scrape up enough for a shot and queer all the cure I'm getting. I'm lit up like a torch for an hour or two and after that I'm in the hole again.

"I plead guilty. I don't care whether I go to Georgia to pick peaches or to break rocks.

"I get to Atlanta. The thing I remember about getting there is a white marble hall and walls of white polished brick. When they close a grate or the door of a cell the ring echoes in that hall. But all the men there walk on rubber heels and never make a sound.

"I go through the routine and get my number and my clothes and I'm quartered with another junker in a two-man cell and that night after supper, the runner brings me hot water to wash with or to drink, as I please.

"I see him stopping at cells below mine. I hear him talking—

"Can you take a pin shot? When I come back, slip me the dropper. You can keep the spike. Blackie will take care of your yen tomorrow."

Here Mike's story must be interrupted to remind you of the glossary with which this series began, and that a "yen" is a habit. And to recall to you the addicts described last month who substitute these "spikes" (sharp nails or pins) for needles.

Mike resumes:

"I begin to wonder if a first nighter in Atlanta could get himself fixed up. I come to the conclusion that I may still pick peaches in Georgia. I talk with my cell mate in whispers. We agree that somebody in the neighborhood is sitting pretty. I can't say that we don't envy him. We use up the last of our supply that night.

"The next day it's a case of root hog or die. I'm not set in like some of the other lads, I don't connect with dope again for close on a week.

"When I do connect it's so easy as not to be worth telling about. One of the guards comes up to me. 'What's your trouble?' he says.

"What do you think?" says I.

"I think it's wanting junk," says he.

"You're not far wrong," says I.

"Well," says he, "have you got the price? If you have the price I guess I can take care of you."

"And there I am.

"The deputy warden assigns me to construction, class one. I don't know if I'm coming or going. I have a hard boss but I hold on, connecting with dope wherever I can, sometimes in the plumbing shop, sometimes from the blacksmith, sometimes in the vegetable room or the laundry, or the duck room where the prisoners make mail bags, sometimes in the cell houses themselves. I rate high with the biggest disposers of junk in the place. My credit is good for any amount in reason. I have a reputation for being generous with the boys who don't pull cash from friends outside.

"I could say without a word of lie that at least ten percent of the guards at Atlanta are in the

dope game. They work through men on the outside and they have their own runners in the prison (runners being trusties) to make deliveries. They sell at one dollar a grain. Sometimes, to keep themselves in right with the authorities, they make a sale to a con through a runner and then search the con for the dope they know he's just bought and put him in isolation for three to five days on bread and water.

"I only ask you to look at the records. The ink is hardly dry on some of them. Dr. Carrick, a con doctor, who was afterwards given his freedom and allowed to practice his profession as assistant to the regular doctor, flooded the institution with dope. Right now, they are in the middle of a show-up on the guards.

I GET mine. I'm sitting on the top of the world for a while but I have to run around too much to find my stuff. The prison guard in the blacksmith shop gets tired of it. He can't understand what's wrong with me, giving him so much trouble, leaving the detail and acting like a wild man. If he would have stopped to consider what I was pumping into my skin he might have made allowances. I get five days isolation and the warden labels me for the sorriest white man in the institution.

"I get transferred to Construction Four after isolation, with the addicts picked out by the doctor as not fit for a real man's work. I get in a bad way. It's junk, junk, junk.



Q. *The Stella Restaurant in Buffalo where police officers watched dope sales.*

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



C. Manganos Drug Store in Buffalo just raided by government officials as the center of the Buffalo police-political-dope ring.

three times a day, big shots of morphin and little shots of cocain.

"I get isolation again. There's plenty of money coming in to me. If I can't buy from the guards or the runners I can get it in cigarettes and newspapers and letters and anything that comes through the mail and isn't caught on inspection. And enough junkers are being discharged every month to make connections outside and take care of the mail order business.

AFTER a while I've had enough of isolation. There's another con just about through his rap and going out shortly. He notices I take an interest in athletics and gets me a job as a rubber. They call me Gungha Din. I take care of the prison baseball players' arms. I get on as a masseur. I play square and they put me in charge of the bath-room. I quit dope. I do, really. I quit it on one hour of physical culture exercises every day.

"I did fifteen out of eighteen months for burglarizing the office of the Federal Narcotic Squad in Toledo. I went into that place to get the evidence on file against five friends of mine who had been arrested for selling. I got caught when I went back again to grab about forty thousand dollars' worth of dope. I did stop the conviction on my five friends but I got mine for myself.

"I used dope for seven years. I smoked the pipe and I used morphin. I started in Butte, Montana, with a girl, after I got out of Deer Lodge prison, up that way. I have been a pedler and bought and sold dope all over the country. I cured myself while I was in Atlanta.

"I tell you again, here and now, any con can get all the junk he wants in that place. I tell you that you come out of there a junker if you didn't go in one. I have seen boys down there who never knew what dope was outside Atlanta doing anything down to practicing degeneracy just to earn one single shot.

"I tell you the government can't and never will keep dope out of Atlanta or Leavenworth or any other penitentiary until it gets a separate place for addicts and a real way to cure them of their habit."

LEST Atlanta Penitentiary get off too lightly, I follow this story with excerpts from the sworn statement of Vincent Cazaurang, Atlanta convict and one of the witnesses in Warden Dyche's heroic fight to break up the dope ring in his prison. Cazaurang

began serving a five-year sentence on May 5th, 1919. He was convicted in New Jersey for a post office robbery. He became an addict shortly after his incarceration commenced. He became the pedler for one "Boston Al," his cell-mate who addicted him and used him as distributor for the trade in which he stood midway between the guards and their customers. He continues, himself:

"Boston Al told me that the dining-room steward, and other guards, fifteen or twenty of them, were all bringing stuff in for him. He told me that he would have me deliver the dope to his customers, being as no one knew that I was an addict and I would not be suspected.

"The packages I delivered contained from one to sixty grains. The amounts I collected ran from one dollar to fifty dollars. The guards would get their money for them on the outside, cashing money orders and all that because prisoners are not allowed to have cash. I have seen prisoners with as much as \$2,000 that the guards brought in to them. They were the boys I liked to do business with. All that money I turned over to Boston Al. In return I received plenty of good cigars and cigarettes and all the dope I could use. I never realized then what I would have to go through when my supply became less generous.

I CONTINUED doing business for Boston Al for about a year, bringing money to the guards, delivering the dope the guards gave me to Boston Al and then redelivering it to the customers. I became well-known among the dope users as the best connection in the pen. I was delivering to about a hundred cons.

"There are about 2,500 convicts in Atlanta. About 600 of them are there for violations of the Harrison Act. I bet that 1,500 of them use dope. It's terrible the way kids use it. I knew three boys from Hundred, West Virginia, in for a post office robbery and about fifteen years old. They worked in the dining-room and they had not been in the place three months before they were on the stuff. The dining-room is a great graft for cons who have not got any money coming in. They steal food and tobacco and give it to the guards. The guards sell it outside and furnish them with dope. Boys like those three from Hundred don't have to steal, they can be degenerates and get their dope for that.

"About May first, 1921, Boston Al got caught and placed in isolation for eight months. He told me to go up to his cell and remove all the dope he had in the hidden drawer in his table. I did not sell any of it. I thought I might be watched. After

Boston Al came out I told him I had used up all his stuff. He gave me some money to get myself a little more until he could fix up his new connection which was through the foreman guard in the tailor shop. We didn't do as much business as before because the market in the prison was flooded. There were about a dozen guards bringing it in besides the ones we worked with.

"Boston Al was released the beginning of February, 1922. He only left me one bottle of morphin. He told me he had arranged with guard Owens to give me as much dope as I needed. But he didn't send guard Owens the money he promised he would. Guard Owens told me so when he turned me down.

"I borrowed five dollars in the tailor shop and induced Owens to let me have a ten-dollar bottle on credit. I never paid him up. About the beginning of last June a lot of us were taken to the U. S. Attorney's office. They knew about my activities in the dope traffic. There was nothing left for me but to come out with the whole truth."

CAZURANG'S statement goes on to tell how he was stabbed by one of the other prison peddlers when he returned from that first cross-examination. And how he demanded protection as a government witness and how he was advised to keep to his cell and away from the prison yard if he valued his life. And how another pet of the guards attacked him and left him for dead and how, after the hospital had released him the second time, he was relegated to the "hole" on bread and water.

The Atlanta investigation, as undertaken by Warden Dyche and Mr. William J. Burns, is over now, having come off futile and without convictions in the indictments of any of the guards. There are strange highlights to be remembered, however, for all its futility. None of the witnesses had anything to gain from their testimony; not one of them but was near his day of freedom. One of them, Solomon, who originally made sensational statements and later changed them, was found dead one morning in the isolation cell, his breakfast untouched, his body hanging by the neck. The diagnosis—suicide induced by the agony of morphin withdrawal. Guard Deane, on the witness stand, made an impression in a single phrase:

"As far as dope is concerned, the penitentiary is wide open."

Hospitals and soldiers' homes are maintained by the government as retreats from the perils of the world. Prisons are erected and continued by the law as corrections for the world's abuses. In spite of all the safeguarding precautions of both law and government, dope creeps into all three.

If neither government nor law can protect itself from the dope evil, it becomes finally and terribly evident that society lacks not only the machinery to cope with it but also any haven in which to take refuge from its manifestations.

Why? The answer is simple.

S. HOORNSTRA
AMSTERDAM
Telegraph address: "LOBENGULA"
A. B. C. Code 5th Ed. & Bentley's Code
Telephone 2 3293
IMPORT & EXPORT
Chemical Department.
-O-
Dear Sirs,
We are indebted to the Commercial Intelligence Office of this town for your valued name and should highly appreciate it to come into touch with your esteemed firm.
We therefore beg to inform you, that we are specialists in the export of all kinds of chemical and pharmaceutical products to America, and more particularly the articles Neo Salvarsan, Morphinum and Cocain have been forwarded to your country by us several times of late.
Re Morphinum Hydrochloricum.
Our now-a-days price, without engagement, is $\text{fl.} 150.-$ per kilo,

incl. packing in tins of 5 lbs. each and overcase, for delivery free on board steamer, sailing direct from Holland to a port of your country. The quality we deliver is guaranteed first class: the English make WHIPPEN and/or the German makes BOEHRINGER and/or MERCK.

Re Cocain Hydrochloricum.

Our present quotation, without engagement, is $\text{fl.} 150.-$ per kilo, incl. packing, first class quality, answering the requirements of each pharmacopoeia. The price is for delivery c.i.f. port of your country, excl.

As we do not know whether you possess an import-licence for articles such as Morphinum or Cocain, in the beginning we are quite willing to send you these products under a neutral name, e.g. one or other pharmaceutical article, for which no licence is required. In the meantime you then can take the necessary steps in order to acquire the allowance.

Re payment.

Your trustful attention.

In the meantime we are, dear Sirs, assuring you of our esteem and always at your command,

Yours very truly,
for

Encl. 1 Code list.

A foreign drug house negotiates trade. This letter was sent to most of the important druggists of America and upon investigation, proved to be advance publicity of one of the most daring international drug schemes ever discovered.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

We have, on the one hand, a law which lazily and ineptly evades an issue and, on the other hand, an issue perfectly equipped for the most adroit and subtle violations of the law.

We have, on the one hand, every kind of official subversion, incompetence, obstruction and corruption and, on the other hand, a judiciary which, with comparatively few exceptions, categorically refuses to take dope seriously.

You cannot blame the narcotic agents for this chaos which has arisen in and about the enforcement of the anti-narcotic laws. I have told you stories of agents who turned crooked; they are isolated instances. On the whole the narcotic agents of the government appear to be an honest and hard-working body of men and as efficient as circumstances permit. But circumstances do not permit much.

Congressional wisdom has teamed their job with liquor prohibition. It has placed them under the bungling supervision of the prohibition commissioner and in the omnivorous company of Mr. Volstead's brigade. I contend that this is as false a combination as one could possibly achieve. The swiftest glance at dope is enough to convince any man that the Eighteenth Amendment has had no connection whatever with the increase in the dope traffic. Dope, furthermore, is a commodity infinitely more dangerous than anything alcoholic short of wood alcohol. The apprehension of the bootlegger is a matter of social expedience. The arrest of the dope pedler is a much clearer case of an authentic criminal brought to justice. It seems to me a grave error to link the life and death nature of dope regulation with the extravagances of the prohibition plum.

With this initial disadvantage and with a cumbersome welter of legislation and regulation behind it, the underpaid and undermanned company of narcotic officials must conquer three opponents at home before its work can begin: the judge, the customs officer and the policeman.

The judges of America have been very generally lax in their attitude toward this business of the illegal selling of narcotics. They see, perhaps, only a technical violation of a revenue measure. They ignore the real human havoc which a drug pedler can wreak in his community. Judicial lenience in the matter of sentences for drug violations might well be called a stain upon the American judiciary.

Federal Judge Evans of Kentucky has already been attacked by the press. I do not make any accusation against Judge Evans. I am far more inclined to ask him upon what earthly grounds he can disregard dope as he does. "Why do you bother the gentleman?" he says to the district attorney. "Give him back his medicine. He is doing no one any harm."

Judge Audinreid of Philadelphia can throw out cases made against Philadelphian dope pedlers with the heavy bit of flippancy that "the officials who made the cases are no better than drug pedlers themselves."

I do not, I repeat, accuse the judges of America even though the political power of dope would, in more than one locality, amply justify accusation. I satisfy my anger on this score with an appeal. Of all people who must be brought to realize the danger of the drug evil, the judge is surely the most important.

THE HURDLE which the customs places before narcotic enforcement is more easily defined. The narcotic agent's own limitation of his job defines it. "Let the customs keep the stuff out. I can take care of what slips by an honest custom house." It is sometime now since Ralph Oyler raided the Greek steamer, King Alexander, but the story still serves.

The raid was made following an arrangement to buy from the ship one hundred pounds of gum opium, four hundred ounces of cocaine and one thousand bottles of cognac. The ship lay in New York Harbor, manned by Greeks, fresh from the Levantine ports of the poppy fields of Persia and Asia Minor, on the eve of her return voyage, flying the British flag. The purchasers were to come alongside in a motor-boat at dawn.

In order to expedite the raid Oyler, assuming his rôle of dope pedler, had to pay the custom watchmen on duty \$300 in return for which he agreed to arrange for the absence of both police and customs and to do his utmost to prevent any interference with the little deal. Afterwards, on his conviction in Judge Garvin's court, he returned the \$300, but that is another story.

Think of this little boat, Oyler and a Greek in the stern, Oyler's agents crowded in the low cabin. Under the gray half dawn it chugs through Hell Gate and pulls up alongside. For two days one of Oyler's men has been eking out [Continued on page 150]

MAURICE F. LINQUIST, M.D.
129 WHALLEY AVENUE
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TELEPHONE 97301
HOURS: 11 TO 3 P.M.
17 TO 8 P.M.
R. Morphine Sulph.
Sig. To be taken as directed
Harry E. Button
27 Garden St.
W.H. Hinnick

MAURICE F. LINQUIST, M.D.
129 WHALLEY AVENUE
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TELEPHONE 67237
HOURS: 11 TO 3 P.M.
17 TO 8 P.M.
R. Morphine Sulph.
Sig. To be used as directed
Harry Button
27 Garden St.
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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
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HOURS: 11 TO 3 P.M.
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Sig. Ten grains daily.
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MAURICE F. LINQUIST, M.D.
129 WHALLEY AVENUE
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TELEPHONE 67237
HOURS: 11 TO 3 P.M.
17 TO 8 P.M.
R. Morphine Sulph. 10 grs.
Sig. 10 grs daily in divided doses.
Harry Button
27 Garden St.
W.H. Hinnick

The man for whom these 10 grain a day prescriptions were issued is a confirmed addict. He is also towerman for the New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R. in the New Haven yards on the busiest passenger traffic route in the country.

Marriage à la Bill

*A story that
will especially
appeal to the
Married Girl
who works*

*By
Josephine
Daskam
Bacon*

*Illustrations by
James
Montgomery
Flagg*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*It was hard to believe those two
people were married at all—
much less married to each other.*

I SUPPOSE there have been other people like my brother Bill, but I never met any of them. The only thing that has ever seemed certain about him is that whatever he does turns out the other way, if you see what I mean. As I brought him up—Aunt Ella and I, that is—since he was ten and I was sixteen, you might suppose that I would have found out a little about him, but I must say it doesn't look as if I had, even yet!

When I look back and remember how we were always so worried over the dreadful things that seemed as if they were going to happen to Bill, and then didn't, after all, you might think, as Rissa says, that we'd stop worrying, now that he's so much older, and married, and everything. But we can't seem to, somehow. We worry, I suppose, for different reasons, when you come to think it all out: Aunt Ella worries because she's getting old, now, and Bill still seems about eleven, to her.

Bill says she's still afraid he'll dress up in her best curly hair-piece and act Joan of Arc, in the dining-room Sunday afternoons!

Rissa worries about him because she's a writer, and has more imagination than most people. I don't like to say so, but it does seem to me that Rissa has never quite forgiven Bill for

marrying Marjory. Not that Rissa doesn't like Marjory; she does, very much. But, you see, Bill was so ridiculous, the way he fell in love with her!

After scaring us all to death about an impossible actress named Lovaline De Vanne, and then, when that was over, falling in love with an artist who was not only years older than he was, but married already, what does he do but get Miss De Vanne a good job in the moving pictures and then go off and hunt up Mr. Greer (the artist's husband) because he thought Mr. Greer, who was an actor, really loved his wife, after all! You see, you can't count on Bill—even to be idiotic, as Rissa says.

SO WHEN he went off and pretended to be a butler in a rich Western family, in order to show Rissa that butlers really had less work and more time than anybody else, and fell in love with the daughter of the family, quite by accident, as he said, nobody could have taken much stock in it. I agree with Rissa, there.

Only, the strange thing about it was that Marjory was the best possible girl in the world for Bill! We all felt so, after the

joke had worn off, and nobody more than Rissa. It really looked, with Bill in a fine big business, and steadied down, and Marjory so pretty (and there certainly was no *harm* in her having a rich stepfather!) as if we needn't worry about him any more.

Then what did he do but throw up his job with her stepfather, and of course her mother wouldn't let him marry her, and everybody was hurt and angry, and Bill moved away (we'd always lived with Rissa and Sarles and the children) and it seemed as if things would never be nice and comfortable again.

But even then I never went back on Bill. I couldn't. I believed in him when he went into the decorating and house renting business, though Rissa was furious and said he was making a fool of himself and no one would want an apartment furnished by a person who didn't even know his own mind!

"PERHAPS I know other people's, though!" Bill said, and it seems that he did, because everybody knows about Etheridge and Wisner, now. (You have to get Bill by appointment, nowadays, he's so busy, and all the others copy him, or try to.)

I don't say Rissa wasn't proud of him. She was, of course. But although she writes stories herself, and ought to have been the first to appreciate what happened, you'd think, she was so surprised and shocked when Marjory turned up, about a year afterwards, and got the position of secretary from Bill's partner, who didn't know her, that when Marjory and Bill slipped out and got married a little later, with only me and her mother there, and no real wedding at all, Rissa couldn't get over it.

It wasn't that Marjory was poor—Rissa isn't snobbish a bit. It wasn't because her stepfather had lost all their money so that she had to earn her living. It wasn't even because Bill had found out that old Mr. Plympton was speculating with the firm's funds and didn't want to tell Marjory (that's why he left) and felt hurt because she wouldn't trust him. I have always felt that it was because Rissa hadn't guessed any of this, ever, and Bill had, and had just gone out and done things on his own idea, without asking any of us! I suppose maybe you can write these things in novels and not care to have them happen in your own family.

Anyway, Rissa never quite "came round." She gave them a lovely grand piano and was always polite and interested, and glad the business was going so well, but she never made any suggestions, which of course was very strange, for Rissa! When she turned Bill's room into an office for her secretary, I knew that he was gone out of the family for good.

Not that he wouldn't, of course, being married. That was all right. Only we couldn't get it into our heads that he *was* married, somehow! It seems silly, but we couldn't. And I must admit that here was where *my* particular worrying about Bill comes in. I might have done better to "quit cold" as Sarles said, when Rissa did. But Bill, as a husband, worried me.

You see, Sarles and Rissa both changed, when they got married. Rissa was just as clever, just as handsome, just as efficient as she had always been, but she was different. When little Clarissa was born, and then Penelope, and then Sarlesy, why, it made a little more difference. She was a little gentler, I think, and she worried a little more; Rissa never had worried before, except about Bill, and that wasn't so much worrying, as Aunt Ella and I worried, but it was more injured pride, I used to think; she wanted Bill to turn out well and be a credit to us.

What I am trying to say, is, you would have known that Rissa was married—just as you would know, I suppose, that I am not. Although I have had Bill and the big house and Rissa's and Sarles's children and the servants on my mind quite as much as she has, for years and years. Still, there's a difference.

Then, take Sarles: he changed, too. A doctor is always a little serious (although Sarles always said amusing things and liked a good time as well as anybody) but when he turned into my brother-in-law, he wasn't quite the same as before.

AFTER CLARISSA was born I noticed the greatest change, I think. He seemed older, perhaps—though he didn't look so. I noticed that he didn't poke fun quite so much at Rissa's novels and plays; and that wasn't a bit because they made so much money. Sarles isn't like that. It was because he didn't feel so much like teasing her, I always thought. He seemed to take more of a fatherly air toward Bill, and wasn't so sarcastic as he used to be when he and Rissa were engaged.

So you see, I naturally thought everybody would be like that, when they married.

And Bill wasn't.

He was exactly and precisely the same as he'd always been—indeed Rissa said he was, if anything, a little more Billish! And what made it more confusing, Marjory was just as bad. It was hard to believe, I give you my word, that those two people were married at all—much less married to each other!

I shall always agree with Aunt Ella that it all began from the way they got married, in the first place. It wasn't so much her



"Heaven knows, I'm not fussy, but when you go to see a young mother of a two-weeks-old baby and find her gabbling over tea and have to be taken into the babies' ward to see the baby—well, really!" Rissa was indignant.

not having a veil or anything, but when you think of being married in your regular, everyday blue serge! Not a new hat, even! Bill told Aunt Ella (just to tease her, of course) that Madge had said to the girl they engaged to help out:

"Just look after the telephone, Miss Norris, I have to wash my hands, now, and step out to get married!"

It was a joke, but all the same it was very much like what they did, when you come down to it. Even her mother (though Bill always could twist Mrs. Plympton round his finger) felt a little bothered about Marjory's clothes. It didn't seem quite right, she told me, and when we were waiting to meet the rector, she turned to Marjory and said:

"Oh, Margie! Just think! You ought to have 'Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue!' And you haven't got any of them!"

"Oh, I don't know, muddy dear," said Marjory, laughing, "my suit is old, goodness knows, and the ring will be new——"

"And she borrowed my key-ring," said Bill, "this morning. As for something blue, you're blue enough, Sis—you know you are! You're afraid of Rissa."

You see, they weren't superstitious.

Even their wedding trip was just for the purpose of picking up old furniture in the South.

WHEN THEY came back (Marjory only took two suitcases!) they were just the same as when they went away. I never knew a young couple that just went on doing the same thing (if you see what I mean) as they did.

To begin with, they didn't live anywhere else. Bill simply went up and lived with Madge and her mother, which everybody thought a very doubtful experiment. Of course I don't mean that silly talk about mothers-in-law, and all those old jokes. Nobody could be more simple and sensible and friendly than Mrs. Plympton, especially after Mr. Plympton died and they lost all their money. And she always adored Bill, from the start.

Only as Rissa said, it's hard enough for two people to adapt themselves to each other, without having a third, and she was surprised that two such modern young people should make such an old-fashioned mistake, for a mistake it surely would prove.

Every morning, at half-past eight or so, they walked down to the office together. Then they did just as they had done before they were married! Sometimes they lunched together and sometimes they lunched with different clients. Very often they and George Hawkesworth, Bill's first partner, and Mr. Fleed, the architect who joined the firm just before Marjory did, all went out together. Whenever I was in town, getting a laundress or shopping for Rissa or the children, they always invited me, and they seemed to have very jolly times, I must say. Only you never could have known which one of them Margie had married, to listen to them.

MRS. PLYMPTON marketed and mended Bill's clothes and got their one servant to do more than any other one servant will do nowadays, and listened to all their affairs and admired Bill more than ever. It seemed to me he was happier and even-tempered than when he lived with us, and I always felt that it was as much living with Mrs. Plympton as being married to Marjory! He practically admitted this once to me.

"You see, Flops," he said, "Rissa's awfully clever and good-looking, and all that, and no one knows it better than I do. But it's been rather a strain, living up to her, all these years. Now, Ma Plympton thinks everything I say is too wonderful for words. And I rather like it!"

When Rissa pointed out that they could never be alone at a meal, Bill said that if they wanted to be alone, they could go to a restaurant! Which they did. But not often. He said Ma Plympton's cooking rather spoiled you for

restaurants. Margie told me that dinner parties almost bored her to death.

"I see enough of people in office hours, Florrie," she said, "and Bill thinks up his best things in the evenings. A lot of people talking about the theaters seems so dull, somehow, when you're really doing things, yourself."

You'd think that Rissa would have agreed with this point of view thoroughly; she and Sarles came to it long ago. And yet, she criticized it.

THOSE YOUNG people are narrowing their lives, Florrie, you'll see!" she told me.

"But I thought we wanted to have Bill settled down," I answered, "and look at him, Rissa! Mrs. Plympton says it's wonderful."

"Yes, she would," said Rissa coldly. "But it doesn't need much of a psychologist to foresee that it is a little early in the day, my dear!"

Of course that worried me, for it's very well known by everyone who reads at all that Rissa understands the psychology of people.

I talked about it with Sarles, but he didn't agree. And that was strange, because Sarles is very conventional, I always thought.

"The psychology of 1920 is different from the psychology of 1900, Floss," he said. "The young people are different, especially the young women. You have to consider that. This Marjory girl has had a hard lesson—two hard lessons, in fact. First she finds out that Bill, who was eating out of her hand, according to her idea, would rather give her up than live on her rich stepfather. Then she finds out that this stepfather is more or less of a crook and that she and her mother must step out of their motors into the streetcars. Then she goes into business and



C. Mrs. Plympton would simply have died if anybody else had made the things for the new baby.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Q. "Bill is hard to hold. Will Marge be able to do it?" Rissa asked me. Then I remembered seeing him meet that handsome De Vanne actress whom he used to be in love with.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLICE

finds out how the other nine-tenths live, and she has the grit and the brains to rather like it. I figure it out that she's as old, in some ways, at twenty-four, as Rissa was at thirty-four—forty, perhaps! You can't fool her. She knows what she wants. Let 'em alone."

Of course Aunt Ella felt very bad about Madge being in the office, now she was married.

"But why marry at all?" she used to ask us, looking worried. "I don't think it looks very well, Florrie, really I don't. Every woman likes to have it known that her husband can support her. It's like—like the women who go out to clean, I think. And Bill's doing so well, too! George Hawkesworth tells me they're really getting ahead, and that things are opening up every day, as you might say!"

"I don't think Bill feels that way about it, Aunt Ella," I told her. "He's awfully proud of Margie, and George Hawkesworth is, too, for that matter. He says he'll never marry a girl who can't take hold like Madge. He doesn't think it's like cleaning-women!"

"Humph!" said Aunt Ella, "that's all very well, but you should hear what his mother says!"

But I didn't think that would appeal much to George.

However, as Rissa pointed out, all this didn't matter very much, for the time being. Marjory was nothing more than "a married girl," she said, just now; an idiotic phrase, she added, but you kept running across it nowadays, and if it meant anything, it

meant Margie. But things couldn't keep on this way very long, she ended up, because, unless they had decided not to have any children, which was unbelievable with Bill so fond of them, they'd soon find out that things would have to be different.

"Of course that's the whole problem," she said. "The woman in industry' means just that. You can run a business and Bill perhaps (if you have a Mrs. Plympton!) but a business and Bill and a baby—that's a different story!"

And when we knew that the baby was coming, I must say I agreed with Rissa thoroughly.

OF COURSE Aunt Ella was perfectly horrified at the idea of Margie's keeping on at the office. She even came in from Lakewood to see her about it.

"But what would I *do*, Aunt Ella, what would I *do*!" she told me that Margie kept repeating.

"What does any young mother do, my dear?" Aunt Ella asked her, kindly, she said, but reprovingly.

"That's what I want to know," Margie answered, "that's what I'm asking you! I can't sew, you know, and Muddy would simply die if anybody else made its things. I can't just sit about, waiting, can I? I'd get so nervous and bored, I'd die!"

"Thousands and thousands of women have done so, my dear," said Aunt Ella.

"Probably that's what was the matter with 'em, then!" said Margie. "I always knew there must have been something!"

Rissa can always be depended upon to do the right thing in any crisis—what she feels to be the right thing, of course. So I wasn't a bit surprised when she told me she had offered Margie the three connecting rooms in the south wing that had been Clarry's and Penelope's bedrooms and their little sitting-room.

Clarry had been at boarding-school two years and Penelope had just gone, too, and they only need the rooms in the vacations. "There'll be a room for the nurse and a day nursery, you

see, and the bathroom," Rissa said, "and there couldn't be a better doctor than Dr. Brangwin. Their apartment is far too small, of course."

It was just like Rissa, wasn't it? You can always count on her, not only for the big thing, but for the practical thing. Which isn't always so with distinguished writers.

But lo and behold, Margie didn't want to!

She wrote Rissa the sweetest little note and thanked her very prettily, but said that she'd rather have the party in the hospital!

"AFTER ALL, it's the best place for it, isn't it?" she wrote, "and it seems so much simpler. I'll be nearer the office, too."

I couldn't wonder that Rissa was a little hurt.

"Of course, if she *prefers* that atmosphere——!" was all she said.

Poor Aunt Ella felt dreadfully.

"She *couldn't* prefer it, nobody could, unless they *had* to!" she kept repeating, but Sarles only laughed.

"You're all wrong, Auntie," he told her. "Honestly, the girl's not bluffing! And another thing—she's dead right, let me tell you! That's what hospitals are for."

"Then I am glad I was born in the Seventies," said Rissa.

"So am I, my dear," Sarles answered politely, "very glad. But I don't mind admitting to you that I'd have given a thousand dollars to have had you in the hospital when Penelope joined the family!"

That made me shudder a little, just to remember. We didn't know what might have happened, for a few hours, that time.

Aunt Ella was certain Bill wouldn't like the idea, and so was George Hawkesworth's mother.

"Things may be different, since the war, and I don't say they're not," Mrs. Hawkesworth said, "but a man will always want his child born in his own little home!"

But Bill didn't, it seemed. He thought Madge had planned everything out very well.

"But then, she always does," he told me. "And I can't see what you're all grousing about anyway, Flops. Would you think it was more pious and noble to have appendicitis in the apartment than in a hospital? Well, then!"

"It's no use, Florrie," Sarles said to me. "There's no more sense in trying to cut these young people's feelings to your patterns than there would be in trying to get Margie to wear those great big sleeves I used to have to ease into Rissa's jackets! Women will always have arms and they'll always wear clothes—but they'll do different things with both of 'em!"

Well, anyway, Margie had a lovely little girl, and she was as healthy and happy as the baby. Perhaps not quite so happy,

though, because the baby probably didn't care whether she was a girl or a boy, and Margie did, and said so. From the first minute. That really did shock Mrs. Plympton, I think. She had borne the hospital idea very well, on the whole, but she confided to me that it seemed very odd that Madge should be willing to show her feelings so plainly.

"Of course, we all have them, Florrie, dear," she said, frowning a little and staring at me, "but wouldn't it be better to—to pretend a little? I mean, after all——"

"Oh, muddy, you are so funny!" Margie would tell her. "Why shouldn't I? What's the use of lying about it? It's awfully annoying, I think. She might just as well have been a boy! What difference could it make to her? Now we'll always have to be making tucks in things and letting them down and brushing her hair upward to make it curly!"

"I don't say I didn't sometimes *feel* that way, darling," Mrs. Plympton began, still frowning at us.

"Then, for goodness' sake, why didn't you *say* so!" Margie cried. "It seems to me, muddy, that you were always feeling one way and talking another! What's the use?"

Sarles laughed, when I repeated that frank speech to him.



Bill drew a long breath and then he began to grin as Marge held out her hand just like a man. "You little devil!" was all he said.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGE

"They have a longer name for it; in the books, Florrie," he said, "but the child's put her finger on it. And why not?"

It did seem awfully strange, though, to have a niece named Wilhelmina! There was never such a name in either of our families, and the fact that Marjory's father's name was William, as well as Bill's, didn't mean quite so much to us as it did to Bill and Madge. Rissa was disgusted. Mother's name was Ann, and as she had grandmother's, and Penelope was for great-grandmother Elton, she couldn't help but feel, she said, that here was a wonderful chance for another of the good old English names. Ann Elton *would* have been sweet. I think.

"That's because Rissa's so proud of being a New Englander," Margie said. "I don't happen to be one. As a matter of fact, mother's grandmother was Dutch, you know, and probably there were lots of Wilhelminas in the family. I think Billy will be a darling little name for her, don't you?"

Rissa came back from the hospital one day and freed her mind to me at tea-time.

"Heaven knows I'm not fussy, Florrie," she said, "but really, when you go to see a young mother with a two-weeks'-old baby, and find her sitting in a chaise-longue, serving tea to her husband and his two partners, gabbling thirteen to the dozen about furnishing a second-hand apartment house from the furniture of a bankrupt hotel, and have to be taken into the babies' ward to see the baby, among a dozen others—well, really!"

Of course, I saw what she meant.

But Bill just laughed about it.

"Riss ought to have told us she was coming," he said. "Margie said she would have been perfectly willing to stay in bed that day and wear a breakfast cap with pink ribbons and be holding the baby, when Sis came—if the nurse would let her!"

You see, they felt differently, that was all. But they were just as fond of it, really. I'm sure they were. Only, as Margie said to me, there were other things to think about, now and then.

"I'm sure Rissa kept on writing stories, didn't she, after her babies?" she asked me, and I had to admit that she did. But for some reason, this vexed Rissa very much.

"It seems slightly different to me," she said and pulled her mouth very tight.

And yet, people can't all write stories, can they? And Margie was awfully interested in her business.

She got back to the office very quickly; it seemed only a few weeks before she was going down with Bill every morning again.

It was Aunt Ella who minded that the most.

"It's too unnatural, Florrie," she said very sharply to me, "and they'll regret it, some day. You mark my words! I shouldn't feel right not to tell Bill what I feel about it."

Bill only smiled at her. Rather queerly, but very kindly. He is awfully fond of Aunt Ella, though he has teased and worried her all his life.

"Now, see here, Aunt Ella," he said, stuffing tobacco into his pipe, "just look at it sensibly—you've got a pile of good sense, when you stop thinking about things you've read in books! As man to man, what good is Madge at home? Ma Plympton would curl up and die, if she couldn't manage things in the apartment.

"Madge pays this Lena person out of her own salary, insists on it. And she certainly is a crackajack of a nurse. Billy spends most of her time on the roof, in a baby cart. She can't move and the baby cart can't move. She's never had a pain in her life. What do you want Madge to do: stick on the roof and stare at her?"

Aunt Ella shook her head.

"Not at all," she said, "but it's the principle of it all. Has it ever occurred to you, Bill, that all this would be impossible if you didn't have Mrs. Plympton with you?"

"But we *have* got Mrs. Plympton with us—so why should it occur to us?" said Bill, and lit his pipe!

I must say that none of the things Rissa had prophesied seemed to be happening. Especially about Bill getting tired of Madge



C. "There's a person named Jones to see you," Fleed said. "I hear he's to be a new partner."

because they were in the office all the time together. And that was very confusing, because we all know it is very different in novels. But I don't believe people are so much like novels as they used to be. Sarles says the novels keep the same, but the people change. . . . I don't know.

We were talking about it one evening after dinner. Rissa had looked in at the office to talk to Bill about the furnishing and decorating of the new Help-a-Home National Headquarters.

She had got the job for Bill, and though she was glad to do it, it was really good business for her committee, too, because she knew about the hotel equipment they had just borrowed the money to buy and she knew that they would really do it pretty reasonably for the Help-a-Home. Bill had some very clever ideas about it, she admitted.

"But it really is rather extraordinary," she told us, "to see Marjory sitting at her desk, right out in the showroom, talking and joking and telephoning with George Hawkesworth and that young architect, Fleed, exactly like a confidential secretary with her three employers!"

"Well, that's what she is, isn't she?" Sarles asked.

"She is Mrs. William Etheridge, in private life," said Rissa, a little stiffly, "and she happens to be the wife of the head of the firm."

"All right, my dear," said Sarles, "but in the office, as you say, she's the secretary. And she likes the job. As the wife of the head of the firm, she draws no salary, you know!"

"Then, how is all this going to work out biologically?" Rissa asked him.

"My dear girl," said Sarles, "I stopped being a biologist long ago. They write popular books. I have all I can do holding on to my job as a throat specialist. And I've been married too many years to a self-supporting woman, myself, to make it safe for me to criticize your brother!"

"Humph!" said Rissa. "At least I stayed at home."

"Because your work could be just as well done there," Sarles answered quickly. "But suppose you'd been a—a National Director, like the little black-eyed lady [Continued on page 148]

A prize-fighter is a human being, too. Obvious, perhaps, but this goof's manager got the thrill of his life out of just that fact



"Sure I'll take the match," the Kid agreed. "Mickey'll probably get some awful good experience from fightin' a good boy like I."

The Goofy Guy

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

A GOOFY GUY is a feller that does just what you don't expect him to do at the very moment you don't expect him to do it.

When a guy is goofy he's all right mentally except that he's kind of crazy. He looks all right and he talks all right and you'd think he really was all right—only he ain't. He can read and think—only he thinks funny—and otherwise: well, a goofy guy is a goofy guy and that's all there is to it.

Kid Dorgan was goofy. Sort of to show what I mean I'll tell you about the night he downright refused to walk alone from the Terminal Station to the hotel when we got in from an out-of-town fight after the streetcars had stopped running and I was headed for my house which is in the other direction.

"Nix," says the Kid. "Nothin' doin'. I ain't gonna walk down that dark street alone."

"Why not?"

"Somebody's li'ble to jump out of an alley an' rob me."

"But," I says, remembering that I was holding his end of the purse in my own pockets for safe-keeping, "there ain't nobody gonna rob you. You ain't got a dime."

"Sure," he answers, "but the guy that's gonna rob me don't know that."

Being goofy is different from being nutty. Anybody can be nutty or loco or cracked but only a fighter can be goofy. He gets that way from takin' 'em on the jaw too often. Guys become goofy because they ain't got sense enough to know when they've got enough. They come up wobbling an' stick their jaw out an'—zowie!—they get cracked again an' again. After

about six or seven years of that—figurin' 'em for about two fights a month on the average—they go goofy.

Punch crazy, the wise fans call it.

You got to know a scrapper pretty well before you can tell is he goofy or not. You got to know him even better than that. You got to be real close to him like a wife or a manager. That's what I am. Manager—not wife. I can't hardly imagine bein' a wife to a goofy guy. It'd be sort of like a juggler which uses cans of dynamite instead of rubber balls or something.

Anyway, I was Kid Dorgan's manager, workin' out of Birmingham. He drifted into town one day with his fambly an' come by the gym an' wanted to know would I manage him. I looked him over an' at first I didn't believe he was Kid Dorgan on account that while the Kid ain't any champ an' never stood a chance of bein' such, he's one of the best second-rate fist-flingers in the good old United States of U. S. A. Previous to before that I hadn't had nothin' on my string but some pretty fair ham-an' egggers which were known locally, an' one amateur kid that I was groomin' for the featherweight champeenship of the world. I never thought that I would get to handle a classy guy like the Kid, although of course when he come up an' ast me to manage him I knew what the trouble was.

You see, the Kid has a national rep. He's been beat by all the good boys an' they ain't none of them had no cinch stoppin' him either. An' he's licked a lot of guys which could take on my whole stable one right after the other an' knock each of them for a row of cantaloupes. So when Dorgan says he's gonna make Birmingham his home from now henceforward I knew

that it was the same as sayin' that he was through with the tough ones an' planned to spend his old age—until he got to maybe thirty-one or two—pickin' soft ones an' knockin' 'em loose for modest honoriums.

I signed him up so quick it'd give your hair a permanent wave: usual contract obligatin' me to get him all the fights I could an' bindin' him to give me twenty-five percent of his pugilistic earnin's. Then I booked him right up against a tough egg at the club I was match-makin' for an' he knocked this bird loose in eight rounds. Which was the beginnin'.

I'VE READ a heap of stuff about primer donnas an' poets an' motormen an' such folks bein' temperamental, but I'm here to tell you that when it comes to temperament they ain't one-two-twenty with a one-time big league bruiser which comes down to the bushes for some soft coin. An' when you add to that that he's goofy, then all I got to say is they ain't nothin' more so.

The Kid didn't start to show temperament until the new wore

I was in pretty strong with Johnny Watkins which promotes fights for the Legion over in Atlanta an' I gets suggestive with him about a match between the Kid an' one of his best losers which is named Eddie Johnson an' had been out of the ring with a few cracked ribs for some time. Johnny wires me that he'll use Dorgan an' offers him two return tickets an' either twenty-five percent of the gross or a guarantee of \$250. I takes the telegram triumphantly in to the Kid.

"Here's your chance to win a home over in Atlanta," I says, "which is a good fight town. You can lick this Johnson with both hands tied behind your back an' we take the two-fifty guarantee, an'—"

"We take what?" he asks, impertinent-like.

"The two hundred an' fifty guarantee, an'—"

"Guarantee, thunder! I ain't gonna work on no such of a small guarantee. The twenty-five percent for mine."

That was where I first knew the Kid was goofy—one of the goofy symptoms is trying to tell your manager how to handle the financial end. "You're nuts, Kid. Johnson is a has-been



I booked the Kid against a tough guy and he knocked this bird out in eight rounds. That was the beginnin'.

off an' he'd won his first fight an' was in strong with the fans. His first yelp was about me not payin' enough attention to his trainin', an' when I done better along them lines he howled I was workin' him too hard. Also he commenced tellin' my friends what a bum I was an' while that ain't no part of the truth, an' I know it, a heap of them went an' agreed with him, which made matters worse.

"You're a helluva manager," he complimented me one day.

"Why, you big bum!" I says politely, "if you was worth a darn you wouldn't be down here in the sticks."

"Big bum, me eye. I ain't had but one fight since you started managing me."

"Well," I says, "you're gonna have another pretty quick if you don't quit callin' me out of my name." That's the kind of guy I am—talk rough to my boys, that's what I do. They never regard it as nothin' but good-natured bandage, anyway.



“One hundred berries a round is my price,” declared the Kid, “and when three and a half rounds have been fit, I’m going to knock this bird for a goal.”

an’ besides he never was nothin’ nohow. He couldn’t draw a thousand-dollar gate in Atlanta if he agreed to commit suicide.”

“We take the percentage,” he insists, “or I don’t fight.”

I argued with him. I pleaded with him. I couldn’t hammer no sense into that goofy dome of his. We took the percentage an’ the house run five hundred an’ twenty-eight dollars. When I come into his dressin’ room just before the main bout an’ reported how much money there wasn’t he like to of went nuts.

“Five twenty-eight,” he howls. “The dirty bums! They’ve done me out of more’n a hundred smackers.”

“It’s your own fault, Kid. I advised you to take the guarantee. Johnson couldn’t draw a thousand dollars if he offered to——”

“Aw! shut up! Hell of a manager you are, lettin’ these hick promoters do your star fighter out of more’n a hundred dollars.”

HE ENTERED the ring as sore as a new cauliflower ear an’ he took it all out on Eddie. Now Eddie Johnson ain’t no terrible rotten fighter an’ he never was stopped before, so when the Kid drops him for the long count in the fourth round, after first makin’ him look like twenty cents worth of hash, the fans go away swearin’ that there is something wrong because if there wasn’t Kid Dorgan would be lightweight champeen of the world includin’ New York.

I and the Kid come back from Atlanta and all the way over he’s chewing the rag about what an awful manager I am. An’ I ain’t so happy myself because when Dorgan passed up that extra hundred it was just like takin’ twenty-five berries out of my own pocket.

His next fight was in Birmingham to an \$800 house an’ he win that one pretty easy, an’ then he gets an offer from Cincinnati to box twelve rounds with Red Carter of Toledo. Well, Red is an awful good boy an’ he has won all his starts in Cincinnati an’ not only that but he ain’t never been knocked off anywhere, an’ when the Kid gets the wire saying he can have a three-fifty guarantee or twenty-five percent of the gross, I know of course he’s goin’ to take the latter. But does he do such? He does not.

I pleaded and begged and told him what a bum and a dumbbell he was. “Dumbbell!” he sneers. “You ain’t got a brain in your head. I got gypped over in Atlanta an’ I know where I get off at. It’s the little guarantee for mine henceforward and also hereafter. No more of this percentage stuff.”

I raved an’ tore my collar. “But this is different, Kid. Up in Cincy they think Red is a coming champ. He ain’t never been knocked loose by nobody an’ he’s one of the best cards in the state. They’re fightin’ open-air an’ there’ll be three thousand in the house, easy. I know what I’m talkin’ about——”

“You don’t know nothin’ about nothin’,” he snaps, real peevish. “Gawd knows why I got you for a manager anyway. We take that guarantee.”

We took it. All the way up to Cincy I had a promotion of what was gonna happen. And it done so. When we got to that open-air arena there must of been thirty-five hundred in the house already. The Kid takes a slant at them spectators an’ throws a howl which could be heard in Louisville.

“The rotten bums!” he shrieks. “I knew there was somethin’ crooked about this guarantee business. It looks to me like every time I get a fight you let them do me dirtier than I’ve ever been done before.”

Well, I wasn't feelin' so happy myself. Here I was workin' my heart out for the Kid, holdin' a stop watch on him eight or ten rounds every day an' givin' him seventy-five percent of his earnin's an' he was deliberately goffin' me out of a lot of money which ought to of been mine.

"I hope there's ten thousand in the house," I says, "an' I hope Carter bumps you off in the first round or sooner. An' if I ever manage a goofy guy like you again I hope somebody sells me to an abattoir for a cow."

Dorgan goes into that ring mad as a yellow-jacket an' what he done to Red Carter was one sin and three shames. When the fight is over Red can't advertise no more that he's never been knocked out. But comin' back was one time I wouldn't sleep in no berth with Kid Dorgan, he was that sore. I let him sit up in the smoker.

WE AIN'T hardly got back when I thought up the battle of the century. Down in Columbus, Georgia, there was a kid which was named Mickey O'Toole. Mickey was the first local pride which was ever located out of Columbus and there ain't no denying that he was there seven ways from the deuce. Not that he was ever gonna be a champ—there wasn't hardly a chance of that, but Old Man Warren which was handling him was a cagey bird which knew the truth of the old saying that it ain't the amount of money you make, it's how soft it is.

Mickey had a wonderful record s'far's quantity goes. He'd bumped off every bum in the South several times. Fellers which had never took the count before done so when they battled with Mickey, an' next day they'd blossom out in new flivvers which they couldn't of bought with their end of the purse. But I'll hand this much to Mickey—he didn't dream what a good business manager Old Man Warren was. Mickey was in there shootin' on the level all the time. Chances are he would of threw a fit if he had of knowed that some of his hardest matches was fought out by word of mouth between the Old Man an' the other fellow's manager before the boys ever clumb between the ropes.

Anyway, I had a hunch that Mickey an' Kid Dorgan would draw a record house in Birmingham if I could match 'em up. The Kid was a heap better boy than anybody Mickey had ever fought—his best bout up to that time bein' a home-town decision over Fighting Freddie Glynn—an' Mickey always drawing in Birmingham anyway on account the fans always pay to see a winner like him in the hopes that he's gonna get knocked loose.

There wasn't no doubt in my mind that the Kid could wallop Mickey. Mickey was a good boy an' all that, but the Kid had age, speed, experience and punching power on him. So I wrote the Old Man about a match between our boys and he wrote back that he'd been considerin' same for a long time an' he'd like to talk to me personal about matchin' 'em up for Labor Day in Columbus.

His letter was music to my ears because even when Caesar was fiddling his best he wasn't near as strong in Rome as Mickey O'Toole was in Columbus. Down there they thought the sun rose an' set on him an' I knew that if the day was good an' they fought in the open air it'd be a four-thousand-dollar gate easy an' that's real money to fellers which ain't no more Creosotes than I an' Kid Dorgan.

Also I had a hunch what Old Man Warren had up his sleeve. As I remarked previous about him he had Ol' Sure Thing lashed to the mast an' I knew he desired a little diplomatic negotiations about this battle. So the next time Mickey is fightin' in Atlanta I get the Old Man to run over to Birmingham an' I and he an' Kid Dorgan have a little conference.

Old Man Warren come straight to the point. "The Kid is better than Mickey," he says frankly, "an' Mickey is too good a card for me to let him get dropped for the count. So what I want to find out is: Are you an' Dorgan ready to listen to reason?"

"We're ready to listen to anything which sounds like money," I says. He takes a fat cigar from his pocket an' gives me the gold band—says maybe my youngster is savin' 'em. "I'll book you on, Kid, if you'll agree to carry Mickey."

Let me say somethin' right here by way of explanatory to them that ain't initiated. Some folks is fatheaded enough to think that there ain't no difference between a faked fight an' a fight where one man agrees to carry another. But they're wrong. There's the same difference that there is between contractin' a debt you think maybe you'll be able to pay an' contractin' one you know you never will.

A heap of Mickey's fights had been faked. Not that Mickey knew it, but they had just the same. But carryin' a man is a different thing. It means that both boys fight their best until it begins to look too one-sided an' then the lad that's gettin' the better of it begins landing on the chest an' shoulders instead of the plexus an' jaw.

"Mickey ain't in on this," says Warren. "He'd die entirely dead if he knew. But I ain't riskin' havin' him beat. If you'll agree to carry him, Kid, I'll sign you up."

Kid Dorgan looks at me an' I look right back at him. "How about it?" he inquires.

Well, I know right away that him bein' goofy all I've got to do to kill the match is to say that I think it's a good idea. So I shake my head—"I ain't never been a party to no such thing as this before—" "Hell!" he comments. "You ain't never before handled a fighter who was so good he had to be propositioned to carry a tough boy like Mickey O'Toole."

"I know, Kid; but—"

"No butting allowed," he retorts humorous, not seein' the wink I give Old Man Warren. "Sure, I'll take the match, Mr. Warren, an' I'll agree not to drop the youngster. He'll prob'ly get some awful fine experience from fightin' a good boy like I."

"Yeh," agrees the Old Man, "he prob'ly will. An' I'll promise you as good as a draw on the decision."

"Thanks," says Dorgan. "But I wasn't worryin' about that. The poor bum couldn't get a decision over me



"I unscrewed my diamond pin. 'You know this stone as well as you do me, Ed. Will you accept it as security for my six-fifty?'"



Q "Holy smokes!" Cries Old Man Warren, "what's the matter? He looks like he's trying to kill my boy. He'll ruin him if he keeps on. Make him ease up."

unless I was dead an' buried an' then it ain't no certainty. How much do I get for this fight?"

Warren shook his head. "Usual stuff, I reckon. But I can't say for certain until I get back to Columbus an' talk it over with my partner an' figure up what the semi-final is gonna cost."

"Well," says the Kid, "you gotta make it snappy because I'm bein' deluded with offers from all over the country an' my date-book is gettin' filled up terrible rapid."

FOUR DAYS later the Old Man wires from Columbus offerin' me a three-fifty guarantee or twenty-five percent of the gross. Of course that percentage business was immense an' I was in a transportation of happiness.

"Oh! boy," I says to the Kid, "we'll have a four-thousand-

dollar house easy an' that means a thousand plunks for us."

He gives me supersilly sneers. "There you go spillin' all the foolishness you got in your head."

I looked at him narrow-mindedly. "What you talkin' about, Kid?"

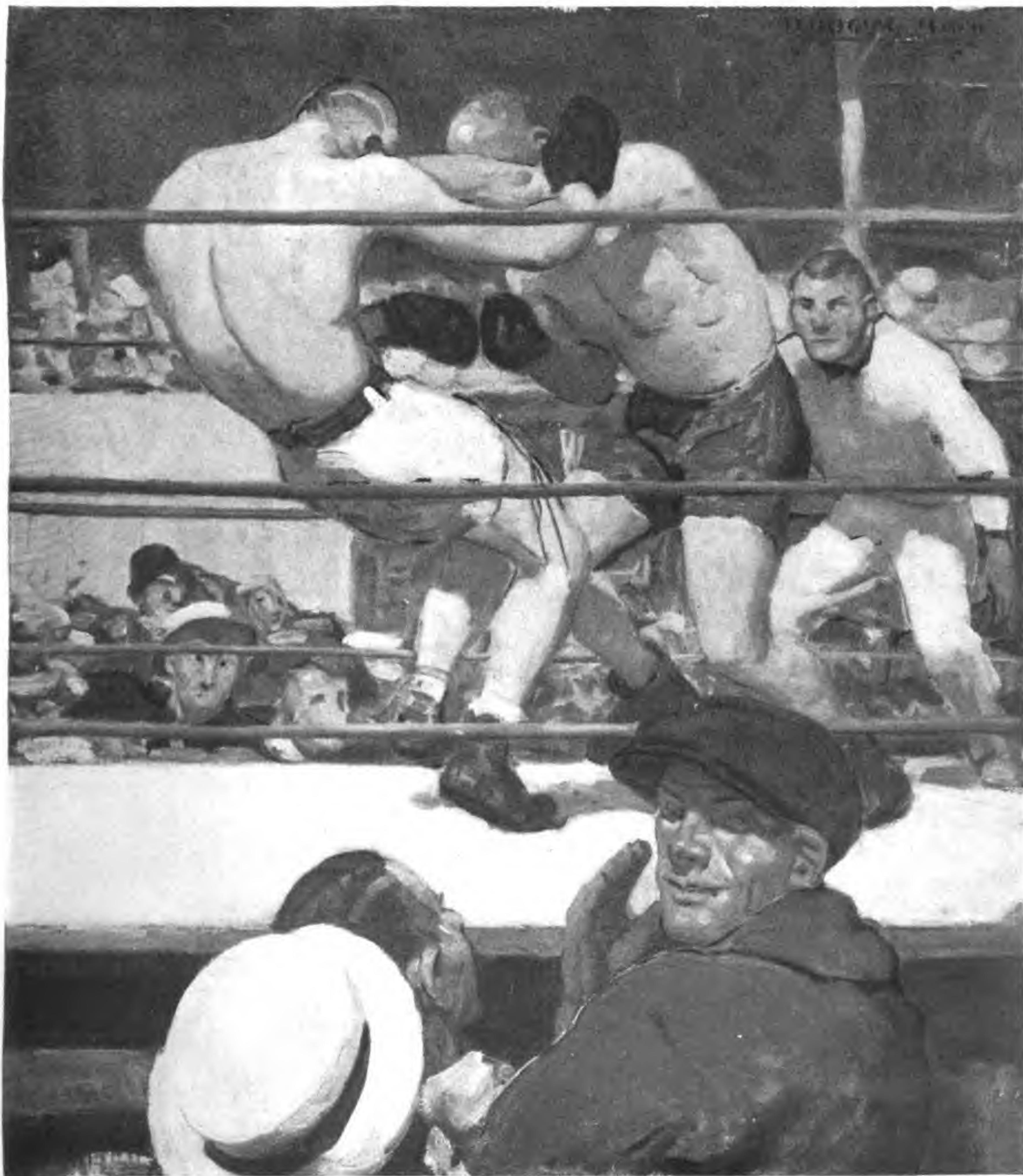
"We ain't gonna split no twenty-five percent. We grab the guarantee."

"Cw! For the love o' Mike, Kid—ain't you got even one lick of sense?"

"Listen at me," he says. "Of the three big fights I've had under your management I been gypped in three of them. I lost money on the Eddie Johnson fight by listenin' to you; I done the same when I fit Red Carter in Cincinnati an' worse than that when I met Freddie Glynn. Now for once in my life I'm gonna have things my way. I'm gonna take the guarantee!"

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Kid Dorgan just threw them gloves into O'Toole until that guy didn't know whether he was goin' or comin', and wouldn't of bet he was doin' either.

I looked at him in dumb s'prise. "Of all the ungrateful lyin' bums I've ever met in the course of my pure young life," I says, "you're the lyin' and the bummiest. Didn't I tell you to grab the guarantee for the Johnson scrap? Didn't I say you ought to take a percentage of the gate for both Carter an' Glynn? Wouldn't you of been more'n a thousand dollars to the good if you had of took my advice?"

"No," he says.

"But, Kid——"

"But nothin'. An' even if your advice was good, you didn't know it. You was just guessin'. If you had of been right, you should of convinced me. What's a manager for if it ain't to keep his best fighter from makin' mistakes?"

"I ain't makin' no mistake this time, Kid, an' I ain't gonna let you make one. This bimbo is tw

as Charley Chaplin. There ain't nothin' to it; every knothole in the ball park is gonna be filled when you an' him crawl through the ropes."

"Yeh. But there ain't many knotholes in Columbus. That's a little town."

"Little, me eye. It's a swell burg. An' they're all nuts about O'Toole. No sir, Kid—we take the twenty-five percent."

He looked at me outa them squinty eyes of his an' shook his head. "Nix."

"Why, you mis'able goof. . . ."

"When I fight in a little town like Columbus I grab my guarantee. It's three hundred an' fifty flat or I don't fight. An' I'm gonna write that to Old Man Warren."

What can a guy do with a poor simp like Kid Dorgan? I done everything but take a crack at him [Continued on page 34]

J E W S IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

The Case Against LIMITATION

By Arthur Gleason

Mr. Gleason puts with unusual power the case against any racial lines. He then gives some of the most brilliant accomplishments of Jews in this country



LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS
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the United States*



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ONCE the Goths came, the Visigoths and the Huns. Now again, hordes are pouring from the great Eastern plateaus—Jews are seeking a new home. They are advancing upon the civilization of the West. This mighty alien mass movement is penetrating the choice Anglo-American culture of Harvard. More alarming, these shaggy invaders are scholars. No test of mental preparedness can be pitched so high as to exclude them. No definition of eligibility has been devised so delicately as to impeach their quality. Only one formula will stop them dead. They are not Anglo-Americans. They are Jews.

What is this menace of numbers? We take 106 of the most prominent educational institutions located in or near the large centers of Jewish population. These colleges had a total student enrolment of 153,085.* Of that 153,085, the Jews numbered 14,837 or 9.7 percent.

One half of all the Jewish students in the 106 institutions attended six of them—New York University, College of the City of New York, Columbia University, University of Pennsylvania, University of Chicago and Hunter College. Of these six institutions which Jews most eagerly frequent, three at least prove by their hospitality that they admit no problem. The other two or three have never officially announced any problem. Harvard has all the loneliness of the pioneer in raising the race question inside the republic of liberal arts.

Let us further make the generous estimate that in the whole United States out of the 375,359 total college enrolment, there are 20,000 Jews. This would be five percent. They are about three percent of the general population, and five percent of the college population.

Figures for the year 1922-3, and covering thirty-two institutions, have been gathered by a Jewish fraternity. They show that the percentage of Jewish students at the colleges this year has increased but slightly over the year 1917-18. Only three institutions are reported as seeking to restrict Jewish enrolment. In the management of class publications and intercollege debating, out of 1000 participants (reported by sixteen chapters) 167 are Jews; which is five percent in excess of their proportion of undergraduates. Out of 653 class officers (reported by twenty chapters) seventy-three are Jews; which is less than three percent under their proportion of undergraduates.

Our American peril then is that a few thousand Jews out of over three million go to some American colleges, that a somewhat higher percent go from their group than from non-Jewish groups, and that the percentage of Jewish students at colleges has increased but slightly in four years.

Clearly, the menace is not of numbers nor illiteracy. Statistics have little to do with prejudice. It is the Jewishness of the Jew that arouses dislike. Here is a pure case of race-hate. But hate is not a discovery, forced by the presence of the Jew. There is the hatred

* In the same year, 1918-19, total college enrolment in the United States was 375,359. These are the latest figures that include enrolment of Jews.



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Editor of the New York Evening Post and a distinguished writer

of the Turk for the Armenian, of the Japanese for the Korean, of the French for the German. Race-prejudice is the dislike of what is recognizably different. It is a universal malady, and is fanned to flame and fury by competition.

Anti-Semitism is only one form of race-hate. It has been considered unique, because it developed in every country. But the Jew was widely dispersed, and so the dislike registered universally. Legends about the Jews, gossip told to children, operate on this instinctive dislike of his difference. Charges against the Jew are precisely the charges which an American meets in England. The American yonder lives in an atmosphere of slightly amused scorn. He is found over-enthusiastic, naïve, noisy, dollar-loving, unrefined, unsportsmanlike, pushing, of a lesser breed. Always and everywhere the problem is that of the alien who is different. It is the hostility of the tribe for the stranger who is probably an enemy. We hate what is unlike because we fear it. We fear its competition. We fear its destruction of our values and standards.

HARVARD felt this struggle of standards, because the university is the citadel of the Anglo-American tradition. The Anglo-American stock is weakening, and newcomers are pressing in. In self-preservation, the Harvard Administration proposed a limitation of Jews. There is no intention of limiting the total number of students. What the university was feeling was the impact of newcomers, not of Jews alone. The walls are no longer round Cambridge. Why name the immense problem of unassimilated foreigners the Jewish question? Why load one group with the strain of fifty nationalities?

At present, we are busy forming secret societies of antis—each organization opposing somebody else: Jews, Catholics, negroes, labor unions, radicals, farmers. This is a return to the old American habit of feud. When an American group, like that of the Jews, numbers millions of citizens, it cannot properly be labeled alien. Any necessary exclusion should have been made at Ellis Island. Once inside the country, there must be equality and tolerance. There is no problem at Harvard comparable to the national and international evil wrought by a discrimination against Jews. Better that Appleton Chapel becomes a synagogue than that the premier university of America sets a racial limitation. Then, indeed, you would have aimed an arrow at democracy from the ramparts of the City of God.

It is too late in history and too early in America to do this thing. The Jews have paid their blood tax elsewhere, and no debt from this is due us, here.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN gentleman is living in a difficult world. When his privileged position was accepted, he could carry a serene mind. Today, to affirm his gentility, he must on occasion break through his perfect manner and act vigorously and talk rowdy. Just as we all turned Prussian to beat the Prussians, so the acts of the gentleman in a democratic shindy do not differ from those of the roughnecks. At present he is resorting to a mild terrorism. Educational limitation by race is the refined equivalent of Ku Klux Klanism. The purpose of the Ku Klux Klan is to protect the disappearing Protestant Christian Anglo-Saxon from the merciless competition of such sharply defined and successful groups as the Irish Roman Catholics and the Jews. It is the assertion of the superior rights of an established privileged class, who pioneered the country, and who are in possession of power and culture. It assumes a fundamental and permanent inferiority in later arrivals, and it springs from the fear that these inferior beings are defeating the well-born.

The older settlers are making their last stand. Their back is against the wall. They have not perpetuated their race. The newcomers have had children—three children, four children, and they come demanding the higher education. Among them is a race which was oppressed. It is small wonder this race is eager for education in a free country. Who will deny this right? Will the old settlers say: "We are dying off—we admit it."



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ALLA NAZIMOVA

AL JOLSON

BEN-AMI

BERTHA KALICH

Each one of these stage favorites has won distinction for original and powerful interpretative work in drama.

but we wish to keep you newcomers as serfs and subjects, even as you were in East Europe. We are dying, but you are our servants"—will this slogan win?

The Anglo-American is ill-advised to raise the issue, because he unites the other minorities against him. Every minority group feels the challenge and in self-defense will oppose the discrimination. The Roman Catholics have already officially replied. Cardinal O'Connell spoke to the students of the Boston College High School on October 3, 1922. He referred to the wonderful eagerness of the youth for education: He said:

Schools, academies, colleges, universities, all are crowded to the doors—the problem facing the educators is what to do to answer this demand which cannot be stilled and which ought not to be settled.

It is, certainly, a very singular phase of this question that some of the educators of the country propose to answer it by a sort of negation or suppression. They point out that the college is an aristocratic affair and that the fields of learning are not for the common man but for the aristocracy of brains. Just what this means is a mystery. On the other hand, educators of many years of experience propose to limit it by social or racial standards, by elimination, by exclusion.

"Clean-cut Anglo-Saxons of native Protestant parentage," the "red-blooded Protestant white Americans," are not a majority. The Cedar Rapids Bohemian, the Pennsylvania Italian miner, the Minnesota Swede, the Wisconsin German farmer—none of these could be finally lined up in defense of the prerogatives of the Old Families. The minorities, massed together, make a majority. The Old Families are a dying race.

TO RETRIEVE that hundred percent culture will require ruling out all elements unassimilable to the Anglo-American by Lusk Laws. That could be done in a country of one blood, one religion, one language, one tradition. But this country is like nothing else in the world. It is an experiment in making a secular non-racial commonwealth. It is not a melting-pot, but a growth. No dominant racial group is in command. There is no overwhelming majority of common blood as in England and France. There is not even a bare plurality of common blood as in Belgium or Switzerland. Instead, there are many minorities, and the demand is that they blend. The process is painful, because the nature of the folksiness changes from year to year. There was the old-time village solidarity where everybody was a neighbor. Today we have the impersonality of the city. This change of scale in the experiment has appalled some of our

Old Timers, who see that the gracious intimacies of the village are no longer possible. In their despair, they advocate lessening what remains in common. It is no longer nursing the neighbor's child, nor the cheery greeting in the street. It is freedom of opportunity in citizenship, education, and economic life. These are the three great "rights," the possession of which gives equality. Now the greatest of these is freedom in education, for out of it flow the others.

In all the loose talk of racial differences, who is this sharply-defined Jew? We speak of him as a type and a race. Actually he is of many types. He has melted into many communities. He is a Spaniard of courtly manners, and a Tatar of the steppes. In France he is more exquisitely Parisian than a Boulevardier. In America he is a go-getter. In every Western country, he has a knack of swift surface assimilation to Christian traits and failings. The standards of the majority become his moral law. The Jews have the crazy and criminal. They are superficial and profound. The Jew is fighter and mystic, poet and financier. As Dr. Felix Adler puts it:

"The Jews, so far as they have excelled in their esthetic and intellectual productions, and also in practical life, have been the burning glass that collected into a focus the qualities of the people whom they live among, that they have been more expressive of those qualities, of their surroundings—that the English Jew is more English than the Englishman and so of the others."

The Jews are a cross-section of the human race.

The problem of excess numbers in Eastern colleges comes from Jews in the poorer and middle class. Other peoples of these grades do not send their children to college in numbers. The Jews increasingly do. But this humble eagerness is a proof that the Jews in the United States are determined to be Americans. One of the ways as they see it is by education.

Limitation is a move, however unintended, by the intellectual leaders of this country to separate the Jews from the main body of citizens. To count them and treat them as a statistical bloc is to call the attention of the mob to something queer. They are then made the scapegoat at any time of herd passion. The wrongdone by limitation is increased in that it is public and official. The advertising is an injury because it incites others. To tell a man he is a thief is no libel, but to publish it to others is a libel.

The one is an insult. The publication adds injury to insult, and is resented more keenly, not because the injury is financial, but because it tends to further insults. This is the reason for the law forbidding hotels to advertise "No Jews need apply." Again, the enactment of a law making one class in the community into



DAVID BELASCO

DAVID WARFIELD

LEO DITRACHSTEIN

EDGAR SELWYN

Later in the great world Harvard youth will not be protected by a percentage against the competition of such men

a "second class" is more degrading than the illegal imposition of second-class disabilities by officials. This principle holds whether the community is the nation, state, city or college. It is the statutory act, the official sanction, that adds to the degradation.

If Harvard should set a percentage, say fifteen, for the admission of Jews, this is the beginning of the age-old code of disabilities, which made the Jews a segregated, hunted minority in European countries. Those disabilities limited the right to citizenship, barred the entrance to many occupations, hampered free movement, and restricted education. To express prejudice in percentages is the familiar method of anti-Semitism. Thus—the first statutes of the Anti-Semite Leagues, formed in the late seventies and early eighties in Dresden and Berlin, stated:

The object of the Anti-Semite League is . . . to save our German fatherland from becoming completely Judaized, and render residence in it supportable to the posterity of its aborigines.

This is to be striven after . . . by making it its task to thrust the Semites back into a station corresponding to their numerical strength.

The series in the restrictive campaign is academic limitation—limitation of professional careers, economic oppression, a segregated district, deprivation of citizenship, and, finally, pogroms. The solution by percentages of how human beings can get on together was once simply stated by a Russian statesman. He said the Jewish question would be answered when one-third perished, one-third emigrated, and one-third was converted to the Orthodox Church.

If Harvard should set a percentage, say fifteen, then it follows the precedent of the Russian universities and secondary schools in Tsarist Russia. These were the percentages:

Russian Universities

- 15%—Warsaw, Kiev, Odessa.
- 10%—Kazan, Kharkoff, Dorpat, Tomsk.
- 5%—St. Petersburg, Moscow.

Middle and High Schools

- 10%—In the Pale.
- 5%—Outside the Pale.
- 3%—St. Petersburg, Moscow.

The honor of Harvard is not in its racial purity but in its spiritual freedom. This freedom is a battle continually waged, never finally won. As ex-President Eliot says:

"It was only slowly that Harvard College enacted, put on a firm foundation for itself as an institution, religious liberty. Still later came the devotion of Harvard College as an institution for civil and political liberty. It took a century to make Harvard College strong, clear, and almost unanimous in her devotion, and in the devotion of her sons, to civil and political liberty. Then it took nearly another century to develop what has proved to be a fundamental principle at Harvard, the principle of academic freedom, freedom for the teacher, freedom for the student."

In the old days Jew-hatred could get action by charges of ritual murder, poisoning wells, spreading plagues, desecration of the Host. But the prejudice slowly lessened in the West, till anti-Semitism in Germany had to construct a philosophy of racial superiority in order to win a following. The old lies no longer availed. And still tolerance spreads, till today the gentle and scholarly exponent of the Higher Discrimination has to make a case on the newest of all new things—group psychology.

American Jews testify to the harm wrought on the Jews of Eastern Europe, Hungary, Poland, and Germany, by the Harvard proposal. In the Jewish Morning Journal (New York) of November 28, 1922, is an article from a correspondent in Warsaw. He writes:

"It is a well-known fact, that for the Polish chauvinistic national democratic and anti-Semitic press, the introduction of a percentage norm for Jews in the universities is one of the first 'national' postulates, the Judaization of Polish universities is a stereotyped topic, which is repeatedly and variously discussed in papers of that caliber. Recently the anti-Semitic press has welcomed as a Godsend the news from America regarding the discrimination at Harvard and Columbia Universities. They expanded and embroidered the presentation, and their exultation over the 'radical reform' in the universities of democratic America, was beyond description."

The very raising of this question at Harvard, the discussion of it in free America, has given fresh impulse of persecution to the anti-Semites. What is academic debate at Cambridge becomes an age-old cry of hate in ancient streets of Europe. Careless talk flies farther than we guess, and it may be some blood is spilled for that.

A far-reaching decision can come from a petty friction. Harvard is said to be strained by many hundred Jews but can stand several hundred. What is the emergency? And what is all the talk about? It is caused by that difference in number of a couple of hundred persons. "Just for a handful of Hebrews, she left us." To rid the college of that handful, the University proposes to whittle down an American freedom. Discrimination by Harvard would be the beginning of [Continued on page 110]



The next instant Elena herself appeared, urging Watson with words and smiles to come in. The young man reluctantly followed his hostess into the drawing-room.

A A New Novel by the Author of *The Four Horsemen*

The TEMPTRESS

By *Blasco Ibáñez*

A A Synopsis
of the Previous
Installments

Illustrations by *Walt Louderback*

THE MARQUIS DE TORRE BIANCA, deeply in love with his fascinating wife, Elena, was finding it very difficult to keep her surrounded with the luxuries which seemed absolutely necessary to her life in Paris.

Then Robledo, friend of his youth in Italy, suddenly arrived from Argentine, where he had been doing some interesting work.

In telling Robledo about his money troubles the Marquis mentioned his good fortune in having met Fontenoy, a rich banker, friend of his wife's family, who had made him a director of some foreign development projects. The Marquis knew nothing about the business—all that was required of him was his signature in exchange for which he received a huge salary.

Elena made herself very fascinating to her husband's friend; but, despite the Marquis's faith in her, Robledo discovered something mysterious about her at once. Among other things she told him conflicting stories about her travels.

And then Fontenoy committed suicide. He was accused of fraudulent practices and all connected with him, including the Marquis, were to be dragged into the affair.

Robledo planned to carry the Marquis off to Argentine at once, leaving Elena behind. She would, he knew, be a drag on his friend. But the Marquis would not leave without her; so the three started at once, Elena dreaming of the adventure she would find in South America. But by the time they arrived at the remote inland settlement she was completely disillusioned. To make life bearable she wore her Paris evening gowns at dinner and Robledo could see she was becoming a disturbing element. The men very soon began dressing for dinner and vying with each other for her favor.

Two of the men, Canterac and Pirovani, had become dangerously jealous of each other, and Pirovani, who was wealthy but utterly lacking in the graces that Canterac had at his command, offered Elena his attractive house, and much against the Marquis's wishes they went to live in it.

Elena, piqued at Robledo's indifference, reproached him for it.

A The Story Continues:

THE notorious Manos Duras lived on the slope of the mesa from which he could see on the horizon line the farthest limits of Patagonia, and below the wide, twisting curves of the river, beyond which stretched one end of the Rojas Ranch.

Manos Duras's ranch house was surrounded by other huts, or hovels, and a few corrals fenced in by old stockades, but only on rare occasions was any cattle to be found in them.

Everyone in the country knew where the ranch of Manos Duras was located; but very few ever cared to visit it, for the region had a bad name. Sometimes those who, with a certain trepidation passed nearby, felt reassured when they saw how solitary the place was.

At times the Manos Duras ranch contained an extraordinary diversity of inhabitants. Wandering gauchos like himself took up their quarters in the adobe huts for weeks at a time without anyone ever discovering for a certainty where they came from or where they were going.

The comisario of La Presa was beginning to feel uneasy about these mysterious visitors. He got little rest, for not a night went by that he did not fear that some scandalous depredation might occur. At the gaucho's ranch numerous heads of cattle were sold and skinned, and Manos Duras provided the whole region with meat. But, as no complaints of theft reached him, Don Roque refrained from any investigation as to the source of the bandit's flocks and herds.

Then, one fine morning his companions disappeared, and Manos Duras continued living in solitude on his ranch; then he, too, disappeared for a while, to the comisario's infinite relief.

Suddenly he reappeared again, with three companions, evil-looking specimens out of whom no one could get a word.

One day of intense glare and heat, Manos Duras sprang on to his horse to go up to La Presa to make some purchases.

The Patagonian summer had begun with the violent ardor it displays in lands rarely cooled by rain.

Far in the distance, behind the deep gash cut by the river, almost on a level with the horizon line, lay what looked like a long, dark-colored worm with a tuft of cotton on its head.

Manos Duras stopped short to look at it. That was not the day on which the mail train usually came in from Buenos Aires.

AFTER gazing a few seconds at the slowly-moving train miles away, the gaucho started off once more at a gallop. To shorten the way he was accustomed to ride through the outlying part of the Rojas ranch which stretched between his land and the settlement beyond.

But Don Rojas was also at that hour riding about his property, looking it over and making calculations for the future.

He was thinking of the miracle to be wrought on his lands below when the irrigation ditches brought them the water that was to transform them, releasing their fertility. Don Carlos brooded over this transformation that in his mind's eye he saw taking place on his barren ranch, when suddenly he saw a rider approaching him.

He raised his hand to his eyes to see him more distinctly and could scarcely contain himself when he saw who it was.

"By the . . . What? That robber Manos Duras!"

The gaucho as he drew near, raised his hand to his sombrero, in greeting, then spurred his horse ahead.

After a moment of hesitation Don Carlos also started off at top speed, out across the gaucho's path, and obliged him to stop.

"Who gave you permission to come onto my property?" he shouted in a voice that was shrill and shaking with anger.

Manos Duras made no attempt to reply, merely looking at the rancher with the same silent insolence he used toward others. As though offering excuses, he replied in a low tone that he was aware of the fact that he had no right to pass through there without the owner's permission, but the short-cut eliminated a long and roundabout bit of the road to La Presa. Then, as a final explanation he added:

"Besides, you let everyone ride through."

"Everyone but you," was the aggressive reply. "If ever I find you again on my land, you'll get one of these bullets!"

Don Carlos took his revolver from his belt and pointed it at the gaucho's breast.

AS THE rancher was still pointing his revolver at him, the gaucho did not dare move a hand toward his belt. So he contented himself with giving the rancher a venomous glance, and saying, "We'll meet again, boss, and we'll have more time to talk."

With this he dug his spurs into his horse and set off at a gallop, without looking back.

Near the river, however, the gaucho had a more agreeable encounter. He noticed three riders coming toward him, and stopped to see who they might be.

The Marquis had felt impelled to accept an invitation to go once more to the works to see the progress of the dam. Things were now at such a pass between Pirovani and the French



"May the devil carry you away with him, miserable gringo! I'll never throw the noose over you any more! and if, some day, you want to see me, you'll have to catch me the way I used to catch you . . . if you can!" cried the enraged girl.

engineer that she had felt it necessary to her own peace to soothe the latter by accepting his suggestion that she ride out with him. For his part, he felt that he must show her once again that he was, after all, the directing spirit of the enterprise.

While they were on these excursions the Captain could talk much more freely to Elena than at her house. The fact that the Marquis was busy with the work of planning the canal system aroused all sorts of hopes and illusions in the Captain's breast. If only the Marquise would consent to ride with him, alone, along the river bank. . . .

But, as though she had divined his thoughts, she insisted that Moreno go with them.

All three stopped their attempts at conversation to look intently at Manos Duras who was waiting motionless at the side of the road. Moreno knew who he was and murmured his name to Elena, whose interest in the gaucho was so keen that she yielded to her impulse to speak to him.

"So you are the famous Manos Duras of whom we have heard so often?"

The horseman took off his sombrero with a reverential gesture; then, in a theatrical manner that was with him quite spontaneous, he replied:

"I am that unhappy man, señora, and this present moment is the happiest in my life."

He looked at her with eyes of worship and desire; and she smiled with pleasure at the barbaric homage.

Canterac indicated his impatience by teasing his horse and protesting that they ought to be getting on. But Elena continued her conversation.

"They tell dreadful stories about you. Are they true? How many murders have you really committed?"

"Black calumnies, señora!" Manos Duras replied, looking straight into her eyes. "But, if there are any murders I may commit for you, you have but to ask!"

Canterac turned to Moreno, "This fellow is too presumptuous!" he said. "We shall have to give him a lesson!"

The government employe merely shrugged at the suggestion of giving a lesson to this terrible bandit to whom even the comisario had to show a certain respect.

Finally Elena moved on.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "How interesting to meet him."

WHILE THE THREE riders went on, Manos Duras remained motionless by the road. He seemed to feel for a moment that this meeting was to affect his life. Then he smiled cynically.

"And why not?" he said aloud in answer to his thought. "This is a woman. . . . Aren't they all alike?"

Elena and her escorts went on along the river bank. Suddenly Elena straightened up in her saddle to see farther.

In a meadow, edged on the riverside with young willows, were two horses, saddled but not hitched. A man and a boy stood at the far end of the meadow practicing throwing the rope.

Half by instinct, Elena recognized the boy. Undoubtedly it was Celinda Rojas teaching Watson to throw the lariat. Richard Watson, now that Torre Bianca went daily to direct the canal work, was enjoying more liberty, and was using it to follow the Rojas girl about in her rides and share her games.

A little before sunset Elena's party rode up to the main street of the town. In front of Pirovani's house, which she now looked upon as her own, Elena dismounted, leaning on Moreno, who had anticipated the Captain's move to help her, as she stepped to the ground.

Whereupon the Frenchman saluted with military abruptness, and rode away without waiting until Elena had gone into the house. Another day spoiled! He was furious with the others, and with himself.

Pirovani appeared, issuing from a side-street. As soon as the contractor caught sight of Moreno

who was going toward his house, he ran after him, eager to hear about the episodes of an excursion to which he had not been invited. With the easy credulity of the jealous, he believed that Canterac must have won a great advance on him during the ride.

With childish satisfaction he smiled when the government employe told him how, several times, the señora had asked him to help her keep the Frenchman at a proper distance.

But his delight took a sharp fall when Moreno went on to tell him of the encounter with Manos Duras, and the "presumption" with which the fellow had talked with Elena.

"All these people think they are everybody's equal just because we are all together here in this desert," he exclaimed.

"By the way," said Moreno, "the Captain doesn't want any more meat to be bought of Manos Duras, nor any business done with him whatever. That's more in your hands than Canterac's."

Pirovani agreed vehemently.



C Through the openings came some gauchos, who backed away from the tavern firing revolvers. Several men from the camp plunged through the doorway shooting.

"I'll see to it! That Frenchman has the right idea for once."

A few months after the work in the camp up at the dam had been begun, the inhabitants of the various settlements along the Rio Negro began to talk of the Galician's new store.

The establishment was run with an equal disregard for the convenience or even the comfort of its patrons and for economy. There were scarcely any chairs in the place; the guitar-players had at least horse skulls to sit on; but the majority of their audience dropped on the ground when they were tired; yet, on the shelves behind the counter, impressive stores of champagne bottles were renewed every week.

The inexhaustible theme of conversation was the question as to when the trains would begin making regular stops at La Presa, instead of simply stopping at the dam when there was machinery to be unloaded for the works.

To the inhabitants of the settlement it seemed a gross injustice that the trains should make no stop before Fuerte Sarmiento, under the pretext that the engineering work in the river was not yet completed, nor the adjacent lands irrigated, and that, consequently, there could be no question of colonizing there.

The proprietor, Antonio Gonzalez, leaning over his counter, was lending an attentive ear to his older customers, the jinetes or riders of the country, those who had covered every foot of it from the Andes to the Atlantic.

"When we have water, and the land is irrigated," Gonzalez said, "there will be thousands and thousands of families here."

Both he and his customers spoke in a tone that was almost lyric of the marvels of irrigation. Beyond La Presa was Fuerte Sarmiento the nearest railway station. The town there had grown up around a fort at the time when the Indians were driven out. The troops of the occupation had without much difficulty opened up a small canal, taking advantage of the grade of the river and this watercourse had made the place a veritable oasis in the midst of the dry adjacent lands.

MEANWHILE Gonzalez was dreaming of some day being rich. He would own immense alfalfa fields. . . .

But, while waiting for the moment when he would wake up to find himself a millionaire, Gonzalez decided that one of the best ways of turning an honest penny was to arrange Sunday horse-races. For this enterprise he needed Don Roque's permission; and it was not so easy to get it.

The comisario was afraid of his superiors in office; and the federal government had forbidden horse-racing. It always resulted in drunken orgies and innumerable fist-fights, or worse. But Antonio Gonzalez could always persuade him after a little private conversation, to overcome his scruples.

"But, for heaven's sake, Gonzalez, don't advertise your horse-race too widely!" the comisario implored. "Have it up at the dam if you like—but for the people who are here—no one from outside!"

But success demanded that the undertaking be given wide publicity. As early as the Saturday before the great event, riders began coming in from all parts of the territory.

Manos Duras greeted the numerous riders, many of them had, from time to time, been of use to him in his business transactions.

The prizes put up by Gonzalez did not amount to very much—a twenty pesos note, brightly colored handkerchiefs, a jar of gin; but the gauchos, proud of their spurs, of their belts adorned with pierced silver coins, of their silver-handled knives, had come to win for the honor and glory of winning. They would go home satisfied with having shown their skill and grace as horsemen before the hordes of gringo workmen who were quite incapable of riding a broncho.

They did not start for home when the races were over, but stayed to celebrate their triumph. As a result in the early hours of Sunday, Gonzalez took in money by the fistful.

The crowds overflowed from the boliche and formed in groups around it. Friterini, aided by the women, went in and out among them with bottles and glasses. Guitars were twanging, accompanied by shouts and the clapping that meant there was dancing going on.

Suddenly the purring of the guitars stopped, and a noise of quarreling arose in the silence. Then some women shrieked and above this sound came the animal yelp of a man mortally wounded. Then the crowd scattered, leaving a man with frantic eyes and a blood-soaked hand alone in the center of the open space.

"Make way, comrades! Luck was against me. . . ."

Silently they stood out of his way. No one attempted to

stop him, not even the comisario, who was trying to get as far away from the scene as possible.

When one of these incidents occurred Don Roque, in a state of great indignation, completely forgot the tavern keeper's generosity.

"Didn't I tell you that all this would come to a bad end? Now, we'll hear from Buenos Aires. . . . and before you know it I'll lose my job!"

But Buenos Aires spoke no word, and Don Roque continued in the service. As he was the only representative of authority and as he and his colleague at Fuerte Sarmiento were in perfect agreement about certain points of policy, the dead man was properly buried, when there was a dead man; if he was no more than wounded, his gashes were allowed to heal.

ONE SATURDAY, at nightfall, Robledo came down the main street on his way back from the irrigation works. As he rode by Pirovani's house he looked away and hurried his horse along, fearful lest Elena should open a window and call to him to stop. Several days had passed since he had last called on her. On that afternoon he felt the vague uneasiness that foretells the presence of danger without giving any clue as to what quarter to expect it from.

The settlement at the dam seemed to him entirely changed from what it had been two months earlier. It looked the same; but the life of the community had been transformed in a disquieting, and alarming way. The gentle monotony, the rather coarse-grained self-confidence that had once distinguished it, the mutual trust felt by most of its inhabitants in one another, were fast disappearing.

The demon of the pampas, the terrible Gualicho, he who had been driven out with the native Indians from the lands which had once been theirs, seemed to have returned, and to be claiming his own. Half-amused, half-fearful, Robledo recalled the method employed by the Indians to uproot the spirit of evil when they noted his presence among them. All the horsemen would arm themselves as for a pitched battle and gallop out into the fields to put the accursed Gualicho to flight.

With their lances and macanas or battle axes they fought with him. And when at last the whole tribe fell to the ground exhausted, peace and quiet returned to them once more, for they were convinced that the enemy had betaken himself out of their camp.

Now Robledo thought he noticed the presence of Gualicho, the pampas demon, the malign one, the poisonous busybody. It was he who was stirring up these men, setting one against the other. How frequent hostile looks were among them now, as though when they looked they saw someone different from the friend they had known so long! Would it perhaps become necessary for the whole community to join hands and put the enemy to flight with their combined offensive?

He was debating this problem when suddenly his horse started and stopped so abruptly that Robledo almost took a header. At the same moment he heard shots and saw the glass from one of the tavern windows and then from the door splinter and fly through the air.

THROUGH these openings came all manner of projectiles—bottles, glasses, and even a horse skull. Then came some gauchos, friends of Manos Duras, who backed away from the tavern firing revolvers at it. Several men from the camp plunged through the doorway; they, too, were shooting; and those of them who had no more cartridges advanced knife in hand.

A man fell and began to drag himself along through the dust. Then Robledo saw another man stumble over. Gonzalez appeared, in shirt-sleeves as usual. With arms upraised he proffered entreaties, commands and imprecations, in one breath.

Robledo took out his revolver and, spurring his horse, got between both groups of contestants. He succeeded in bringing about a momentary semblance of order. Followed by the workmen from the dam the gauchos fled, while the women, both the dancers from the boliche and the respectable wives and mothers of the neighborhood, ran to the assistance of the wounded.

Gonzalez made a gesture of delight when he recognized Robledo, as though certain that the engineer would know just how to save the situation.

"These are the friends of Manos Duras," he explained. "They came to raise a row because down at the dam, they won't let this



C Manos Duras remained motionless. He seemed to feel for a moment that this meeting was to affect his life. Then he smiled cynically. "And why not?" he thought. "This is a woman . . . Aren't they all alike?"

dirty fellow sell them any more meat, or do any business with them. It's as though the devil was let loose in the town now.

"And this kind of thing isn't going to stop here. I know Manos Duras. If he had wanted money he would have come to me for it, and it wouldn't be the first time. . . . But there's something else in all this that I don't quite get."

On the following day Robledo noticed a great transformation in the workmen at the dam. Those who belonged to

Pirovani's gang sprawled on the ground smoking and dozing.

The Chilean foreman known as the friar was going from one group to another, protesting against this laziness; but all he got for his pains was laughter at his expense. One of the older workmen went so far as to answer him insolently:

"What's the matter? Do you expect to get something from the wop feller when he dies? What is it to you whether we work or not?"

Suddenly, a boy, one of the

[Continued on page 146]

JANE

By

W. Somerset Maugham

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh



I REMEMBER very well the occasion on which I first saw Jane Fowler. It is indeed only because the details of the glimpse I had of her then are so clear that I trust my recollection at all, for, looking back, I must confess that I find it hard to believe that it has not played me a fantastic trick. I had lately returned to London from China and was drinking a dish of tea with Mrs. Tower.

We gossiped pleasantly about our common friends and Mrs. Tower brought me up to date in the scandal of the day. After roughing it here and there it was very agreeable to sit in a comfortable chair, the fire burning brightly on the hearth, charming tea-things set out on a charming table, and talk with this amusing, attractive woman. She treated me as a prodigal returned from his husks and was disposed to make much of me. She prided herself on her dinner parties; she took no less trouble to have her guests suitably assorted than to give them excellent food, and there were few persons who did not look upon it as a treat to be bidden to one of them. Now she fixed a date and asked me whom I would like to meet.

"There's only one thing I must tell you. If Jane Fowler is still here I shall have to put it off."

"Who is Jane Fowler?" I asked.

"Do you remember a photograph that I used to have on the piano before I had my room done of a woman in a tight dress with tight sleeves and a gold locket, with her hair drawn back from a broad forehead and her ears showing and spectacles on a rather blunt nose? Well, that was Jane Fowler."

"Well, who is Jane Fowler?" I asked again, smiling.

"She's my sister-in-law. She was my husband's sister and she married a manufacturer in the North. She's been a widow for many years, and she's very well-to-do. She's worthy, she's dowdy, she's provincial. She looks twenty years older than I do and she's quite capable of telling anyone she meets that we were at school together. She has an overwhelming sense of family affection and because I am her only living connection she's devoted to me. When she comes to London it never occurs to her that she should stay anywhere but here—she thinks it would hurt my feelings—and she'll pay me visits of three or four weeks. We sit here and she knits and reads."

Mrs. Tower paused to take breath.

"I should have thought a woman of your tact would find a way to deal with a situation like that."

"Ah, but don't you see I haven't a chance. She's so im-

*Jane
Fowler
did the
impossible.
It's a way
women have
once they
get started*

measurably kind. She has a heart of gold. She bores me to death, but I wouldn't for anything let her suspect it."

"And when does she arrive?"

"Tomorrow."

But the answer was hardly out of Mrs. Tower's mouth when the bell rang. There was the sound in the hall of a slight commotion and in another minute or two the butler ushered in an elderly lady.

"MRS. FOWLER," he announced.

"Jane," cried Mrs. Tower, springing to her feet. "I wasn't expecting you today."

"So your butler has just told me. I certainly said today in my letter."

Mrs. Tower recovered her wits.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I'm very glad to see you whenever you come. Fortunately I'm doing nothing this evening."

"You mustn't let me give you any trouble. If I can have a boiled egg for my dinner that's all I shall want."

A faint grimace for a moment distorted Mrs. Tower's handsome features. A boiled egg!

"Oh, I think we can do a little better than that."

I chuckled inwardly when I recollected that the two ladies were contemporaries. Mrs. Fowler looked a good fifty-five. She was a rather big woman; she wore a rather large bonnet—I thought no one had worn a bonnet for twenty years—a cloak which oddly combined severity with fussiness, a long black dress, voluminous as though she wore several petticoats under it, and

stout boots. She was evidently short-sighted, for she looked at you through large gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?" asked Mrs. Tower.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble. I'll take off my mantle."

She began by stripping her hands of the black gloves she wore, and then took off her cloak. Round her neck was a solid gold chain from which hung a large gold locket in which I felt certain was a photograph of her deceased husband. Then she took off her bonnet and placed it neatly with her gloves and cloak on the corner sofa. Mrs. Tower pursed her lips. Certainly those garments did not go very well with the austere but sumptuous beauty of Mrs. Tower's redecorated drawing-room. I wondered where on earth Mrs. Fowler had found the extraordinary clothes she wore. They were not old and the materials were expensive. It was astounding to think that dressmakers and modistes

still made things which had not been worn for a quarter of a century. Mrs. Fowler's gray hair was very plainly done, showing all her forehead and her ears, with a parting in the middle.

I noticed that when she smiled she showed white, small, and regular teeth. They were a real beauty. Her smile was certainly very sweet.

But I felt it was high time for me to leave the two ladies to themselves, so I took my leave.

Early next morning Mrs. Tower rang me up.

"I've got the most wonderful news for you," she said. "Jane is going to be married."

"Nonsense."

"Her fiancé is coming to dine here tonight to be introduced to me and I want you to come, too."

"Oh, but I shall be in the way."



Gilbert engaged a smart French lady's maid for Jane. She had never had such a thing before. The French maid was in raptures over madame's arms and shoulders.

"No, you won't. Jane suggested herself that I should ask you. Do come."

She was bubbling over with laughter.

When I arrived Mrs. Tower, very splendid in a teagown a little too young for her, was alone.

"Jane is putting the finishing touches to her appearance. I'm longing for you to see her. She's all in a flutter. She says he adores her. It makes me want to laugh."

Mrs. Fowler came in. She wore a very stiff black silk dress with a wide skirt and a train. At the neck it was cut into a timid V and the sleeves came down to the elbows. She wore a necklace of diamonds.

"You've really got quite a pretty neck, Jane," said Mrs. Tower, with a kindly smile.

It was indeed astonishingly young when you compared it with her weather-beaten face. It was smooth and unlined and the skin was very white. And I noticed then that her head was very well placed on her shoulders.

"Has Marion told you my news?" she said, turning to me with that really charming smile of hers as if we were already old friends.

"I must congratulate you," I said.

"Wait to do that till you've seen my young man."

"I think it's too sweet to hear you talk of your young man," smiled Mrs. Tower.

Mrs. Fowler's eyes certainly twinkled behind her preposterous spectacles.

"Don't expect anyone too old. You wouldn't like me to marry a decrepit old gentleman with one foot in the grave, would you?"

This was the only warning she gave us. Indeed there was no time for any further discussion, for the butler flung open the door and in a loud voice announced:

"Mr. Gilbert Napier."

There entered a young man in a very well cut dinner-jacket. He was slight, not very tall, with fair hair in which there was a hint of a natural wave, clean-shaven and blue-eyed. He was not particularly good-looking, but he had a pleasant, amiable face. In ten years he would probably be wizened and sallow; but now, in extreme youth, he was fresh, and clean and blooming. For he was certainly not more than twenty-four.

"This is my young man, Marion," Mrs. Fowler said.

He held out his hand.

"I hope you'll like me, Mrs. Tower," he said. "Jane tells me you're the only relation she has in the world."

MRS. TOWER's face was wonderful to behold. I saw then in admiration how bravely good breeding and social usage could combat the instincts of the natural woman. For the astonishment and then the dismay which for an instant she could not conceal were quickly driven away and her face assumed an expression of affable welcome.

"I know you'll like him, Marion. There's no one enjoys good food more than he does." She turned to the young man. "Marion's dinners are famous."

"I know," he beamed.

Mrs. Tower made some quick rejoinder and then we went downstairs. I shall never forget the exquisite comedy of that meal. Mrs. Tower could not make up her mind whether the pair of them were playing a practical joke on her or whether Jane, by wilfully concealing her fiancé's age, had hoped to make her look foolish. But then Jane never jested and she was incapable of doing a malicious thing. Mrs. Tower was amazed, exasperated, and perplexed.

"You've got a very high color, Marion," said Jane, looking at her amiably through her great round spectacles.

"I dressed in a hurry. I daresay I put on too much rouge."

"Oh, is it rouge? I thought it was natural. Otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it." She gave Gilbert a shy little smile. "You know Marion and I were at school together. You would never think it to look at us now, would you? But of course I've lived a very quiet life."

I do not know what she meant by these remarks, it was almost incredible that she made them in complete simplicity; but anyhow they goaded Mrs. Tower to such fury that she flung her own vanity to the winds. She smiled brightly.

"We shall neither of us see fifty again, Jane," she said.

If the observation was meant to discomfort the widow it failed.

"Gilbert says I mustn't acknowledge to more than forty-nine for his sake," she answered blandly.

Mrs. Tower's hands trembled slightly, but she found a retort. "There is of course a certain disparity of age between you," she smiled.

"Twenty-seven years," said Jane. "Do you think it's too much? Gilbert says I'm very young for my age. I told you I shouldn't like to marry a man with one foot in the grave."

I really was obliged to laugh and Gilbert laughed, too. His laughter was frank and boyish. It looked as though he were amused at everything Jane said.

Coffee was served and the ladies went upstairs. Gilbert and I began to talk in the desultory way in which men talk who have nothing whatever to say to one another; but in two minutes a note was brought in to me by the butler. It was from Mrs. Tower and ran as follows:

"Come upstairs quickly and then go as soon as you can. Take him with you. Unless I have it out with Jane at once I shall have a fit."

I told a facile lie.

"Mrs. Tower has a bad headache and wants to go to bed. I think if you don't mind we'd better clear out."

"Certainly," he answered.

We went upstairs and five minutes later were on the doorstep. I called a taxi and offered the young man a lift.

"No, thanks," he answered. "I'll just walk to the corner and jump on a bus."

MRS. TOWER sprang to the fray as soon as she heard the front-door close behind us.

"Are you crazy, Jane?" she cried.

"Not more than most people who don't habitually live in a lunatic asylum, I trust," Jane answered blandly.

"May I ask why you're going to marry this young man?" asked Mrs. Tower with formidable politeness.

"Partly because he won't take no for an answer. He's asked me five times. I grew positively tired of refusing him."

"And why do you think he's so anxious to marry you?"

"I amuse him."

Mrs. Tower gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"He's an unscrupulous rascal. I very nearly told him so to his face."

"You would have been wrong, and it wouldn't have been very polite."

"How much has he persuaded you to settle on him?"

"I wanted to settle a thousand a year on him, but he won't hear of it. He was quite upset when I made the suggestion. He says he can earn quite enough for his own needs."

"He's more cunning than I thought," said Mrs. Tower acidly.

Jane paused a little and looked at her sister-in-law with kindly but resolute eyes.

"You see, my dear, it's different for you," she said. "You've never been so very much a widow, have you?"

Mrs. Tower stared at her. She blushed a little. She even felt slightly uncomfortable. But of course Jane was much too simple to intend an innuendo. Mrs. Tower gathered herself together with dignity.

"I'm so upset that I really must go to bed," she said. "We'll resume the conversation tomorrow morning."

"I'm afraid that won't be very convenient, dear. Gilbert and I are going to get the license tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Tower threw up her hands in a gesture of dismay, but she found nothing more to say.

THE MARRIAGE took place at a registry office. Mrs. Tower and I were the witnesses. Gilbert in a smart blue suit looked absurdly young and he was obviously nervous. It is a trying moment for any man. But Jane kept her admirable composure. She might have been in the habit of marrying as frequently as a woman of fashion. Only a slight color on her cheeks suggested that beneath her calm was some faint excitement. It is a thrilling moment for any woman.

She wore a very full dress in silver gray in the cut of which I recognized the hand of the dressmaker in Liverpool (evidently a widow of unimpeachable character) who had made her gowns for so many years. But she had so far succumbed to the frivolity of the occasion as to wear a large picture hat covered with ostrich feathers. Her gold-rimmed spectacles made it extraordinarily grotesque.

When the ceremony was over the registrar (somewhat taken



Q. "Jane kept us all waiting a little—that was Gilbert's cleverness—and at last she sailed in. I wish I could describe that frock. On her it was perfect."

aback, I thought, by the difference of age between the pair he was marrying) shook hands with her, tendering his strictly official congratulations; and the bridegroom, blushing slightly, kissed her. Mrs. Tower, resigned but implacable, kissed her; and then the bride looked at me expectantly. It was evidently fitting that I should kiss her too. I did.

I confess that I felt a little shy as we walked out of the registry office past loungers who waited cynically to see the bridal pairs, and it was with relief that I stepped into Mrs. Tower's car. We

drove to Victoria Station, for the happy couple were to go over to Paris by the two o'clock train, and Jane had insisted that the wedding-breakfast should be eaten at the station restaurant.

I was once more in the Far East when Gilbert and Jane returned from their honeymoon and this time I remained away nearly two years. Mrs. Tower was a bad correspondent and though I sent her an occasional picture-postcard I received no news from her. But I met her within a week of my return to

London, for, having accepted an invitation to dinner, I found that I was to take her down.

It was an immense party, I think we were four-and-twenty like the blackbirds in the pie, and, arriving somewhat late, I was too confused by the crowd in which I found myself to take stock of individuals. But when we sat down, looking round the long table, I noticed a good many of my fellow guests who were known to me from their photographs in the illustrated papers.

Our hostess had a weakness for the persons technically known as celebrities and this was an unusually brilliant gathering. When Mrs. Tower and I had exchanged the conventional remarks that two people make when they have not seen one another for a couple of years I asked about Jane.

"She's very well," said Mrs. Tower, with a certain dryness. "I think I should tell you that she is here tonight."

"Here?" I was startled. I looked round the table again.

"Look on the left of our host."

Oddly enough the woman who sat there had by her fantastic appearance attracted my attention the moment I was ushered into the crowded drawing-room. I thought I noticed a gleam of recognition in her eye, but to the best of my belief I had never seen her before. She was not a young woman; for her hair was iron-gray; it was bobbed very short and clustered thickly round her well-shaped head in tight curls.

She made no attempt at youth, for she was conspicuous in that gathering by using neither blackstick, rouge, nor powder. Her face, not a particularly handsome one, was red and weather-beaten; but because it owed nothing to artifice it had a

naturalness which was distinctly pleasing. It contrasted oddly with the whiteness of her shoulders, arms, and breast. They were really magnificent. A woman of thirty might have been proud of them.

"You're not going to tell me *that* is your sister-in-law," I gasped.

"That is Jane Napier," said Mrs. Tower icily.

At that moment she was speaking. Her host was turned toward her with an anticipatory smile. A baldish white-haired man, with a sharp, intelligent face, who sat on her left, was leaning forward eagerly, and the couple who sat opposite, ceasing to talk with one another, were listening intently. She said her say and they all, with a sudden movement, threw themselves back in their chairs and burst into vociferous laughter.

"Let me have a long drink of champagne and then for heaven's sake tell me all about it," I said.

WELL, this is how I gathered it had all happened. At the beginning of their honeymoon Gilbert took Jane to various dressmakers in Paris and he made no objections to her choosing a number of "gowns" after her own heart; but he persuaded her to have a frock or two made according to his own designs. It appeared that he had a peculiar knack for that kind of work. He engaged a smart French lady's maid. Jane had never had such a thing before. She did her own mending and when she wanted "doing up" she rang for the housemaid.

The dresses Gilbert had devised were very different from



G. Gilbert persuaded Jane to have a frock or two made according to his own designs.



C "I was never in love with Gilbert," Jane said. "I think I've probably been married to him long enough."

anything she had worn before; but he had been careful not to go too far too quickly, and because it pleased him she persuaded herself, though not without misgivings, to wear them in preference to those she had chosen herself. Of course she could not wear them with the voluminous petticoats she had been in the habit of using, and these, she entirely discarded.

GILBERT and the French maid taught her how to wear her clothes, and, unexpectedly enough, she was very quick at learning. The French maid was in raptures over Madame's arms and shoulders. It was a scandal not to show anything so fine.

"Wait a little, Alphonsine," said Gilbert. "The next lot of clothes I design for Madame we'll make the most of her."

The spectacles of course were dreadful. No one could look really well in gold-rimmed spectacles. Gilbert tried some with tortoise-shell rims. He shook his head.

"They'd look all right on a girl," he said. "You're too old to wear spectacles, Jane." Suddenly he had an inspiration. "By George, I've got it. You must wear an eyeglass."

"Oh, Gilbert, I couldn't."

She looked at him and his excitement, the excitement of the

artist, made her smile. He was so sweet to her she wanted to do what she could to please him.

"I'll try," she said.

When they went to an optician and she was suited with the right size, and an eyeglass placed jauntily in her eye Gilbert clapped his hands. There and then, before the astonished shopman, he kissed her on both cheeks.

"You look wonderful," he cried.

So they went down to Italy and spent happy months studying Renaissance and Rococo architecture. Jane not only grew accustomed to her changed appearance, but found she liked it. At first she was a little shy when she went into the dining-room of a hotel and people turned round to stare at her, no one had ever raised an eyelid to look at her before, but presently she found that the sensation was not disagreeable. Ladies came up to her and asked her where she got her dress.

"Do you like it?" she answered demurely. "My husband designed it for me."

"I should like to copy it if you don't mind."

Jane had certainly for many years lived a very quiet life, but she was by no means lacking in the normal instincts of her sex. She had her answer ready.

"I'm so sorry, but my husband's [Continued on page 114]

Q. No statesman in Europe did as daring fighting as the author of this article. He fought until his wounds sent him back to Parliament. What does so heroic a man think of FEAR?

Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, D. S. O., M. P., on

PANIC IN WAR

OUR HEROES" are carefully hedged around. History and the press collaborate with the ladies to perpetuate the theories of undaunted courage. You fit on khaki and a tin hat and the whole nature of timorous man changes. He becomes the strong silent figure—one to be relied on—worshiped. This suits both parties—and the State. Most people like worshipping, all like being worshiped, and the state knows the value of prestige.

It would seem a pity to expose the conspiracy, but too many men have now worn the tin hat and know the nonsense of the theory. It is unwholesome to leave so large a gap between fiction and fact. Too many are turned into humbugs or cynics. We who have hit the breeze know that no normal man can escape deadly fear when for the first time he is under fire. When you see your first wounded man dragging to the rear—that is the first item to take the sap out of most heroes, even before you hear the sing of the ricochet or the bee-buzz of the long range bullet. How afraid I have been; and how afraid that I should show it!

The worst fear comes when you might do something to save yourself and don't dare do it. If you just have to sit and wait for it—well you just have to, and it's no use worrying. That is why discipline is so cracked up, and would be cracked up more, only there are so many different ways of carrying out orders. They all went over the top but every shell hole was a temptation to fall into—if only nobody was looking! So it is that the officers suffer most. I am sure they do. I know.

Likewise the sailor is much less afraid than the soldier. He is on the wretched ship. He can't get off it. The whole ship's company goes to glory the same way. There's nobody drawing a bead on you personally from that clump of ruins, intending personally to slay you. No one is creeping up behind you in the dark. The man on a ship is not responsible for the adjectial ship. The responsables die and expect it. The death column in the *Times* always ran—"All 2nd Lieutenants except where otherwise stated." Yes! Those are the people who suffer most from fear—and they have reason to.

Giving way to fear is a very different thing. That is where the infection comes in. Do but see someone you rely on—an officer—an old soldier—afraid, and the bacillus of terror leaps to your eyes too, and from yours on and on to the whole mass. It is showing fear that creates the panic, particularly if they do not know what has made you afraid. Men are so imaginative. The unknown is the very devil.

It is written of one of Wellington's seasoned regiments in the Peninsular War that, being quietly camped in a wood, one night, all—all rose and ran away, and no enemy was near. They say it was a haunted wood, but I know. One man had a nightmare and screamed, and another man looked afraid in the firelight, the next man said, "My God," and the next man jumped to his feet, and the next man ran blindly; and then they all went. You see what would happen to you, sleeping in a black wood, if the man beside you suddenly rose and ran screaming; worse—suppose he ran silently, afraid even to make a noise.

But let me give my own samples of this dread infection. In the South African War I remember none. It was long range bowls, not suitable for panics. Once a shell fell among our transport, and—but they were native drivers and we laughed. The infection cannot spread from black to white and the vanity of white pride enjoys showing how superior is the master race. It is as well that the love of swagger is as great as the fear of death. Fear I did learn in South Africa—fear chiefly of being hit in the

face where one was horribly naked. I remember there one could see the bullets coming, not merely when they kicked up the spots of dust, but like instantaneous telegraph wires. And they sang. You can make the noise by throwing a spinning safety match. One adopted automatically the crouched attitude of the cricket field, and wanted to put a hand in front of the eyes. But it was not a war. In two years I never saw one dead Boer. I was more afraid in ten minutes in Flanders.

IT WAS THE morning of the day the Germans got Lille. In Lille were British marines and French territorials. We went off patrolling in an armored car. They called it an armored car. I remember that the tires were armored and so was the radiator, and the chauffeur sat in a sort of armored extinguisher. But we weren't armored and the armor elsewhere made us feel indecently exposed. We went south from Lille on the Douai road to find out where the Germans were. "Go as far as so and so, or perhaps, if safe, to this and that" had been our orders. I was a passenger. The country got strangely empty and silent as before an eclipse. Birds stopped singing. One covers ground with considerable rapidity in a motor-car, and map-reading is an art little known to the marines. Houses were there; inhabitants had vanished. The blind windows looked at us unwinkingly. The four crossroads were empty, suspiciously empty. Who was there behind those windows? They always shot down on cars from above. We remembered that now. Only silence? Not a foot upon the stairs? Or a face at the windows? Where would the first shot come from?

"Quick, turn the car!" He swung to the left in the crossroads, reversed and—lost his engine. The Major's nerves broke. He began to curse the chauffeur, his voice rising to a scream. He danced in front of the radiator; while the terrified driver who could not see behind, tugged, jerked and cursed the lever; the rest of us got momentarily more silent. The engine whirled, the clutches slipped and ground. It seemed an age. At last trembling car and trembling chauffeur started home from that dread crossroads where the silent windows concealed the unknown.

My next panic was at the battle of Berlaar. The Germans had forced the crossing of the Scheldt that morning in a fog. Somehow I had got attached to a Belgian Cavalry Regiment with two cars. I forget the name of the Regiment but they wore beautiful cherry-colored riding breeches and were commanded by someone who seems to have been a Prince de Ligne or some other historic title. We were the only English with the Belgian Army. I was ordered somewhat vaguely to patrol on the left front and got right down to the Scheldt on the Termonde side, but the Germans had crossed further up-stream and on my return slantingly I came in for the rout at a fork of the road. The Belgian infantry were pouring north, disheveled, without order or hope, or officers. The wounded showed their wounds for pity and for an excuse. The villagers were pouring out of their homes into the mob with dogs and pushcarts and mattresses and children. The shells were flying over. Terror was in every face. I caught it. I too looked back over my shoulder for the sight of the terrifying German helmet. The country was all cut up into hedges and houses. They might be behind that clump. Was that they back against the wood? I sympathized with those artillery drivers who, in like times, cut the traces and ride flying, leaving their guns and their honor behind them. [Continued on page 111]



Q. Some girls are born cute. Others achieve bobbed hair and a permanent wave.

Peggy Calls It a Day

By Royal Brown

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

LITERATURE teems with the stories of blessed damsels who loved and who, whatever other trials fate may have had in store for them, were promptly and properly beloved in return.

For instance, Juliet and her Romeo. But what—this precise question occurred to Peggy Ensloe of an August morning that was hot and seemed destined to be hotter still—would Juliet have done had Romeo paid his court elsewhere? If, in brief, instead of experiencing the supreme feminine thrill of seeing him hanging precariously from her balcony, she had looked out upon him on whatever might have served as the Venetian prototype of a golf course, the while some other member of her sweet sex played him like a well-hooked fish.

Let some modern Shakespeare answer this and his audience is assured. For, say what one will, there have been few women since Eve who haven't sometime pondered this very problem.

To Peggy it had come early—it usually does! And so there she

sat, on the steps of the broad veranda of the Standish Country Club, with an expression that suggested Charlotte Corday, aged almost-eighteen and modishly clad in a linen sport skirt and a tailored pongee blouse. She looked that way because her eyes had come to rest upon him whom she had selected as her Romeo, although he had yet to learn that.

In fact Peggy's Romeo, more generally known as Dicky Norris, was at that moment absorbed in somebody else. To wit, Peggy's older sister Esther.

Some girls are born cute. Others achieve bobbed hair and a permanent wave. Still others practice a lisp and become baby vamps. Esther overlooked no bets. Peggy couldn't hear what she was saying—Esther and Dicky being out on the second fairway—but she knew darn' well what Esther's line was.

"Oh!" she could just imagine Esther lisping it, "I'd give anything if I could hit the ball the way you do!"



Q. "Even if you aren't old enough to know better than to butt in the way you do," said Esther with cold fury, "you are too old to wear a bathing-suit like that." Peggy's eyes widened with honest surprise. "But I come to swim," she retorted, "not to sit on the beach and pose."

The ancient device, the round-eyed admiration that is to the masculine ego as stroking is to a cat. Of course Dicky fell for it. Men always do. Girls like Esther give their hard masculinity something to bite on.

But Peggy!

"I can hit the ball as well as he can and Esther knows it," she mused, dismally. "So I couldn't get away with it. Oh gosh—I wish I were a man!"

And that was strange, for, as a specimen of her sex, she seemed eminently worth while. Yet so far from thanking whatever gods there be for their considerable gifts she viciously decapitated an unoffending tuft of grass with a deft thrust of her mashie.

What would Juliet, so placed, have done? What indeed but eat her heart out in silence. But Peggy, though possessed of an extraordinarily good appetite, did not care to eat her heart out, in silence or otherwise. So:

"I suppose I might as well play around," she decided without enthusiasm, but with the grace of perfectly conditioned almost-eighteen she rose and moved out toward the first tee.

The sun climbed steadily in a brazen sky. As she approached the fourth tee Peggy realized that Dicky and Esther had disappeared. But a minute later she discovered them, seated on the settle behind the tee.

LEAVESDROPPING was not Peggy's habit, but neither did she exactly stop her ears at moments such as this.

"I could tell you were a Yale man by the way you danced," Esther was saying. "I can always tell what college a man comes from——"

"And that," thought Peggy, "is the sort of drool men fall for!"

According them the briefest of nods, she proceeded to mold a tee. As she took her stance her eyes seemed fixed upon her ball, but the corners were feminine—and serviceable. She saw that Dicky's interest had shifted to her. And so did Esther!

"Some drive!" he announced, involuntarily, as the ball soared off.

He might have doubted if Peggy, her eyes on the fairway, even heard. Esther had no such doubts. She knew Peggy. And so she smiled. She was a perfect example of a pretty girl whose prettiness dominates her life.

"Peggy is an awfully clever child," she acknowledged, sweetly. "You ought to see her turn handsprings."

Perhaps this is the stuff Kipling had in mind when he announced that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. But Peggy was no mean opponent.

"That's easy—unless you're shortwaisted," she retorted, coolly, and moved off toward her ball.

Dicky looked puzzled. "What did she mean by that?" he demanded.

Esther bit her lip. Then—credit her with courage or with a proper appreciation of the blindness of the enamored male—she smiled once more.

"She merely called attention to the fact that I am—shortwaisted." She winced a little at the word, but added, "I am, you know!"

"You!" He stared, incredulously. "Why—you're perfect!"

In his eyes there was an ardency that caused Esther to drop hers. For a breathless instant expectancy hovered over the forth tee, the while Dicky teetered on the brink of the precipice. But he recovered himself.

"Steady, old top!" he reminded himself, in the modern manner. "Life is long—and love is short!"

Aloud he said, "It's too hot for golf; what do you say to a swim?"

Esther reconnoitered from under landscaped eyelashes. She had had him, emotionally speaking, with his shoulders all but pinned to the mat. But he had wiggled free. Her chance had passed.

"Let's," she acquiesced, and nothing marred the perfection of her smile.

Nevertheless, it was well for Peggy that she lived in this twentieth century and not when the gentle art of poisoning was cultivated by even the best people!

FROM the fifth tee she gazed down upon Nantucket Sound, a stretch of sparkling blue beyond a gleaming rim of silver dunes.

"No one but a nut would play golf on a day like this, anyway," she decided abruptly and started for home.

The Finsloe's summer home adjoined the golf links. Once a sea captain's mansion, it had been enlarged, equipped with tile baths and other luxuries such as the sybaritic summer adventurer now demands. The square hall, perfect pattern of its type, was darkened against the summer sun but through an open door Peggy glimpsed her father. He had had an attack of summer grippe but now, pronouncing himself fit, he had cleared the library table and spread certain papers before him.

"It's hot," she announced, pausing in the doorway.

He raised his head—the head of a Roman emperor, but an amiable emperor—and smiled up at her as she stood there, tanned and rosy.

"I had suspected as much," he admitted drily.

The twinkle in his eyes mocked her, but beneath she saw, as always, the swift and never failing response that was hers and hers only. The years had divorced him from her mother more surely than a legal decree could have. Esther was her mother's own child, an enigma he no longer attempted to solve. But Peggy!

To him Peggy was the ninth and ultimate wonder of the world.

"You're a sarcastic old thing!" she accused and bore down on him.

Laughingly he caught at her threatening hands and she let herself be drawn to the arm of his chair, though she ran impudent fingers through his hair.

"You've got lots of it, haven't you? I'll bet all the girls were crazy about you when you were young," she commented. And then, with that irrelevancy that always left him breathless she added. "What—what made you choose mother?"

A shadow eclipsed the smile in his eyes, yet his voice lost none of its whimsicality.

"Because she looked exactly like you. The resemblance was too much for me and so I fell heels over head in love at first sight. How could I help it?"

"You're a fraud!" she accused, "Mother looked exactly the way Esther does now. Is—that the type men like best? Better than—than my type?"

"Perhaps," he retorted, pretending to consider it. "Still I had an idea that Sumner Boyce, to name just one, seemed to think you attractive enough——"

"Oh, I don't mean attractive to kids like Sumner Boyce," she cut in scornfully. "I mean to a real man—the way Esther is."

Masculine though he was, he did not lack intuition.

"A real man!" he repeated, and gave her a swift glance. "Look [Continued on page 114]



A Peggy did her best at self-adornment. The dinner-bell rang as she finished but even so she paused for a long, lingering look at herself in the mirror. "Esther will bowl," she thought, "but if she can wear décolleté so can I."



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. H. VAN ANDRA

Cities

By

Harry Kemp

MEN were made to live in cities
 Though in Eden they began:
 God included streets and houses
 In the Garden's primal plan.
 Ere He shaped the azure hilltops
 Sea-like prairie, leafy dell,
 Cities, with their pouring thousands,
 Were a Thought of His, as well.
 He foresaw their weblike bridges
 Floating outward through the sky;
 He foresaw their lifted summits
 Cousins to the clouds on high:
 He was glad for ancient Babylon
 Ere through arrogance it fell,
 Glad of Nineveh, before its
 Insolence struck roots in hell;

Rome was His, that gave the nations
 Law, and Athens, gravely fraught
 With the beauty of calm sculpture
 And the loveliness of thought;
 He was proud of great Jerusalem
 Shining in the morning air,
 And the Bible's greatest symbol
 Is "The City built foursquare!"
 Men were made to live in cities,
 Where, though Evil rubs with Good.
 In the Street and Shop and Concourse
 Souls must prove their hardihood.

Men were made to live in cities
 Though in Eden they began,
 For the City is the measure
 And the final test of Man. . . .
 Beautiful are fields in sunset
 Waiting hushed with rows of corn:
 Lovely are the waving treetops
 That ten million leaves adorn;
 Happy is the standing farmstead
 With its comfortable trees;
 Glorious are the flowing rivers
 As they move in solemn ease. . . .
 Yet I sing the song of cities,
 Sing their tumult, and renown—
 For the God that made the Country
 Is the God that made the Town!

How Much of a LIAR Is the KU KLUX KLAN?

By Norman Hapgood

¶ The title of this article may not be polite. We needed to show how the very foundation of the Klan's activities requires falsity at every turn

THE high light of this instalment is the inside history, from the Klan's own files, of a famous outrage which publicly the Klan has most energetically denied. Before we take up that spectacular falsehood, however, we shall deal with a couple of matters connected with our own exposures.

In our February number we published a facsimile of a letter written on Klan paper, showing the campaign being made against Ben Lindsey. One of the sentences of the writer was as follows: "Incidentally Ben Lindsey came up for vote in this order about two months ago and he was unanimously rejected for membership in this order."

Judge Lindsey writes to us that there is only one thing in the attack on him of which he cares to take any notice, and we may say that that thing is by implication a characteristic Klan proceeding. Judge Lindsey says: "I resent the inference that I have ever in any way, directly or remotely, sought membership in such an organization. Of course I never did and never would."

We certainly did not need Judge Lindsey's assurance that he had never sought membership in such an organization. He is far too democratic and far too fearless to seek refuge in secrecy. This is not the first time Judge Lindsey has met a similar attack in his series of hard fights in Colorado. He has been through ten elections. In the last election, during the Republican landslide, he was the only Democrat in his county elected, most of the others being defeated by about 20,000 majority. His opponent had once been a political leader of the A. P. A., which was the former equivalent of one aspect of the present Ku Klux Klan, and it was at least rumored that this opponent is at present a member of the Klan. Lindsey won over him by 25,000 majority, and had 5,000 or 6,000 more votes than President Harding. He carried every single election district and all but two of the two hundred precincts in Denver. Therefore the Klan's attack on him is not likely to have serious consequences.

Another claim made by the Klan, in a document published by us in February, was that Judge Royal R. Graham, of Colorado, was a Klansman. This claim was made in a letter signed "R. E. Strickland, Kligrapp of Klan No. 1, Denver," and was addressed on Klan stationery to "L. D. Wade, Imperial Kligrapp, Atlanta." Judge Graham absolutely denies membership, thus giving another issue of veracity for the Klan to deal with.

When our documents connected Lothrop Stoddard, the well-known writer on various racial and social menaces, with the Klan, Mr. Stoddard sharply and absolutely denied his membership. We do not write of things unless our information is considerable. We therefore offer the document that appears on page 141, which Mr. Stoddard signs as Exalted Cyclops.

STODDARD went to Atlanta, Georgia, in the spring of 1922. He was accompanied and vouched for by King Whitney, director of the Klan Bureau of Public Information, and formerly himself King Kleagle at Boston. Whitney engineered Stoddard's election to the position of Exalted Cyclops on the ground, as he put it, that so well-known and aristocratic a New Englander would enable the Klan to recruit some of the best known men in that vicinity. Stoddard, in his Atlanta visit, qualified by his denunciations of foreign-born residents of Boston.

He had a conference with Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, who has appeared so conspicuously in the internal conflicts of the Klan. He was taken to the Imperial Palace by Dr. William J. Mahoney, the Imperial Klokard.

Whitney took the lead in securing for Stoddard an Imperial Passport, which is the second-degree membership of the Imperial Klan, that doubly secret new branch of the Klan for influential citizens, including judges and legislators, which has been first put before the public in this series. The Passport admits the bearer, without question, to all meetings of the Klans in any part of the country. After Stoddard signed his Passport it was signed by Whitney as witness.

When the country began to be excited about the Klan, and there were rumors of exposures, Whitney, instructed by Fred L. Savage, Chief of Staff, called Telfair Minton, of the Boston Klan, on the telephone, and instructed him to request Stoddard to resign immediately, in order that he might say "truthfully" that he was not a member. The same message was sent to other prominent Bostonians. They were assured that when the trouble blew over they would be reelected.

So much for Stoddard and the veracity of the Klan about its membership. Now let us come to something more important. It has to do with what, next to Mer Rouge, is the most widely known of the outrages with which the Klan has been charged. As it took place in California it may be well first to understand where California stands in the relative strength of the Klan.

Those states which become very strong are made into what are called Realms. Some of the states which have been declared Realms by the Imperial Wizard are: Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Oregon, California, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Indiana. Many other states are rapidly recruiting to a Realm status.

The control of the Imperial Klan is really stronger in Realms than in Provinces because the Imperial Wizard, who is the Exalted Cyclops (President) of the Imperial Klan, appoints the Grand Dragon, or President of each Realm. These Grand Dragons may be removed at will by the Imperial Wizard. Each Grand Dragon directs his Realm through Grand Titans, whom he appoints in different districts of his Realm. These are subject to removal at the will of the Grand Dragon. Thus it will be seen that the Imperial Wizard is absolute at all times. Through this machine the Imperial Klan is enabled to exercise its powers in state and local political affairs in every part of the nation.

Districts in which the Klan issue was raised in the newspapers during part of 1922, usually for outrages charged against it are:

Birmingham, Alabama, March, 1922	Bakersfield, California, June, 1922
Birmingham, Alabama, June, 1922	Anaheim, California, June, 1922
Phoenix, Arizona, March, 1922	Oakland, California, June, 1922
Phoenix, Arizona, June, 1922	San Diego, California, June, 1922
Bakersfield, California, March, 1922	Denver, Colorado, March, 1922
Fresno, California, March, 1922	Orlando, Florida, June, 1922
San José, California, March, 1922	Macon, Georgia, June, 1922
Redding, California, March, 1922	Atlanta, Georgia, May, 1922
San Bernardino, California, March, 1922	Naperville, Illinois, June, 1922
Bakersfield, California, April, 1922	Chicago, Illinois, June, 1922
Los Angeles, California, April, 1922	Muncie, Indiana, June, 1922
	Princeton, Indiana, June, 1922
	Kansas City, Missouri, June, 1922
	Independence, Kansas, March, 1922

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, March, 1922	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, March, 1922
Covington, Louisiana, March, 1922	Tahlequah, Oklahoma, June, 1922
Havre, Montana, May, 1922	Medford, Oregon, June, 1922
Maryville, Missouri, May, 1922	Roseberg, Oregon, April, 1922
High Point, North Carolina, June, 1922	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June, 1922
Spencer, North Carolina, June, 1922	Seneca, South Carolina, June, 1922
Hickory, North Carolina, March, 1922	Anderson, South Carolina, June, 1922
Alliance, Nebraska, March, 1922	Austin, Texas, January, 1922
Patterson, New Jersey, June, 1922	Houston, Texas, January, 1922
New Orleans, Louisiana, September, 1922	Juarez, Texas, March, 1922
Ardmore, Oklahoma, January, 1922	Laredo, Texas, March, 1922
Muskogee, Oklahoma, March, 1922	Dallas, Texas, March, 1922
Heavener, Oklahoma, March, 1922	Beaumont, Texas, March, 1922
Guthrie, Oklahoma, March, 1922	Corsicana, Texas, March, 1922
Pawhuska, Oklahoma, March, 1922	Denison, Texas, April, 1922
	Houston, Texas, April, 1922
	Austin, Texas, April, 1922
	Fort Worth, Texas, June, 1922
	Richmond, Virginia, June, 1922
	Everett, Washington, March, 1922
	Janesville, Wisconsin, April, 1922

Now we come to the famous California case, in which the Klan was successful before the courts in proving its innocence. The Klan is frequently successful with courts, prosecuting attorneys, and juries, for reasons we have indicated in previous articles.

On the evening of April 22, 1922, thirty-seven men raided an alleged bootlegger's establishment at Inglewood, California, a suburb of Los Angeles. In the course of the raid Med Mosher, a Klansman and a member of the raiding party, was fatally shot. Two others were wounded.

On April 25th, the coroner returned a verdict that Mosher met his death while "acting as a member of an illegal masked and armed mob, personally instigated and directed by members of the Ku Klux Klan."

A lengthy investigation was then conducted by the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, terminating June 7th in the indictment of thirty-seven members of the Ku Klux Klan on five counts of felony charges in connection with the raid. The crimes charged were false imprisonment, kidnapping, and assault with intent to commit murder.

William S. Coburn, the Grand Goblin on the Pacific Coast, made the investigation of the Klan's participation in the raid, and on May 7th submitted a *confidential report* to Edward Young Clarke, the acting Imperial Wizard, giving him the complete details of the "Inglewood Enterprise," as the report terms the raid. In our previous articles we have referred to the manner in which the Klan plans its illegal activities so that it cannot be officially called a Klan affair. The Inglewood raid was planned in the same manner as is shown by the following portion of the confidential report:

"On Friday night, April 21, Kleagle Baker naturalized a small class of ten at Inglewood at which time nothing was said about the raid, but as soon as the meeting was over the plans were discussed and the raid arranged for the next night, Saturday, April 22, and through Baker, thirty-eight men from Inglewood, Culver City, Venice, Los Angeles, and Huntington Park were called to take part. Most of these were from Inglewood, only two or three from each of the other places and two of them were not Klansmen."

Immediately after the case came before the Los Angeles District Attorney's office, Acting Imperial Wizard Clarke ordered Savage, Chief of the Klan's secret service, to make a complete investigation and Savage sent J. A. Bracewell, a Klan detective, to Los Angeles. Bracewell reported that the raid was planned at a meeting of the Klan (supposedly "The Committee") because there was an intensive drive on for members and it was believed that the newspaper publicity would aid recruiting. This particular alleged bootlegging establishment was selected because the proprietor was said to be in disfavor with the citizens of Inglewood and the raid would therefore meet with real popular approval.

ALTHOUGH the Imperial officers had these two reports, showing the raid was absolutely a Klan affair, the acting Imperial Wizard retained Paul B. D'Orr, a Los Angeles attorney, to defend the indicted Klansmen, and paid D'Orr \$15,000 for his services. The Imperial Officials also gave other financial aid and left nothing undone in their effort to secure an acquittal so as to vindicate the Klan.

On May 17th (practically simultaneously with retaining D'Orr to defend those under indictment) the Imperial Klonsilium unanimously passed the following resolution:

"Atlanta, Georgia, May 17, 1922.

WHEREAS, this body has carefully and conscientiously gone into the condition of affairs regarding the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in the State of California at the present time and particularly with reference to what is known as the Inglewood affair; and

WHEREAS, The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan do not and cannot stand in any way for lawlessness or law violation of any kind, be it

RESOLVED, First: That it is the sense of this body that the commission of all Kleagles of every station in California should be immediately revoked pending complete investigation,

Second: That it is the sense of this body that any Klansman or Klansmen having taken the oath of this organization and who after investigation have been found guilty of having participated in

COBURN

Three of us have come all the way from Nevada to give you a dose of your own medicine. We will teach YOU a lesson you will never forget. We will watch our chance.

TO HELL WITH THE damned & un-American KU KLUX KLAN.

When we are through with you - COBURN will be no longer GRAND GOBLIN.

WE THREE

Members of RED BLOOD SOCIETY.

The Klan's methods naturally encourage a similar spirit in those whom it persecutes.

Atlanta, Ga., June 12, 1922.

I M P O R T A N T

TO ALL EXALTED CYCLOPS AND KING KLEAGLES.

It is reported to me from a reliable source that the enemy forces are putting a great many men in the field to visit the Klans and secure all data possible to be turned over to the enemy.

These people are in possession of the latest pass-words etc. Same having been furnished them by a former Kleagle who left the organization considerably in arrears in his accounts.

These enemy representatives will be able to work their way into any Klan if utmost care is not maintained.

All Klans, both chartered and provisional should arrange a local pass word, same to be given only to Klansmen in good standing of your own Klan and when a visitor comes to your Klan he should be put through the most rigid test, made to show his Klan dues receipt cards, etc., before he is permitted to enter your Klavern.

Klansmen, this is a serious matter and it behooves every Klansman to be constantly on guard and under no consideration discuss Klan affairs with any one unless you know positively such party is a Klansman in good standing and not then unless it be to the best interest of the order.

S A N B O G.

Faithfully yours,

In the Sacred Unfailing Bond,

Department of Investigation.

CHIEF OF STAFF
TO THE IMPERIAL KLALIFF
(SUPREME VICE PRESIDENT)

This letter was sent out shortly after the Inglewood, California, affair, when every effort was being made by California officials to get further evidence of that and other atrocities. The word "Sanbog" is a Klan secret word, meaning: "Strangers are near. Be on guard."

lawlessness of any kind should be banished from the organization; and

Third: That it is the sense of this body that the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan will not participate in a legal defense of any man or men who have been guilty of law violation,

Fourth: It is the sense of this body that the Imperial Kleagle be and he is hereby instructed to immediately appoint a King Kleagle for California who has the ability to take charge of the situation in California and firmly establish in the minds of Californians the integrity, honor, purpose and fundamental principles of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

This resolution was given wide publicity and was passed for the sole purpose of making the public believe that the Imperial

Officers were out of sympathy with what had taken place in California.

Then the Klonsilium seemed to think that something more than this resolution was necessary to satisfy the public with its good faith and in accordance with this belief, it abolished the office of Grand Goblin.

Besides paying for their defense, none of the Klansmen actually implicated were ever banished and when the trial resulted in their acquittal L. L. Bryson, specially named in Coburn's report as being one of the leaders who actually planned the raid, wrote to Clarke, the Imperial Wizard, thanking him for his generous support. We quote this letter in full: [Continued on page 140]



The GARDEN OF GROWTH

A New Novel by the Foremost Author of our time

Men Like GODS

By H. G. Wells

*Resume
of the Early
Installments*

Illustrations by George W. Bellows

LEAVING his noisy family at home and forgetting all about the gloomy newspaper office, Mr. Barnstaple was running away on a vacation. Driving leisurely along toward London he was just outside of Slough when his little yellow car was left in the wake of two big touring cars, each carrying a big party. Following them around a turn in the road a minute later he found not a trace of them. Then his own car seemed to skid and when it finally stopped he was not on the same road, but in an entirely strange place. Standing just ahead he saw one of the big cars, its occupants—four men and a beautiful girl—as bewildered as he. Just outside a burning house they found the dead bodies of a man and a girl—naked and beautiful—surrounded by the wreckage of scientific apparatus. "These are no earthly people," said Mr. Burleigh, whom Mr. Barnstaple had recognized as the great Conservative leader. "We are not on earth. It is Utopia. But it must be related to our world or maybe we are in some dimension of space from those we wot of." Suddenly two Apollo-like men appeared and asked who they were. After Mr. Burleigh told them all he knew of the strange adventure, these two Utopians arranged for lodging and refreshment, after which a conference was held to discuss this strange entry of the Earthlings into Utopia, and to decide what was to be done with them. The Utopians gave them the history of Utopia from their Age of Confusion to their present ideal state. Then Mr. Burleigh told these god-like people of the world of men—still in the Age of Confusion. News came next day that the Earthling party in the second touring car had killed a Utopian and then rushed off in fear. They were brought back to join the other Earthlings.

There had been no disease in Utopia for ages but now suddenly they were stricken with a fever epidemic. The Earthlings being the germ spreaders were at once isolated in an old far off fortress. There they became belligerent and secretly prepared for conflict. Mr. Barnstaple, who had from the first loved the Utopians and their world, begged his little band to be reasonable but they ignored him. Now was their chance they said with the Utopians down with fever. Mr. Barnstaple tried to warn the two Utopians who came next day, but they were both shot.

Escaping into the fastness of the Utopian cliffs Mr. Barnstaple soon found himself trapped in a sort of recess between two giant rocks. Some Utopians working near were using a rope ladder and when they left he made his way down it to the beach below. Then as he looked up to Quarantine Craig, the Earthling fort, he saw the castle rock to and fro. A great flash of green light enveloped everything for a second and when he looked again the craig was tumbling into space and had finally disappeared. Overcome by the emotions through which he had passed, he sank down insensible.

The Story Continues:

GOD HAS made more universes than there are pages in all the libraries of earth; man may learn and grow forever amidst the multitude of his worlds."

Mr. Barnstaple had a sense of floating from star to star and from plane to plane, through an incessant variety and wonder of existences. He passed over the edge of being; he drifted for ages down the faces of immeasurable cliffs; he traveled from everlasting to everlasting in a stream of innumerable little stars. At last came a phase of profound restfulness. There was a sky of level clouds, warmed by the light of a declining sun, and

a skyline of gently undulating hills, golden grassy upon their crests and carrying dark purple woods and thickets and patches of pale yellow like ripening corn upon their billowing slopes. Here and there were domed buildings and terraces, flowering gardens and little villas and great tanks of gleaming water.

There were many trees like the eucalyptus—only that they had darker leaves—upon the slopes immediately below and round and about him; and all the land fell at last toward a very broad valley down which a shining river wound leisurely in great semi-circular bends until it became invisible in the evening haze.

A slight movement turned his eyes to discover Lychnis seated beside him. She smiled at him and put her finger on her lips. He had a vague desire to address her, and smiled faintly and moved his head. She got up and slipped away from him past the head of his couch. He was too lazy and incurious to raise his head and look to see where she had gone. But he saw that she had been sitting at a white table on which was a silver bowl full of intensely blue flowers, and the color of the flowers held him and diverted his first faint impulse of curiosity.

HE WONDERED whether colors were really brighter in this Utopian world or whether something in the air quickened and clarified his apprehension.

Beyond the table were the white pillars of the loggia. A branch of one of these eucalyptus-like trees, with leaves bronze black, came very close outside.

And there was music. It was a little trickle of sound, that dripped and ran, a mere unobtrusive rivulet of little clear notes upon the margin of his consciousness, the song of some fairy-land Debussy.

Peace. . . .

He was awake again. He tried hard to remember.

He had been knocked over and stunned in some manner too big and violent for his mind to hold as yet.

Then people had stood about him and talked about him. He remembered their feet. He must have been lying on his face with his face very close to the ground. Then they had turned him over, and the light of the rising sun had been blinding in his eyes.

Two gentle goddesses had given him some restorative in a gorge at the foot of high cliffs. He had been carried in a woman's arms as a child is carried. After that there were cloudy and dissolving memories of a long journey, a long flight through the air. There was something next to this, a vision of huge complicated machinery that did not join on to anything else. For a time his mind held this up in an interrogative fashion and then dropped it wearily. There had been voices in consultation, the prick of an injection and some gas that he had had to inhale. And sleep—or sleeps, spells of sleep interspersed with dreams.

Now with regard to that gorge; how had he got there?

The gorge—in another light—with Utopians who struggled with a great cable.

Suddenly hard and clear came the vision of the headland of Coronation Craig towering up against the bright blue morning sky, and then the crest of it grinding round, with its fluttering flags and its disheveled figures, passing, slowly and steadily, as some great ship passes out of a dock, with its flags and passengers into the invisible and unknown. All the wonder of his great adventure returned to Mr. Barnstaple's mind.



C. The RESCUE

He sat up in a state of interrogation and Lychnis reappeared at his elbow.

She seated herself on his bed close to him, shook up some pillows behind him and persuaded him to lie back upon them. She conveyed to him that he was cured of some illness and no longer infectious, but that he was still very weak. "Of what illness?" he asked himself. More of the immediate past became clear to him.

"There was an epidemic," he said. "A sort of mixed epidemic—of all our infections."

SHE SMILED reassuringly. It was over. The science and organization of Utopia had taken the danger by the throat and banished it. Lychnis, however, had had nothing to do with the preventive and cleansing work that had ended the career of these invading microbes so speedily; her work had been the help and care of the sick. Something came through to the intelligence of Mr. Barnstaple that made him think that she was faintly sorry that this work of pity was no longer necessary. He looked up into her beautiful kindly eyes and met her affectionate solicitude. She was not sorry Utopia was cured again; that was incredible; but it seemed to him that she was sorry that she could no longer spend herself in help and that she was glad that he at least was still in need of assistance.

"What became of those people on the rock?" he asked. "What became of the other Earthlings?"

She did not know. They had been cast out of Utopia she thought.

"Back to earth?"

She did not think they had gone back to earth. They had perhaps gone into yet another universe. But she did not know. She was one of those who had no mathematical aptitudes, and physico-chemical science and the complex theories of dimensions that interested so many people in Utopia were outside her circle of ideas. She believed that the crest of Coronation Craig had been swung out of the Utopian universe altogether. A great number of people were now intensely interested in this experimental work upon the unexplored dimensions into which physical processes might be swung, but these matters terrified her. Her mind recoiled from them as one recoils from the edge of a cliff. She did not want to think where Earthlings had gone, what depths they had reeled over, what immensities they had seen and swept down into. Such thoughts opened dark gulfs beneath her feet where she had thought everything fixed and secure. She was a conservative in Utopia. She loved life as it was and as it had been. She had given herself to the care of Mr. Barnstaple when she had found that he had escaped the fate of the other Earthlings, and she had not troubled very greatly about the particulars of that fate. She had avoided thinking about it.

"But where are they? Where have they gone?"

She did not know.

She conveyed to him haltingly and imperfectly her own halting and unsympathetic ideas of these new discoveries that had inflamed the Utopian imagination. The crucial moment had been the experiment of Arden and Greenlake that had brought the Earthlings into Utopia. That had been the first rupture of the hitherto invincible barriers that had held their universe in three spatial dimensions. That was what had opened these abysses.

THAT HAD been the moment of release for all the new work that now filled Utopia. That had been the first achievement of practical results from an intricate network of theory and deduction. It sent Mr. Barnstaple's mind back to the humbler discoveries of earth, to Franklin snapping the captive lightning from his kite and Galvani, with his dancing frog's legs puzzling over the miracle that brought electricity into the service of men. But it had taken a century and a half for electricity to make any sensible changes in human life because the earthly workers were so few and the ways of the world so obstructive and slow and spiteful. In Utopia to make a novel discovery was to light an intellectual conflagration. Hundreds of thousands of experimentalists in free and open coöperation were now working along the fruitful lines that Arden and Greenlake had made manifest. Every day, every hour now, new and hitherto fantastic possibilities of inter-~~nal~~ relationship were being made plain to the Utopians.

Mr. Barnstaple rubbed his head and eyes with both hands and then lay back, blinking at the great valley below him,

growing slowly golden as the sun sank. He felt himself to be the most secure and stable of beings at the very center of a sphere of glowing serenity. And that effect of an immense tranquillity was a delusion; that still evening peace was woven of incredible billions of hurrying and clashing atoms.

All the peace and fixity that man has ever known or will ever know is but the smoothness of the face of a torrent that flies along with incredible speed from cataract to cataract. Time was when men could talk of everlasting hills. Today a schoolboy knows that they dissolve under the frost and wind and rain and pour seaward, day by day and hour by hour. Time was when men could speak of Terra Firma and feel the earth fixed, adamant beneath their feet. Now they know that it whirls through space eddying about a spinning, blindly driven sun amidst a sheeplike drift of stars. And this fair curtain of appearance before the eyes of Mr. Barnstaple, this still and level flush of sunset and the great cloth of starry space that hung behind the blue; that too was now to be pierced and torn and rent asunder. . . .

The extended fingers of his mind closed on the things that concerned him most.

"But where are my people?" he asked. "Where are their bodies? Is it just possible they are still alive?"

She could not tell him.

He lay thinking.

It was natural that he should be given into the charge of a rather backward-minded woman. The active-minded here had no more use for him in their lives than active-minded people on earth have for pet animals. She did not want to think about these spatial relations at all; the subject was too difficult for her; she was one of Utopia's educational failures. She sat beside him with a divine sweetness and tranquillity upon her face, and he felt his own judgment upon her life a committed treachery. Yet he wanted to know the answer to his question.

HE SUPPOSED the crest of Coronation Craig had been twisted round and flung off into some outer space. It was unlikely that this time the Earthlings would strike a convenient planet again. In all probability they had been turned off into the void, into the interstellar space of some unknown universe.

What would happen then? They would freeze. The air would instantly diffuse right out of them. Their own gravitation would flatten them out, crush them together, collapse them! At least they would have no time to suffer. A gasp, like someone flung into ice cold water. . . .

He contemplated these possibilities.

"Flung out!" he said aloud. "Like a cageful of mice thrown over the side of a ship!"

"I don't understand," said Lychnis, turning to him.

He appealed to her. "And now—tell me; what is to become of me?"

For a time Lychnis gave him no answer. She sat with her eyes upon the blue haze into which the great river valley had now dissolved. Then she turned to him with a question.

"You want to stay in this world?"

"Surely any Earthling would want to stay in this world. My body has been purified. Why should I not stay?"

"It seems a good world to you?"

"Loveliness, order, health, energy and wonder; it has all the good things for which my world groans and travails."

"And yet our world is not content."

"I could be contented."

"You are tired and weak still."

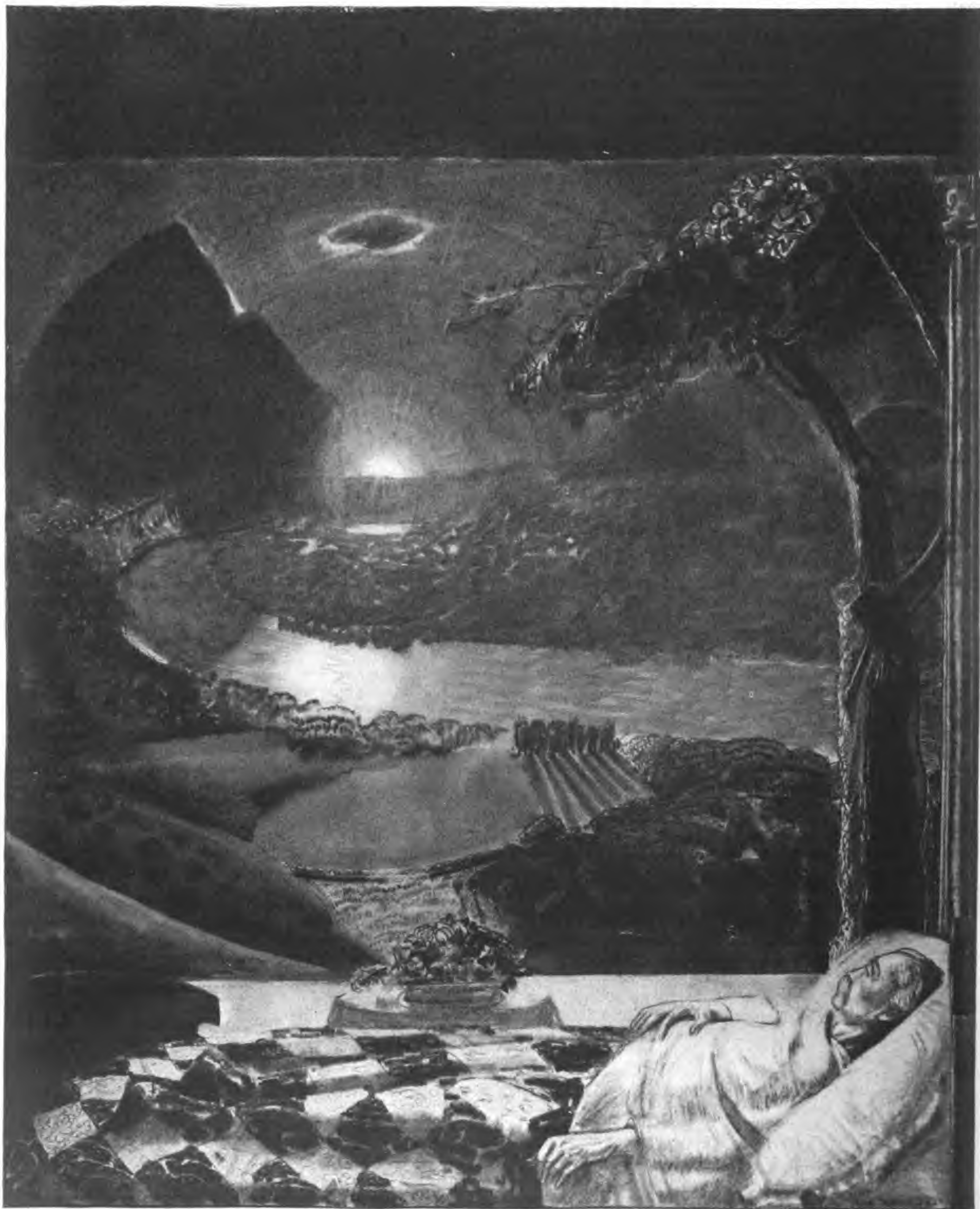
"In this air I could grow strong and vigorous. I could almost grow young in this world. In years, as you count them here, I am still a young man."

Again she was silent for a time. The mighty lap of the landscape was filled now with indistinguishable blue, and beyond the black silhouettes of the trees upon the hillside only the skyline of the hills was visible against the yellow green and pale yellow of the evening sky. "Here," she said, "there is no rest. Every day men and women awake and say: What new thing shall we do today? What shall we change?"

"They have changed a wild planet of disease and disorder into a sphere of beauty and safety. They have made the wilderness of human motives bear union and knowledge and power."

"And research never rests, and curiosity and the desire for more power and still more power consumes all this world."

"A healthy appetite. I am tired now, as weak and weary and soft as though I had just been born; but presently when I have grown stronger perhaps I too may share in that curiosity and



❧ *The* RETURN TO LIFE

take a part in these great discoveries that now set Utopia astir. Who knows?"

He smiled at her kind eyes.

"You will have much to learn," she said.

She seemed to measure her own failure as she said these words.

Some sense of the profound differences that three thousand years of progress might have made in the fundamental ideas and ways of thinking of the race, dawned upon Mr. Barnstaple's mind. He remembered that in Utopia he heard only the things he could understand, and that all that found no place in his terrestrial circle of ideas was inaudible to his mind. The gulfs of misunderstanding might be wider and deeper than he was assuming. A totally illiterate Gold Coast negro trying to master thermo-electricity would have set himself a far more hopeful task.

"After all it is not the new discoveries that I want to share," he said; "quite possibly they are altogether beyond me; it is this perfect beautiful daily life, this life of all the dreams of my own time come true, that I want. I just want to be alive here. That will be enough for me."

"YOU ARE weak and tired yet," said Lychnis. "When you are stronger you may face other ideas."

"But what other ideas—?"

"Your mind may turn back to your own world and your own life."

"Go back to Earth!"

Lychnis looked out at the twilight again for a while before she turned to him with, "You are an Earthling born and made. What else can you be?"

"What else can I be?" Mr. Barnstaple's mind rested upon that and he lay feeling rather than thinking amidst its implications as the pinpoint lights of Utopia pricked the darkling blue below and ran into chains and groups and coalesced into nebulous patches. He resisted the truth behind her words.

This glorious world of Utopia, perfect and assured, poised ready for tremendous adventures amidst untraveled universes, was a world of sweet giants and uncompanionable beauty, a world of enterprises in which a poor muddy-witted, weak-willed Earthling might neither help nor share. They had plundered their planet as one empties a purse; then thrust out their power amidst the stars. They were kind. They were very kind. . . . But they were different. . . .

In a few days Mr. Barnstaple had recovered strength of body and mind. He no longer lay in bed in a loggia, filled with self-pity and the beauty of a world subdued; he went about freely and was soon walking long distances over the Utopian countryside, seeking acquaintances and learning more and more of this wonderland of accomplished human desires.

For that is how it most impressed him. Nearly all the greater evils of human life had been conquered; war, pestilence and malaise, famine and poverty had been swept out of human experience. The dreams of artists, of perfected and lovely bodies and of a world transfigured to harmony and beauty had been realized; the spirits of order and organization ruled triumphant. Every aspect of human life had been changed by these achievements.

THE CLIMATE of this Valley of Rest was bland and sunny like the climate of South Europe, but nearly everything characteristic of the Italian or Spanish scene had gone. Here were no bent and aged crones carrying burdens, no chattering pursuit by beggars, no ragged workers lowering by the wayside. The puny terraces, the distressing accumulations of hand cultivation, the gnarled olives, hacked vines, the little patches of grain or fruit, and the grudging litigious irrigation of those primitive conditions, gave place to sweeping schemes of conservation, to a broad and subtle handling of slope and soil and sunshine. No meager goats or sheep, child-tended, cropped among the stones, no tethered cattle ate their grudging apportioned circles of herbage and no more. There were no hovels by the wayside, no shrines with tortured, blood-oozing images, no slinking misbegotten curs nor beaten beasts sweating and panting between their overloaded paniers at the steeper places of rutted, rock-strewn and dung-strewn roads.

Instead of the great smooth indestructible way swept in easy gradients through the land, leaping gorges and crossing valleys upon great viaducts, piercing cathedral-like aisles through the hillsides, throwing off bastions to command some special splendor of the land. Here were resting places and shelters, stairways clambering to pleasant arbors and places where friends might talk and lovers shelter. Here were groves and avenues of such

trees as he had never seen before. For on earth as yet there is scarcely such a thing as an altogether healthy fully grown tree, nearly all our trees are bored and consumed by parasites, rotten and tumorous with fungi, more gnarled and crippled and disease-twisted even than mankind.

Everything was beautifully done; the landscape had absorbed the patient design of five-and-twenty centuries. In one place Mr. Barnstaple found great works in progress; a bridge was being replaced, not because it was out-worn but because someone had produced a bolder, more delightful design.

For a time he did not observe the absence of telephonic or telegraphic communication; the posts and wires that mark a modern countryside had disappeared. The reasons for that difference he was to learn later. Nor did he at first miss the railway, the railway station and the wayside inn. He perceived that the frequent buildings must have specific functions, that people came and went from them with an appearance of interest and preoccupation, that from some of them seemed to come a hum and whirl of activity; work of many sorts was certainly in progress; but his ideas of the mechanical organization of this new world were too vague and tentative as yet for him to attempt to fix any significance to this sort of place or that.

He walked agape like a savage in a garden. He never came to nor saw any towns. The reason for any such close accumulations of human beings had largely disappeared. In certain places, he learnt, there were gatherings of people for studies, mutual stimulation, or other convenient exchanges, in great series of communicating buildings; but he never visited any of these centers.

And about this world went the tall people of Utopia, fair and wonderful, smiling or making some friendly gesture as they passed him but giving him little chance for questions or intercourse. He went a little in awe of them and felt himself a queer creature when he met their eyes. For like the gods of Greece and Rome theirs was a cleansed and perfected humanity, and it seemed to him that they were gods. Even the great tame beasts that walked freely about this world had a certain divinity that checked the expression of Mr. Barnstaple's friendliness.

PRESENTLY he found a companion for his rambles, a boy of thirteen, a cousin of Lychnis, named Crystal. He was a curly-headed youngster, brown-eyed as he was; and he was reading history in a holiday stage of his education.

So far as Mr. Barnstaple could gather the more serious part of his intellectual training was in mathematical work inter-related to physical and chemical science, but all that was beyond an Earthling's range of ideas. Nor could he master the nature of some other sort of study which seemed to turn upon refinements of expression. But the history brought them together. The boy was just learning about the growth of the Utopian social system out of the efforts and experiences of the Age of Confusion. His imagination was alive with the tragic struggles upon which the present order of Utopia was founded, he had a hundred questions for Mr. Barnstaple, and he was full of explicit information which was destined presently to sink down into the foundations of his adult mind.

Mr. Barnstaple was as good as a book to him, and he was as good as a guide to Mr. Barnstaple. They went about together talking upon a footing of the completest equality, this rather exceptionally intelligent Earthling and this Utopian stripling who topped him by perhaps an inch when they stood side by side.

The boy had the broad facts of Utopian history at his fingers' ends. He could explain and find an interest in explaining how artificial and upheld the peace and beauty of Utopia still were. Utopians were still in essence, he said, very much what their ancestors had been in the beginnings of the newer stone age, fifteen thousand or twenty thousand years ago. They were still very much what Earthlings had been in the corresponding period. Since then there had been only 600 or 700 generations and no time for any very fundamental changes in the race. There had not been even a general admixture of races. On Utopia as on earth there had been dusky and brown peoples, and they remained distinct. The various races mingled socially but did not interbreed very much; rather they purified and intensified their racial gifts and beauties. There was often very passionate love between people of contrasted race, but rarely did such love come to procreation.

There had been a certain deliberate elimination of ugly, malignant, narrow, stupid and gloomy types during the past dozen centuries, but the common man in—

(Continued on page 154)

*A fine true-ringing story of
a hard life and a gentle love*

The Man Who Went HOME

By Arthur Stringer

*Illustrations by
Walter J. Enright*

MINTY CROUCHER knew that he was cornered. He knew that from the moment he first saw big Buck McDoel saunter past the street-door, wheel about, and saunter as impressively back again.

His old enemy McDoel, the Fed gumshoe, was once more on his trail, was out there waiting for him. And all the sense of well-being that had coursed up through Minty at his first real feed in two days ebbed suddenly out of his body. He subsided, like a punctured tire. At a breath, almost, he was transformed from a careless-eyed loungeur to a pinched-faced refugee with a streak of yellow across his stubbled chin.

Yet he sat there without moving, for a minute or two. Then, having digested his shock, he slowly stirred what was left of his second cup of coffee and lifted the thick-lipped crockery to his mouth. As he did so he effected a quick appraisal of the dairy-lunch of soiled white walls wherein he sat. In one febrile glance he inspected and assessed and weighed each of the five occupants of that melancholy little eating-house, persuading himself that none of them could be a stool or confederate for the man of the law who waited outside.

He verified his latent fear that nothing in the nature of a weapon stood within reach of his hand. And he confirmed his suspicion that the only exit, beside the street door in front of him, lay through the crowded kitchen behind the seven-foot wooden partition with its unmuffled clatter of dishes and its odors of burning grease. But McDoel, of course, would already have a flatty from the city force planted there at the rear, a flatty who would be waiting with cold hatred in his heart, and a gun in his hand.

Minty remembered, with a sinking of the diaphragm, how only that morning he had hocked his gat for two dollars, driven to the extremity of going unheeled by the sharp tooth of hunger. He had sold his gun and veered away from the more companionable old haunts where danger lurked, for he intended to get out of Chicago while the going was good.

He nursed a hunger to get back to New York where he still had a chance of squaring things with Inspector Blake. All he wanted was to get East again, even though he had to ride the rods to do it, to get back East and have Little Kovinsky take it up with the Probation Office so he could in some way get on his feet again, no matter what it cost.

For these Windy City coppers were down on him, to the death. They would go to any limit, to trim him for a fall. They'd made the whole Middle West, thanks to McDoel, a runaway of traps and baits and dead-falls for his capture. They'd hounded and harried him and sent him on with a well-tainted name and

a well-clubbed skull. And they'd even framed him for a drug store robbery and planted twenty ounces of heroin in his hip-pocket and given him three months of hell in Joliet.

That, more than anything else, had soured the last of his youth out of Minty Croucher's body. What was more, it had left him determined never to be taken alive again. It was not that his spirit was broken. It was more than sheer physical discomfort; and overcrowded bodily sufferings had begun to tell on his tenuous and perverted philosophy of life. For he was tired of being harried and hounded. He was tired of being the under-dog.

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*Minty lunged
with his bal-
anced spear
until twelve
plump frogs lay
on the slope
beside him.*

He was tired of slinking through back streets and eating bad food and watching a slimming roll and wondering where the next meal would be coming from. He was tired of having to hang his head when he saw the flash of a metal button and skulk off like a timber-wolf when a man in blue turned a corner of the block. He was tired of the beer-cellar big talk of drum-snuffers and damp-getters and big-mitters and boosters and gorillas and yeggs, tired of their low-tongued women and their dope-eating gay-cats and their bull-headed hatred of the world at large.

Minty, sitting so quietly before his empty crockery dishes, suddenly stopped breathing. For the soiled white door had slowly opened and the silhouetted bulk of McDoel pushed its way composedly into that room of oilcloth-covered tables. He did not look at Minty Croucher, just as Minty never once looked directly up at his enemy. But he advanced slowly into the warm and heavy-odored room, with his right hand thrust carelessly down in the capacious side-pocket of his overcoat.

THE MAN AT the table knew exactly what that watchful right hand held, just as he knew that as surely as he still drew the breath of life he would have welcomed that advancing big hulk with a bullet if he'd had a gun of his own handy at that minute.

For that black hulk seemed to be blotting out his last earthly hope. It seemed to be shutting out his last chance of breathing clean air and hearing the companionable drone of life in his ears. And casual step by step, still without looking at him, still apparently intent on other and more placid ends, the man of the law was advancing toward the table where Minty sat studying the melted sugar in the bottom of his coffee cup.

He was not more than six paces away when Minty's sleeve happened to brush a teaspoon of German metal over the edge of the table. Minty looked down with a lazy smile as it hit the floor. Then with an equally indolent movement he stooped to pick it up. There was nothing precipitate about the action, for he was mortally afraid of a sudden stab of flame from that bulging overcoat pocket. He wanted nothing to betray the fact that he knew McDoel was near him.

But instead of picking up the spoon, as he made a pretense of doing, he slipped with cat-like quickness off his chair, dodged in under the table at the same time that he threw his hands outward and upward, and then straightened his body with a jerk like that of a jack-knife blade sprung open.

THIS MOVEMENT resulted in a miraculously sudden upthrust of the entire crockery-laden table at the same moment that the startled man of the law sprang forward to intercept an action which had not as yet clearly defined itself in his own mind.

But before he could be quite sure of himself that catapulting oblong of oilcloth-covered table erupted out of space and came into violent collision with his own startled body. And Minty, putting all the strength of his tensed muscles behind that barricading oblong, sent it forward against McDoel's staggering body before that body had time to recover its equilibrium.

He sent it like a battering-ram against the overcoated man who

clutched at its edge with his thick-fingered left hand. He sent it forward until the resisting mass of overcoated fighting energy staggered back against an overturned chair. Then with a final taurine rush he sent the oilclothed oblong and the man flattened against it crashing back between two tables, full-length on the floor.

The next moment, Minty, stooping low, was running for the door. He heard the repeated crash of glass as McDoel, still on the floor, fired three shots from his gun. But Minty had already rounded the soiled white door-post. He was already in the open, ready to run like a pelted cur, when he found himself face to face with an alert-eyed bluecoat.

HIS REACTION to that confrontation was unreasoned, was immediate and instinctive. He dived straight for the uniformed figure and caught at the blue-clad arm suddenly thrust up on guard.

"Quick," he gasped. "There's a gunman in there cleanin' out the till. He's shootin' the whole damn' shop up!"

Minty saw the officer's face harden as a hand went down to the hidden holster. He saw three of the frugal diners run shouting to the street, only to be herded back by the man in blue.

But that was all Minty cared to see. He dodged out on the



Minty knew that when the alarm went out many eyes would be peering that night into skulking faces, so he decided to make a quick getaway to freedom on the rattler.

rough-paved street, as a wagon-load of crated celery swung past, caught one of the side-bars of the wagon-frame and hung there as they thundered westward for half a block. When the driver

looked back and threatened to slow up to investigate this invasion of his property, Minty promptly dropped off, dodged a couple of trucks, and swung nimbly aboard a streetcar regardless of its destination.

He got off at a transfer-corner, shouldered his way into a north-bound car crowded with honest workers, rescued an abandoned evening paper, and promptly lost himself in an apparently innocent perusal of the sporting page. But he was alive in every nerve as he crouched there. He was alive to every figure that stepped up on the platform, to every face that advanced through the huddled pack of travelers, to every glance and movement without and within that rocking chariot of deliverance which was carrying him farther and farther away from the zone of peril.

He rode without any sense of time or direction. He was glad enough to ride and remember that at any moment he wished he might follow his few remaining neighbors and step out of that car into the dusky freedom of the Spring evening where the smoke-pall that hung over the city was being transmuted into a corona of dim gold. It looked good to Minty, that high-arching sky made tender with twilight.

But the peace that it seemed to bring to tumult was a delusive peace, for the refugee knew that he was still in the land of the enemy. He knew that thin threads of steel were already carrying the news of his escape to the four quarters of that darkening city where the street lights were beginning to blink in the amber dusk. He knew that many a pair of eyes, as the general alarm went out, would peer that night into many a skulking face. And he had no wish to be confronted by one of those official stares of appraisal.

He did not leave the streetcar, however, until it dipped into a subway and emerged again. Then a glimpse of some unknown railway-yard on his right decided him. He would take his chance of making a getaway on a rattler.

IT WAS a new world in which Minty found himself when, many hours later, he dropped from the freight car and headed for the country straight north from the track. The sun was showing red over the blue and gold rim of the world by this time and the birds were singing like mad. He skirted a square of plowed land with a runway of blossoming May-apples in the corners of the ruinous old snake-fence.

But a cloud was creeping across the skyline of his contentment. The cause of that cloud was his hunger. He remembered that he was faint for food.

So he took out his broken-handled pocket-knife and wandered about until he found a thin sapling, three times the length of his own body. He split the end of this sapling,



Minty leaned forward and placed his cheek upon the hand that lay across the window, "Couldn't you come out?" he pleaded.

took the lace from one of his shoes, and with it bound his open knife to the cleft wood.

Then he crept back to the track-side pools where the frogs were fluting again. He waited until he saw a green nose above the swale-top, then lunged with his balanced spear. Sometimes he hit true, but more often he missed. He did not stop, however, until twelve plump frogs lay on the gravel-slope behind him.

Then he gathered dry grass and wood and took one of the three soiled matches which remained in his vest pocket and built a fire. He next skinned the frogs' legs and washed them. Then he wedged the white-fleshed members into the lengthened cleft of his sapling and toasted them over his bed of coals. The smell of the broiling tidbits made his mouth drool. But he waited until they were well cooked.

Then he sat back and picked the slender bones clean, making sure that not a morsel of the sweetish-tasting meat should be lost. Even at that it was not an abundant meal. But it gave the gnawing acids of his stomach something to work on. And he felt better after he had eaten, more eager to face the world.

Then he crossed a pasture-field and beyond a misty-branched woodland to the right he heard the valiant and fortifying crowing of roosters. That meant a farmhouse, and a farmhouse meant the possibility of bacon and eggs and hot coffee. For Minty, as a boy, had only too well known the savors of a country kitchen at sun-up.

But this farmhouse, he found when he had penetrated the wood-lot, and skirted the rail-fence of a neglected orchard, failed to appeal to either his eye or his instincts. It was a gloomy and forbidding-looking place shadowed by black pines from which crows cawed dismally, and he was about to press on to something more promising. But he stopped short when his eye fell on a design roughly scratched on the weathered oaken gate-post. It was a sign that he remembered out of his other world, the yegg and hobo symbol that along with the gypsies' patteran had come down through the ages, the inverted V with the short vertical stroke between its arms, claiming ancestry with even the ancient Druidistic emblem of fecundity.

It implied to the knowing wanderer of the roads "Good grafting here." Its message was mysterious enough to prompt Minty to skirt the fence-line shrubbery to the west of the orchard

and work his way eastward again toward the huge bank-barn behind which he could see one lonely chanticleer crowing from the mushroomed remnant of a last-year's straw-stack.

He moved cautiously, remembering the hatred of the farm-collie for figures such as his and hoping against hope that there was no dog about the place. He climbed a wire fence and rounded what he took to be a cow shed. Then he stopped short. For in the clear morning light, within thirty paces of where he stood, he saw a woman.

She was a young woman of about twenty, bareheaded, wearing a denim skirt of rusty blue and a faded pink waist open at the throat. Her hair, wound in heavy plaits about her head, was a beechnut brown, and the heavy eyebrows, slightly darker in tone, imparted to the clear-lined face a hooded look, a look of mild and ruminative detachment.

The skin of the rounded throat and the upper bare forearms was a creamy white against the faded pink of the waist. But what most impressed the watching Minty was a sort of wistful deliberateness in her movements as she lifted a brimming milk-pail to the frame of a broken grindstone, hooked a three-legged milking-stool over a wire in the fence, and slowly swung back a pipe-gate that opened into a lane that led northward. When the herd of milch-cows had filed slowly out through this gate she swung it shut again and stood with her bare arms on the top of it, looking off into space.

SHE STOOD there for a long time, without moving, bathed in a wash of clear air. Minty could see the sunlight flash on the thick plaits and the milk-white skin of the woman's neck. And some undefined vague air of pathos about the relaxed figure took the last of the fear out of his hungry body. He stepped out into the open and moved toward her.

He was almost at her side before she heard him. She wheeled about with slowly widening eyes and stared at him in sudden and speechless terror. She stared at him with horror on her blanching face, as though he were something reptilious and threatening, for all the meekness of his posture as he stood there with his battered hat in his hand and the lost-dog look of hunger in his eyes.

The vivid red of her lips faded to a bluish and bloodless line



Q. "If you'd had any spirit you'd have got the man I'm going after instead of sitting around and killing that girl's soul in her living body."

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behind which her teeth showed unnaturally white, like the teeth of a dead woman. And through them her breath came in quick, labored pants, while all the time her blankly staring eyes were fixed on his startled and stubbled face.

"Lady," he said, hanging his head at the thought that for the first time in his life he was begging, "I'm tired and hungry and all in. And I was wondering if you could spare me something to eat."

She backed slowly away from him until she reached the gate, and leaned on it, as though for support. But still she stared at him with terror in her eyes, terror such as he had never before seen on a woman's face.

"Are you off the railroad?" she finally gasped. She spoke in a throaty and tremulous contralto and that foolish horror was still on her face as she looked slowly toward the house and then back at the figure confronting her.

"Yes," admitted Minty, though he regretted that admission when he saw her small slow movement of distress.

"Father will kill you!" she said, with her hand on her heart. This was scarcely what the intruder had hoped for.

"But what harm have I done?" he asked, as he followed her gaze toward the house that stood in the midst of the black pines.

"He will kill you!" she repeated in her slow and melodious contralto.

"I'd be willing to work, for anything you gave me," explained the derelict with his hat in his hand. But some shadow of her own undefined panic imparted itself to his bewildered mind, and he shifted back out of the open sunlight as she moved slowly step by step toward the shelter of the barn that towered beside them. Her eyes were a dark gray, he saw, with an odd animal-like glow in their depths. And her face was still as white as paper, though she was breathing more naturally by this time.

"It's not that," she half-gasped with her repeated gesture of pressing a hand against a heart which hurt her. "But he'd surely kill you—if he thought you came from—from there."



Minty knew he could have killed his enemy as he watched him lay out his tools of outlawry, but this time he was on the side of the law and could afford to wait.

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“I’m going away,” Minty told the shaking girl in his arms. “But I’m coming back!”

The master of that house, Minty concluded, was clearly a little off in the upper story. But fear for himself was no longer a vital factor in the situation.

“Then supposing I happened along from the other direction,” he meekly urged. “Couldn’t I get enough to keep body and soul together, if I worked it out, afterwards?”

The clouded gray eyes slowly cleared, like a child’s. But the look of brooding melancholy never for a moment left the colorless face.

“I couldn’t see you go away—sick and hungry,” she said with her throaty tremolo. “But my father wo—Oh, you’d never understand!”

He beheld pity tangled up with the terror in her eyes. And for reasons he scarcely understood he decided to make the most of it.

“You’ll never be sorry, if you help me this once—ever,” he

said with a humility that was new to his own heart. “I can’t go on. I’ve reached the end of my rope. But if you can help me, if you help a man who’s down, today, and wants to live decent, I don’t think you’ll ever regret it.”

She studied him long and intently. It wasn’t until she turned and stared away that her eyes clouded up again. Then she drew a deep breath as though she had reached a decision which demanded immeasurable courage.

“All right,” she said. “I’ll bring food to you, and you come back at noon from the road.”

Minty waited until the sun was overhead. Then he approached the gloomy-fronted house, approached it with a resolute step and a moderated confidence of manner.

He followed the worn path to the side door and knocked. He was about to knock again when the door was opened by a frowning youth of eleven or twelve. [Continued on page 116]

The REAL Jack Dempsey

A Closeup
by His Friend
Damon Runyon

Everybody knows that Jack Dempsey is the heavyweight champion of the world. Only a few know what he is like in private life. Damon Runyon, the famous sport writer, is one of his intimate acquaintances.

HE CAME OUT of his corner glowering, his brow furrowed by a sullen scowl, his dark eyes glittering savagely. A stubble of black beard along his chops gave his face a forbidding appearance. His hairy body, sun-tanned to the color of an old saddle, looked dirty. He suggested a wild animal suddenly springing from its den. . . .

He moved with silent, sinister tread, slightly crouching, his round head weaving like that of a rattlesnake about to strike. He suddenly bobbed his head forward. It was a mere gesture, but coldly calculated, and singularly menacing. The movement drew a ponderous right hand lead from his big opponent, which missed. . . .

Then Dempsey's left hand lashed out with the motion of throwing a stone, a great red welt blotched the doughy face of the giant. As if fully aroused by the sight of the blood, Dempsey fairly leaped on the big man, smashing away with both hands, fiercely, remorselessly, his lips drawn back in a snarl showing his white teeth, his scowling face a picture of demoniacal fury. . . .

This is a brief reel of Jack Dempsey, of Colorado, rising tempestuously to the fifty-third championship in the long dynasty of heavyweight pugilists which runs back across two centuries to Jim Figg, of England.

It is Dempsey in his characterization, rather familiar to the readers of the sport pages of the newspapers as "Tiger Jack, the Manassa Man Mauler." It is the Dempsey that is known to the followers of the so-called "Manly art of self-defense." Heaven sometimes save the mark!

IT IS THE Dempsey, I believe, that fills the popular imagination, a wicked, brutal figure, quite at variance with an amiable looking young man that I discovered not long ago at the dinner hour in the ornate restaurant of an exclusive hotel at Atlantic City.

He was faultlessly dressed in evening clothes. His black hair was smoothed back from his forehead, and glossed like patent leather. He was completely surrounded by a crowd of children, little girls in fluffy dresses, and small boys uncomfortably slicked up in their Sunday best. There was an impressive



IN THE RING

background of fond and fashionable mothers and fathers gazing admiringly from the surrounding tables.

The young man's broad shoulders were bent forward, his tongue was between his teeth, and he was laboriously writing with a short pencil on menu cards and books eagerly thrust at him by the children. His table was covered with dishes of food rapidly growing cold, to the manifest displeasure of a frowning waiter.

For a solid hour he sat there writing his autograph, asking each youngster's full name, and putting it down with the words, "from your friend, Jack Dempsey." As he handed back each card and book, he flashed on the happy recipient a smile that showed two lines of gorgeous teeth, and the red roof of his mouth, and seemed to light up his face and eyes like the sunshine of his native west.

It was the same Dempsey of the opening reel of our picture, and yet it was not the same, for the difference between the Dempsey in the ring, and the Dempsey out of the ring is approximately the difference between the wildcat in the swamp, and the old tame tabby in the kitchen.

There are two Dempseys. There is a Dr. Jekyl Dempsey, and a Mr. Hyde Dempsey.

NOW THEN, you may not care for pugilists, champions or others. You may regard their calling as disreputable, and reprehensible. With that opinion I have no quarrel. I have no intention of attempting to glorify either Dempsey or his profession.

But you must remember that conditions make Jack Dempsey a considerable figure in contemporaneous American life. He reflects in a measure a phase of the times. He has been the subject of more columns of newspaper space within a few years than any other living man.

When Dempsey went to Europe recently, Arthur Brisbane, the most important newspaper editor in America, remarked, ironically, that the pugilist would attract more attention than any American we could send over. It was undoubtedly true.

In Europe Dempsey blocked traffic wherever he went. The Duke of York, one of the English Princes talked with him



& OUT OF IT

at length. Distinguished actors, business men, artists, society women elbowed one another for the privilege of shaking his hand. He was treated over there as a great personage, a veritable hero.

In America, crowds follow him along the streets, cheering him, fighting to get close to him. In three years he has gathered in close to a million dollars from his pugilistic engagements, theatrical work, and other sources.

It is, perhaps, a sad reflection on our civilization that a man can engage the world's attention and make a fortune merely because he is proficient in the use of his fists, whereas another man may labor all his life, may produce something of enduring benefit to the human race, and yet die a poor man.

But it is not for me to continue that mournful thought. I deal here mainly with the personality of Jack Dempsey, one of the mildest, one of the best natured, one of the most cynical men, and positively the most restless human being I have ever known.

IN THE RING or out of it, Dempsey is never in repose. He cannot sit still more than a few minutes. He cannot stay in one city more than a few days at a time. If he is in New York, he wants to be in Los Angeles. If he is in Los Angeles he yearns for New York. Time and time again in the course of a year he takes the long ride across the continent, moved only by a strange spirit of restlessness.

The man that Dempsey picks as a companion is elected to a trying job. He must have wind and endurance, else Dempsey will run him bow-legged in short order. The most characteristic Dempsey expression that I can think of at the moment is, "Let's take the air"—translated it means, "Let's go."

His most intimate friend is his manager, Jack Kearns. But Kearns firmly declines the rôle of companion to Dempsey save when the exigencies of training coop the heavyweight champion in a definite spot.

"When I first became associated with Dempsey," says Kearns, "I went around with him some. It didn't take me long to find out that it wasn't the life for a man who likes to take a weight off his feet once in a while. Now when we go out together, say

to look a town over, I sit down in the first place we strike, and I stay right there. The champ will ramble around a couple of hours, and finally wind up back where I am.

"It's the same way when we have no definite bookings on. I stick right in one town, and let Dempsey gallivant over the country until he finally drifts back to me. Life is too short to try to keep pace with him."

If you believe in heredity, you can trace Dempsey's restlessness to his father, Hiram Dempsey, a tallish, thinnish, slow spoken man, who originated in Logan county, West Virginia, where he married Dempsey's mother. Her maiden name was Smoot. Virginia is full of Dempseys, and the blood is said to be Scotch-Irish.

Hiram Dempsey moved his family into the San Luis Valley of Colorado in the early nineties, settling on a ranch between the little towns of Manassa and Antonito, rather nearer Manassa than Antonito.

Yonder the majestic Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) mountains march solidly along the horizon, and in sight of these snow-tipped towers that leap out of the green valley, Jack Dempsey was born, third youngest of a family of eleven children. Seven children and the father and mother are alive.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that Jack Dempsey is the only really husky member of his tribe. He stands six feet, one and a half inches high, and along his symmetrical frame is spread 200 pounds of bone and sinew woven into startling strength. But his father is not a big man, his mother is small, and a couple of his brothers are semi-invalids.

His oldest brother, Bernard Dempsey, was a pugilist of some local reputation around the mining camps of Colorado years ago, but he had to quit the game long before Jack took it up. Bernard Dempsey, at his best, never weighed more than 170 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Dempsey started their third youngest out in life as William Harrison Dempsey. It was in '05, and old Hiram was a staunch Republican. The members of the champion's family call him Harry. The name of Jack was given William Harrison after he became a pugilist.

Many years ago, one Jack Dempsey, nicknamed "The Nonpareil," was the middleweight king of his generation. The world of sport is singularly lacking in imagination, and one name is handed along from generation to generation. A Dolan in baseball is always "Cozy," after the first of that name. Thus Jack Dempsey, the middleweight, was not the original "Nonpareil." The name came from a Jack Randall, who flourished one hundred years ago.

Nor, if memory serves, was the middleweight Dempsey's right name Dempsey. But it is quite likely that all the Dempseys who enter Fisticiana from now to the end of time will be called Jack.

When the present Jack Dempsey first came into prominence, a strange mystery was made of his origin—and his family—by some writers of sport. Dempsey had a quarrel with a chap who circulated the story that Jack's right name was Schinski, and that he was a Levantine Jew many years older than he admitted.

Dempsey denied the story just once. Then when he found the tale persisted, and that some persons seemed to see something vaguely sinister in it, he merely laughed, and said:

"All right, what of it? What if I am a Jew? Is that anything against me?"

It was years before the story was entirely rejected throughout the world of sport. Early in Dempsey's career a powerful newspaper sent a special writer out west to investigate Dempsey's life with particular reference to his birth and antecedents, a singular proceeding when you consider that Dempsey was then a mere boy. It was as if he had committed some grave crime.

Hiram Dempsey grew tired of the San Luis Valley before long, and moved over to the town of Montrose, on the western slope of Colorado, thence eventually to Salt Lake City, Utah. He had a restaurant in Montrose, and a small farm not far from there, and it was in Montrose that Jack Dempsey grew big enough to run away from home.

Thereafter he became a chronic tourist, of the box car species. For several years he traveled the western country, beating his way on freight trains, and living the life of a typical hobo. There was a period in Dempsey's career, when he was on the rise, that he rather liked to talk about his hobo experiences; but of late years he seems to prefer to forget them.

He got \$300,000 for fighting Georges Carpentier, July 2, 1921. The battle lasted four rounds. He got fifty dollars for fighting one George Copelin seven rounds at [Continued on page 158]

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL VERSION OF ONE OF



DELILAH

By Donn Byrne

BENEATH her balcony, in the delicate spring night, the life of Gaza flowed gently as a calm river. Eastward the green hills of Canaan were, Delilah knew, and in imagination she could see the soft blue down of the budding corn, the clouds of flowers, the piping green of the vines, the darkness of the olive trees. And in the west a little moon was, while as yet the sun had not gone down, a little blade of silver, like one sweet note on a flute. It made one wish to be young again, to be a child. . . .

The lamps of Gaza were not lighted. None was eager to go within, and below, there was still the jingle of camel bells, the padding of donkeys, the nervous clatter of some horses' hoofs as a desert rider sought to guide his mount in the filled streets. Languid, supercilious Egyptians strolled in the provincial ways;

desert men, their eyes suspicious as hawks', moved warily hither and thither; her own countrymen, the squat cheerful Philistines, half-townsman and half-mariner, walked briskly; mysterious, aloof Phœnicians; an occasional strange seaman from Gaul, come eastward with his ship for a cargo from Asia Minor, and now come the "hough-hough! hough-hough!" of herdsman, and dappled kine went by, belabored by sticks, and as she looked, Delilah saw the group of Israelites who owned them.

From the street they saw her, and their eyes blazed fury. They pointed her out to one another, with quick wide gestures, and she could hear the gutturals of their denunciation. . . . Oh, yes, they remembered Samson, after twenty years! Remembered him almost as well as she!

She had been thinking of him only that minute, too. It was



Now It Was Dusk

*Illustrations by
Wilfred Jones*

strange, but at this time each year, his memory, his image came to her, so that she could say in winter, "On the second moon of Spring there will be flowers, and an air like wine, and the Mediterranean fishers will overhaul their gear, and I shall think of Samson," and she was the only person in Philistia who could remember him clearly.

Some old magistrate perhaps, or captain of civic guard might, their memory jogged, recall the Hebrew rebel, and say:

"Wasn't there a Samson once, a great red-bearded man, who was supposed to have killed a lion with his bare hands? Or perhaps I am thinking of some of the black African giants, wrestlers or circus men. I don't know. But I seem to recall the name."

And about him, among his own people, had arisen a great myth, as will arise among desert peoples and they telling stories by the fire. The old guerilla captain had become a national hero to them, and they had magnified his raids out of all proportion to reality.

And when they thought in the desert tents of the destiny of their people, and longed for the day when the then rich southwestern country would be theirs by either conquest or penetration, they said, "If Samson had lived. . . . If Samson hadn't gone wrong. . . ."

And Delilah they cursed bitterly, even after twenty years and they saw her not as Samson's wife, but as some strange perfumed woman who had enticed him, and sold him to his enemies. Even

the little children were taught to curse her. And all she had done was to adore him, and love him, and to care for and pity him when he had grown old and blind and astray in the head.

Oh, well, what did it matter what they said.

Three men there had been in her life, her childhood's sweetheart in her native valley of Sorek, the slim lad who was to have married her and settled down in the valley to lead the idyllic life of country lovers. But he had gone to Egypt, and been infested with ambition, and they had grown apart and never married. And now in Egypt he was a suave administrator, very close to the Pharaoh, a great man.

And there had been Samson.

And there was her present husband, small, hawk-eyed, taciturn, the greatest of the Oriental sea captains, who knew the Mediterranean as other men knew the lake of Galilee, who had passed through the straits, known to the Greeks as the pillars of Hercules, and been north to Ibernica, the land of forests and savage hairy Celts, and bearded druid priests with sinister eyes, and to other lands where the Phœnicians had great tin mines. A quiet efficient man, he!

To her husband she gave admiration, and a fond devotion. To the boy of her youth she had given her heart in a burst of virginal music. But to the rough Hebrew rebel, a stranger to

her race, in religion, in every mode of life, she had given an immensity of love. . . .

In her face, now, that once had a proud, singing beauty, was dignity and power and wisdom. Strands of gray in her hair and shadows near her eyes. In all Gaza, in all Philistia, there was not one to refuse her reverence excepting, of course, the strange gipsy people who contended she had ruined their champion and lord.

A queer people, they! A strange, inimical folk, who had come into Canaan out of Egypt, headed by magicians who had cloven the Red Sea—so they claimed—and their hand was against the dwellers in Canaan.

SO DELILAH viewed them with little interest and not a little contempt, a turbulent, annoying, ignorant, clever people; their quaint folk-songs and dances, their peculiar religious revivals, their passionate hatreds—undependable, that is what they were.

Came her youth and her growing into womanhood. . . . She wondered sometimes if he of her young days, for all his closeness to the Pharaoh of Egypt, his Egyptian palace, his Egyptian wife, ever remembered the warm green days of Sorek, and how they had grown together from fifteen to twenty-three.

Nothing had ever been said between them of marriage, but



C Sometimes a fierce rage against the Philistines would take Samson, and with his immense hands on the table, he told the story of his great fight at Ramath-leki.

it was accepted by them that they would marry, as it was accepted that the sun shines, and with night come the stars. They might have been two girls together, or they might have been two boys, so sweet was the friendship between them.

The adventure of life unclosing itself came to them together—all the beauty of the world, the wild smiling flowers, the sun dropping over the hills, the clamor of birds in Spring as they raided the seeded fields, the little fish that jumped in the pools when the winds stilled and evening came—all that was a tremendous bond. Even now when she thought of places in the valley of her childhood she could picture them only as background for his calm young face. It seemed natural, the blossoming of apple trees and her young lover's face.

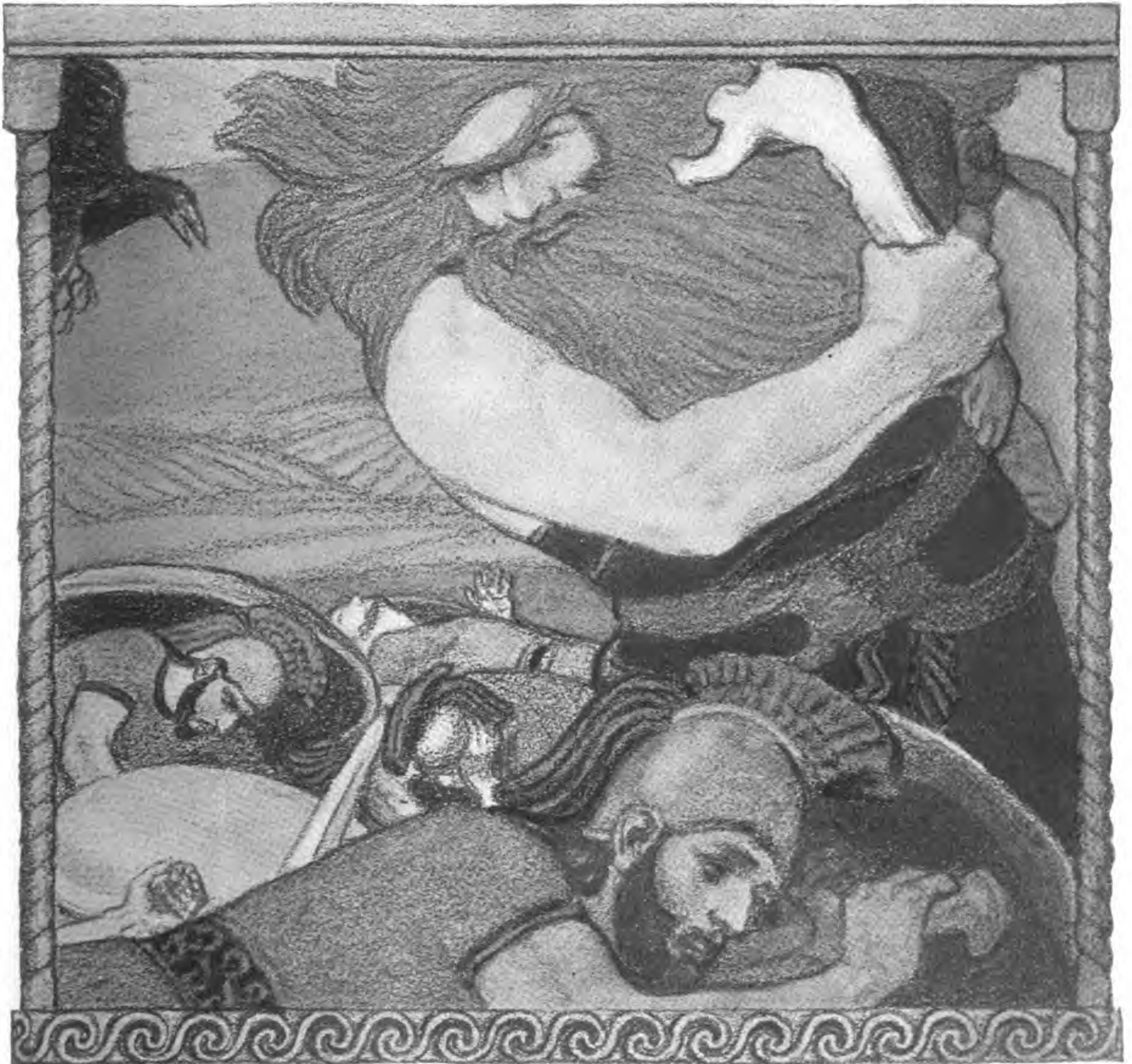
And Delilah's dreams—five years of dreaming, of the governing of a house, and the regiment of maid-servants, of little children. Five years dreaming! And he had gone into Egypt and had never come back. Only stories returned, of his success, of his offices, of his wife. . . .

She had thought, being a young woman then, that what was killed with such a tremendous shock was her love, but she knew now, now that she was nine-and-forty years, that what had died was a dream. She had been shocked, disoriented, and her life which had been so carefully planned, suddenly had no more meaning.

It had made a woman of her, though, and made her proud. She must have something to do, to think about. Love and all thoughts of love she put aside. In order to escape from herself she began to study people, questions of the day, this, that. It was probably the woman loving the underdog that turned her eyes on the question of the poor Hebrew, rather than to the glory of Egypt, or the power of the merchant cities.

SHE BECAME their friend, and they came to know her. Probably they robbed her a little, but the cost was so small compared to the luxury of escape. . . . All her friends smiled at her hobby and spoke of the Israelites as "Delilah's Hebrews," and they wondered how a woman of her looks and standing should bother with these things. Why didn't she get married, they asked? Or was she becoming queer?

But Delilah only smiled. They were her anodyne. She liked their strange folk-dances; their wailing nostalgic songs. And their legends—there was about them a quaintness and simplicity she loved—Adam and Eve in the garden; the story of Noah and his ark; the naïve legend of Babel; and the newer history of the leader who had been found by the Egyptian princess in the bulrushes—what was his name? Moses! That was it. . . .



Q. "The jawbone of an ass," Samson roared, with the thunder of his laughter.
"With the jawbone of an ass have I slain heaps and heaps—a thousand men."



“But, Delilah, if my strength goes——” “Dearest, it won’t go. How could it?” she answered him.

How simple they were, how refreshingly simple, the dear things!

It had often seemed to her a strange thing, as she sat thinking, how that all one labors to learn passes easily away, and what one feels remains, welcome or no. All the book learning of her early years had gone, but there would never go the memory of her first blushing kiss, and though it was six-and-twenty years since he had gone from her life, yet the thought of the Philistine boy who was now a grandee of Egypt—that remained.

So likewise all she had learned of the Hebrews was gone—now a legend, now a saying would come back to her, some proverb or a piece of ritual, but like a bar from a tune one has forgotten. But everything she felt, everything she had known of great Samson remained with her.

One learns things and one lives things. The things written in the head fade out and die, but the words on the heart bite deeper and deeper. . . . She could remember every kiss he had given, the immense madness he had evoked. . . . O God, was it possible that she, so calm now, so respected, so wise, had once shaken like a leaf at his voice? Her knees had trembled; her heart fought in her breast like a caged bird; her throat had gone dry. . . .

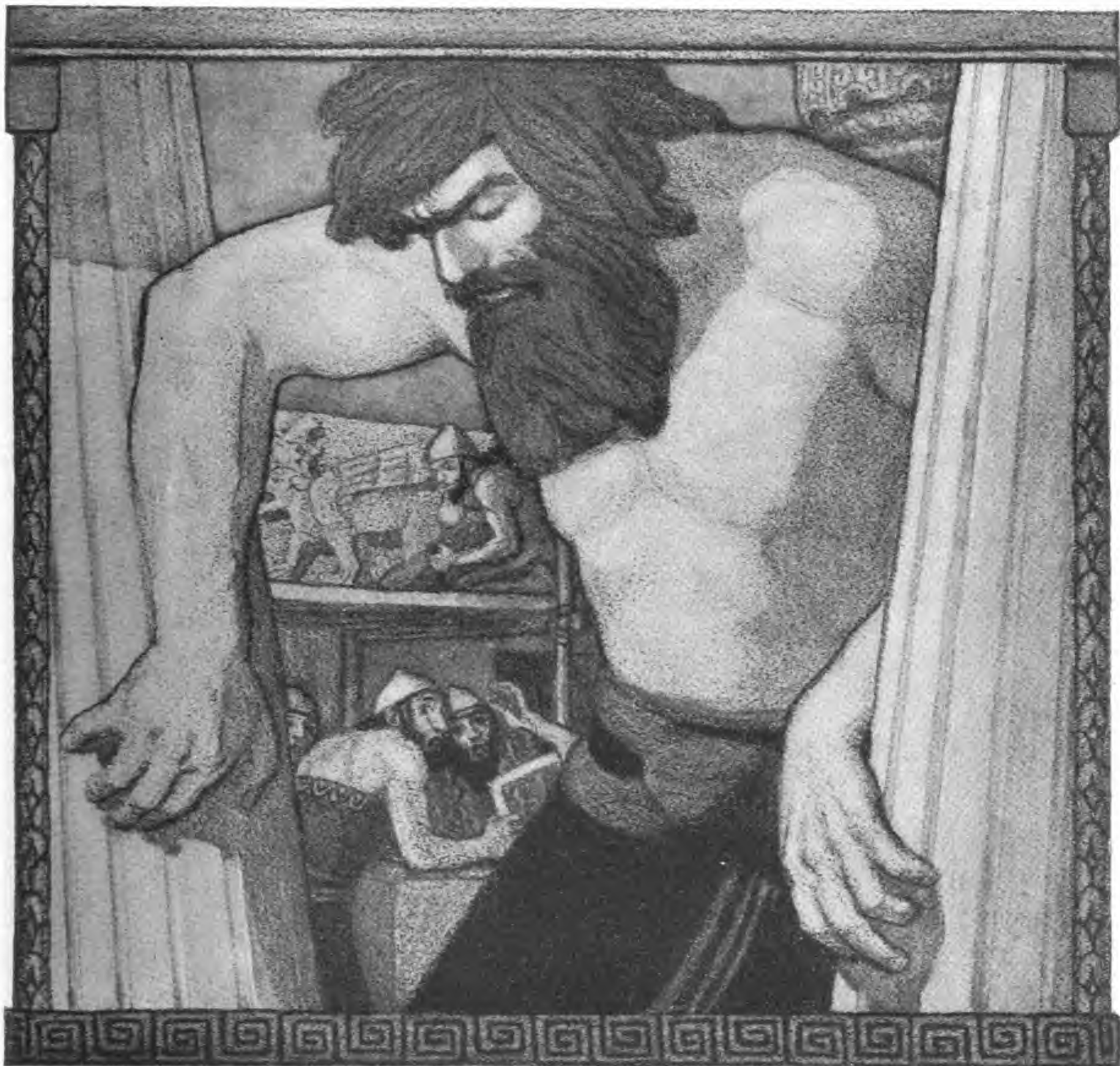
Before she met him, she knew him by repute, a huge turbulent man of immense strength, who had often been in trouble with the Philistine authorities. . . . In the tribal troubles, some years before, his name had been very prominent. He had married a Philistine girl in Timnath, and there had been a riot at the

wedding, over a question of dowry, or something of the kind, and some of the girl’s Philistine relations had been killed.

A sort of vendetta had arisen and Samson had declared war against the nation. He had proceeded to burn the corn stacked in the fields—there was a strange rumor that he had captured an immensity of foxes and tying burning brands to their tails had loosed them among the harvest.

THEN of course from a family quarrel it had become a national affair and Samson was proscribed. Prodigious stories were told of his strength and valor, of his defeating patrols single-handed, and refuging himself on the rocks of Etom. The Hebrews were asked to give him up to authority, and brought him to Lehi bound. But there he burst his cords, such immense strength had he got, and escaped after slaying twenty men in a hand-to-hand fight. Then he had become a bandit of the hills on whose head a price was set.

Around him a romance grew, as will about all mountain chiefs, to which Samson lived up most gallantly. Careless of disguise, careless of danger, he had come with his great red beard and his hair floating to his hips into Gaza itself once to see a woman. The watchmen were told, and the city gates were locked while they searched for him, but he crashed through the gates with his terrific shoulders and made his way to Hebron. It was said he carried parts of the iron work with him to make weapons.



“The blind Samson put his hands on two pillars and then called out, ‘O Lord God, strengthen me, I pray thee.’”

All this had happened years before, and all the border warfare was over, and Samson was no longer a proscribed bandit, but a great man of the Hebrews leaping suddenly into fame and holding fame and power as such men will. He no longer raided harvests and kine, nor came to Gaza secretly, but now he walked like a conqueror. It was said that it irked him that everything was so peaceful and quiet, and he regretted the old roaming days. To the Hebrews he was a great figure, a champion.

Delilah had never understood how they made a champion out of this guerilla fighter, but when she saw him for the first time she understood. He came to thank her for the interest she had taken in his race.

“You have been good to my people,” his voice thundered. “I thank you.”

Herself a tall woman, had to look up like a child to him, and herself, no small woman, felt a reed beside that vast muscular bulk. She had two impressions of him, his immense masculine quality, and his tremendously arrogant manner. For everything Philistine he seemed to hold a tremendous contempt. He had beaten them, and physically he thought little enough of them.

To Delilah, it was a wonder and an irritation that she should be so moved, so thrown off her axis mentally and emotionally by the presence of this great hairy man. All her senses were jangled suddenly. One part of her, the Philistine lady, smiled in a little patronizing contempt for the unconcealed boastful-

ness of his words, for his insulting glance at the passersby.

But another a strange Delilah clamored:

“No matter what he says, let him speak on. My heart opens at his voice. . . . Let him condemn all men with his arrogant eye, but let him not condemn me!”

The Philistine lady had a little disgust for the way he laid his hand on the heads, on the shoulders of his followers, pawing them clumsily. But the new Delilah clamored:

“If he lays his hand on me, I shall faint to the ground and die!” And a burning shame rose in her, and her face reddened. And she said to herself, “God! God! I have suddenly gone mad!”

All her culture, her tradition, all the fine conventions of her life, seemed suddenly to vanish, become nothing, before this immense male. All the men of her life, friends, her young false lover, relatives, seemed like puppets beside him—their shaven faces, their polished speech, their carefulness of dress and demeanor. The rufous giant had appeared, and “Away,” he seemed to have cried, and they had whirled off, like blown feathers.

If she were troubled he was troubled too. The directness of him read her perturbation. A great desire rose in the turbulent hillsman to be near her, to know her body and soul.

They looked at each other, each reading the other’s thought, until their throats became dry, and all words were just trivial sounds, meaning nothing. Dumb and [Continued on page 129]



CORDELIA, *The*

*Q Synopsis of the first
Instalments*

By Leroy Scott

LOVELY and most popular member of New York's younger set, her friends called her Cordelia, the Magnificent. And not without reason—for when her mother suddenly informed her that the family fortune was completely gone Cordelia kept smiling and made the best of it. Her unique advertisement for work brought a response from Mr. Franklin of Kedmore and Franklin asking that she call. To her utter amazement he offered her \$30,000 a year for the service she could render him in helping to straighten out some of the annoying and often mysterious obstacles that lawyers meet in the handling of wealthy estates.

By coincidence Cordelia was about to visit Gladys Norworth who happened to be one of Mr. Franklin's cases. There was something wrong with her affairs. Ever since her return from France with her stepsister and their adopted orphan she had lived in mysterious seclusion.

Cordelia suspected Gladys's butler Mitchell, from the first. Then her opportunity came when Gladys quarreled with her in jealousy about Jerry Plimpton. By a clever ruse Cordelia made Gladys confess that she was the mother of François, the orphan. Just then Esther came in, and a minute later Mitchell appeared, apologizing with a mocking smile for his intrusion, and explaining that he was there to protect his own interests.

Gladys's story followed. She had met and married hastily in Paris a Sergeant Grayson, and a week later he had been killed in action. Gladys had realized at once what a mistake her marriage had been and decided in shame to keep it a secret. Grayson's best friend, Sergeant Farrell, bitterly resented her attitude.

With the aid of her stepsister Esther, the birth of Gladys's

Life, by the Author of Children of the Whirlwind



Q. Cordelia had a sense that she was falling into space as Jerry spoke. "Perhaps it may be just as well to announce that my engagement to Miss Marlowe no longer exists," he said.

MAGNIFICENT

*Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell*

baby was kept concealed. Then they returned to America with François as their adopted child.

Sergeant Farrell soon appeared and began the double rôle of butler and blackmailer in Gladys's house.

Then Mitchell finally told Cordelia his history. Every penny he got from Gladys was invested for François against Gladys's recklessness. He told her he made a mystery of his actions to arouse her interest; that he was in love with her. Then she left him indignantly.

Mr. Franklin, knowing of Jerry Plimpton's interest in Cordelia, proposed at once and was gently but firmly refused. The ironic smile with which he left her was not good to see.

When he heard of Cordelia's engagement to Jerry Plimpton he immediately turned to Gladys Norworth who he knew was still

very much in love with Jerry and only too eager to help him break up the engagement.

When Mitchell, suspecting Cordelia, denounced her scathingly as a blackmailer, she began to have a suspicion of Franklin, and decided that after she was married she'd pay back all the money she had had from him, and that nothing was to be gained by telling Jerry about it now. Meantime she and Jerry were planning to slip away and be married quietly.

T

Q. The Story goes on:

THE PRACTICAL details Cordelia and Jerry had settled before their last good night kiss. To escape those confounded news-hounds, they would that night pack their trunks with their

honeymoon equipment and at an unwatchful, slumbrous hour after midnight one of Jerry's cars would call for the trunks and transport them out to his Aunt Janet's.

Their more immediate and intimate necessities each would pack into a bag, and then, if the whim should strike them on the road not to go to his aunt's for a day or two, they would be equipped to start off to wherever fancy led them.

But these bags would not be in their car when they drove down to the City Hall in the morning to secure a license; bags in a waiting car, plus two persons emerging from the license bureau, might give their whole show away.

AS IT WAS planned, so was it done. At ten o'clock the following morning they walked out of City Hall, the license in Jerry's inner pocket, and unhurriedly crossed to Jerry's roadster parked near the Hall of Records. No one had seemed to notice them. The thing had worked.

But a few things had happened, and more now began to happen, of which they were unaware. For instance, they were both totally unaware that for many days past certain apparently stolid gentlemen with obvious manner of uninterest in them, had been watching every move they made, and had duly reported over the wire to Mr. Franklin.

Just one minute after the second of these reports had come in Mr. Franklin had Rolling Meadows on the wire and was talking to Gladys.

"Miss Marlowe and Mr. Plimpton are planning to slip away and be married today."

"What!" gasped Gladys.

"Don't interrupt! We've got to act quick. First of all, get Miss Marlowe's apartment on the wire and ask her to come out to see you at once. Make it important—you've got to see her at once—within the hour!"

"But what important reason can I give Cordelia?"

"Tell her something has suddenly come up about François. Something you can't tell her over the wire—François—she likes him—that will bring her!"

"All right. I understand all that."

"When they come, have them shown directly into the library; it's away from the rest of the house and they won't notice anything that's happening while they wait. The library—it's important—you'll remember that?"

"The library—I'll remember! Anything else?"

"Yes, as soon as you've talked to Miss Marlowe, get that Mrs. Jackie Thorndike on the wire. Use whatever excuse you think will get her over. Keep yourself out of sight, on some excuse, till I come. And then leave things to me, as your attorney. I'll be there not many minutes behind Miss Marlowe and Mr. Plimpton. And I'll probably bring Mrs. Marlowe with me. Good-by."

"One moment—don't hang up!" cried Gladys. "Mitchell will be here. He promised to spend the day with François."

"Would rather Mitchell wasn't going to be there, but I don't see how it can be helped. Good-by."

THE NEXT minute Franklin was talking to Mrs. Marlowe. Cordelia and Jerry were then not more than a mile on their uptown journey.

"Good morning, Mrs. Marlowe," he said in the gracious respectful voice she liked so much. "By the way, there has just been an unexpected development in your business affairs. Nothing unpleasant, but extremely important that I should consult you at once. And I'd rather, if you can arrange it, that Miss Marlowe did not at present know of our interview."

"I shall be glad to see you," said the pleased Mrs. Marlowe. "Come right up."

"I wonder if you'd be willing to talk business in my car? I've a frightful headache this morning, and I was thinking I'd like to get out into the air. We can talk as we drive."

When Cordelia and Jerry appeared in the apartment, Mrs. Marlowe was careful not to mention Mr. Franklin's name, but she reported that Gladys Norworth had just called up twice and had left an urgent message that Cordelia should ring her up the moment she came in. Cordelia, though restless to be away, complied with the request, and over the wire Gladys repeated what Franklin had ordered her to say concerning François.

"It's Gladys, Jerry. She says something has happened to François, and she asks me to come at once. If you don't mind, I'd like very much to stop by."

"Just as you like, Cordie. And they won't guess what we're up to. We're off for the usual week-end—that will explain our bags if they notice them."

Five minutes later they were headed for Queensboro Bridge, thence to streak across Long Island like a domesticized meteor in Jerry's imported Hispano-Suiza car.

As they stepped from Jerry's racer in front of Gladys's house, François came darting from out the spruce, shouting, "Mother Cordelia!" She kissed him and hugged him in great relief. She had feared that Gladys's vague and peremptory message might have meant that the boy was critically ill. As she released him and straightened up to continue into the house, she heard a voice call, "Better come to me now, François," and then she saw Mitchell. He was rather pale, but was otherwise as composed as usual, and he bowed slightly.

When Gladys's butler admitted Cordelia and Jerry, he said that Gladys was busy with a telephone call, and that they were to please wait in the library where she would presently come.

Several minutes passed. Cordelia remarked to Jerry that Gladys must be having one of those week-end telephone visits. She was feeling restless, apprehensive, but she tried not to show this to Jerry. Then the butler reappeared.

"Several gentlemen from the newspapers are here," he announced. "They say they would like very much to see you."

Jerry's answer was emphatic.

"You may say to the newspaper gentlemen that we would like very much not to see them."

"Very well, sir. They said I was also to say to you, if you refused to see them, that they know you are going to be married today and that they simply must have the news."

"Tell them it's none of their business!" exploded Jerry.

"Yes, sir. Very well, sir."

As the butler made his exit, Cordelia and Jerry stared at each other in dismay. They were incoherent in the exasperation of their suddenly foiled desire, but before coherence could be regained the butler was back once more.

"Miss Norworth wishes to see Miss Marlowe in the study," he said, and crossing the library he opened the heavy door to the study, and after she had passed in he closed it behind her.

A FEW moments passed, then the second door which opened from the private corridor softly opened and as softly closed. Cordelia rose in sudden alarm as she saw that the person who had joined her was not Gladys.

"Mr. Franklin!" she exclaimed.

"Good morning, Miss Marlowe," he said pleasantly. "I happened to be out here seeing my client, Miss Norworth, on a matter of business. She will be detained a few minutes more. While you wait, if you don't mind, I'd like to have a little chat with you. Won't you please be seated?"

For the first time in his presence, Cordelia felt both fear and dislike of this polished man. But her pride concealed both.

"I'd prefer not to talk with you, just at present," she said formally. "I'll wait for Miss Norworth in the library."

"Perhaps you will be willing to talk when you know what I wish to talk about," he said, still in his pleasant manner. "About our business relations. I have something of very great importance to say, and it should be said immediately."

"Very well. But please be brief."

"With your permission I shall tell Mr. Plimpton I am with you so that he can detain Miss Norworth if she comes through the library."

She was instantly certain that he was in the study by arrangement with Gladys. But she assented with a nod. He opened the library door, greeted Jerry, then said:

"Miss Norworth seems to be delayed. Miss Marlowe and I wish to talk over a little matter of business—it will only require a few moments—and if Miss Norworth comes through the library will you please detain her until we have finished?"

Jerry thought this appearance of Franklin somewhat odd, but he knew of his professional relations to both Gladys and Cordelia, and he promised. Franklin closed the door, and recrossed toward Cordelia, his face still smiling.

"And now, since we are to have our talk, won't you please be seated?"

"I promised to help you make this brief, and I shall make it so brief that we will not need to sit down." She felt that she had herself well in hand. "To get to our business. For some time I have felt that perhaps I should not have accepted the money which I had from you during the course of our recent business relations. You doubtless know that I am to be married



C. Mr. Franklin made a quick stride and gripped Cordelia's arms. "You are going to marry me—not that man waiting in the library," he cried.

today. That knowledge should be a guarantee to you that you will receive repayment in full within the next few days. I believe this closes the subject of all this business there is to be discussed between us."

"That can hardly close the business," he returned, "for that is not what I want to discuss. You will recall that I once told you I loved you and asked you to marry me."

"I prefer not to reopen that subject," she said.

"You said no," he continued. "I then told you that I should hope on, that I should never give you up. My real business is this; to tell you again that I love you, and again to ask you to marry me."

Her face was the color of scorching flame.

"You get me with you by a trick—to tell me that—on my wedding day!"

HHE MADE a quick stride and gripped her arms.

"Cordelia, you're going to marry me—not that man waiting in the library!" he cried, his voice shaking with his passion. "He hasn't love to give you, Cordelia! He has only money. I have love, and I'll get you all the money you'll ever want!"

"Let me go—let me go!" she gasped, and struggled to tear herself free from those clinging hands.

He loosed his clutch.

"Stand out of my way!" she cried imperiously. "I've had enough of this!"

He made no move to obey.

"I love you," he said, his voice now quiet. "But if you will not marry me for love, there is still another reason why you will marry me!"

"What reason is that?" she demanded.

He was now on safe ground. He knew just how to handle people when he finally had them in a position from which they could not extricate themselves.

"Because, though you may not love me, you love what the world thinks of you," he said. "Therefore, you'd much rather marry me than allow me to tell the world what I know about you. That you're a blackmailer. That you're an adventuress. That you and your family have been making a social show entirely on blackmail money."

Even in her dumbfounded wrath she had a sense that these same things had been said to her before. By whom? Oh, yes, by Mitchell.

Only slowly had she got the full significance of what he had been saying, and of what that clearly implied concerning the whole of their relationship.

"So!—all this while you've been lying to me—leading me into a trap!"

"Exactly. Though I had hoped you would marry me without my being driven to use the unpleasant pressure."

Her stunned vitality returned to her with a dizzying rush. Her glance was a blaze of contemptuous fury.

"Marry you! You! Never! Never! Tell—go on and tell!" she cried in her furious defiance. "To show you how much I care for your threat, I'll tell the world myself! Tell it everything!"

LOOKING at her trembling figure, he realized that she would indeed tell. He realized—utterly unbelievable though the thing had seemed to him since the beginning—he realized, definitely, that he had lost; that this careful patient plan had failed.

"I'll tell everything!" she blazed on, "And tell it now! And I shall begin by going right in and telling Mr. Plimpton first of all. And I shall tell the world all about you—that you are a blackmailer, a swindling crooked lawyer who deserves disbarment and prison!"

Swiftly she crossed the study, with Mr. Franklin following, and threw open the library door.

"Jerry," she cried, "Jerry—"

She broke off, somewhat taken back. For instead of the solitary Jerry that she expected, waiting in the library were Jerry, Gladys, Esther and Mitchell.

While this scene had been going on in the study, Gladys had entered the library, had acted surprised at seeing Jerry, and had been halted by him just as Mr. Franklin, in his brief interview with her a few minutes earlier, had told her she would be. She knew she was living through a dangerous hour; things might go wrong and something strike at her; and so, since it was her instinct and habit to have Esther near her when there was possibility of danger, she had now brought Esther along. A moment after their entrance Mitchell had come in.

The four of them had risen when Cordelia had burst from the study, Franklin just behind her. Her surprise at the sight of the four was slight and was gone in a moment. Aflame with angry purpose, tense, drawn to her full height, she was a superb commanding figure. Singing, electrically through her was the great strength, the great confidence, which had never failed to sweep her in triumph through any emergency; and behind her own great strength, making it invincible, she felt the reassuring strength of Jerry Plimpton.

"Jerry," she cried, after her brief pause, "I want to tell you—tell all of you people—that this man here has just been demanding that I break our engagement and marry him! And he has tried to enforce that demand by threatening me with exposure if I refused—has tried to blackmail me into marriage!"

Jerry crossed the room in three strides, his face black, his hands clenched.

"Damn you, Franklin, I'm going——"

"Don't strike me just yet," Franklin spoke up quickly, in his composed tone. "Wait till you've heard all Miss Marlowe's story and till I've made a few remarks. I'll promise not to interrupt her, on the understanding that I am likewise to be allowed to tell my story to the end. Then, Mr. Plimpton, having heard all, if you still wish to strike me, I give you leave to strike as often and as hard as you like."

"Go on, Cordelia!" said Jerry.

"I'll tell you everything about this man! Yes, and I'll tell all the world when——"

"One moment, Miss Marlowe, please!" Franklin broke in. "I believe I noticed some reporters in another room: the men who followed you to get the news of your marriage. If you wish to tell all the world, I know of no better way than to ask those reporters in."

"Yes, ask them in!" cried Cordelia.

"Miss Norworth," said Franklin, "As this is your house, you are the proper person to ask the reporters to come here."

Gladys, remembering her instructions to obey his every order, promptly went out. No one in the room spoke until she returned a minute later followed by a dozen reporters. For the benefit of these messengers to all the world, Cordelia repeated the beginning of her story, though she directed her words at Jerry.

THIS man here, on my wedding day, has just demanded that I break my engagement and marry him. He has tried to blackmail me into marriage by threatening to make certain exposures concerning me. I shall make those exposures myself, and in making them I shall show him to be a crooked lawyer, a swindler, a professional blackmailer.

"I became acquainted with him about the first of last June. I needed money; there is no news in that admission, for everyone knows my family has never had much money. I inserted an advertisement; this man answered it and that is how we met. He made me believe that, unknown to a certain woman, he was confidentially retained by other people to protect that woman.

"He said there was some secret in that woman's life which was being used against her and which he did not know; and he said he could not properly protect her unless he knew this secret, unless he knew what he was protecting her against. The woman is rich and of social prominence; I know her. This man suggested that, through my knowing this woman, I might be able to discover this secret and thereby be of great assistance to him and to the woman. He proposed that I undertake this matter and he offered to pay me well for this service. All that he said sounded very plausible to me at the time; and as I greatly needed money I accepted.

"I discovered the secret. What that secret is has no bearing on what I am now telling; besides that secret is with me still a confidential matter. I told the secret to this man, as I had obligated myself to do. He paid me, as he had promised. I had acted in good faith all the time and believed I had performed an honorable service and had legitimately earned the money. Not until much later did I learn that when he first spoke to me this man was not legally engaged by anyone to protect this woman; and not until much later did I learn this man's true character, and what he had been doing.

"He had been using the secret I obtained to levy blackmail upon the woman I have mentioned. The money he paid me was paid me for being a tool—an innocent tool, remember—in his blackmailing scheme. I now know this was unclean money and I have promised this man to repay him every cent. These, then, are the things this man threatened to expose if I did not



“You mean Cordie?” Lily exclaimed. “Holy mackerel! Cordie is a quick worker. Gee, this is some blow. I was all primed to tell Cordie you were to be her brother-in-law. This is a hard life.”

marry him; that I had taken his money, that I was his dupe in a blackmailing scheme! There, that is all!”

Jerry glowered at Franklin, his fist clenched again, and he stepped toward the lawyer.

“Here’s where you get it!” he cried.

“One moment!” Franklin said quickly. “Remember, I let Miss Marlowe have her full say on the understanding that I was to be allowed a few remarks.”

“Go ahead!” thundered Jerry. “But you’d better make it snappy!”

“Thank you. I must ask you all—and you especially, Mr. Plimpton—to exercise restraint during my first statements. Being Miss Marlowe’s friends, you naturally all believe her story. If I have any defense, I must naturally contradict some parts of that story. And naturally some of my contradictions may give you serious offense.

“The first charge against me which I shall take up is her account of what passed between us a few moments ago in the

study. She claims that I urged her to break the engagement, and tried to coerce her into marrying me. Half of that statement is true, half untrue. For some time I have been aware of certain things about her character which are generally unknown; just what they are and just what I learned of them, I shall state later on. I will here merely say that they are derogatory, and unfit her to be Mrs. Plimpton.

“From motives which will later be clear, Mr. Plimpton, I have on several occasions urged Miss Marlowe to end her engagement of her own accord. She has refused, and has made threats against me for my interference; one of these threats she has carried out in this accusation she has just made against me. I have had her watched and I learned of your plan to be married today, and I arranged with Miss Norworth to get the two of you here.

“My purpose in using this device was to gain a chance to make one last appeal to Miss Marlowe to break the engagement and so prevent an unfortunate marriage. [Continued on page 138]

Why Authors?

My
*Intimate
Relations
with the
Follies*

By Ring
Lardner

Illustrations by
Rea Irvin



I DON'T suppose they's anybody that ever seen the Follies or read articles in regards to same but what they realize that the production must of cost a bbl. of money. It ain't no secret neither that thousands of marks and rubles is spent on scenes which is throwed in the ashcan as soon as the producer has saw them in dress rehearsal. But I wonder if many people knows how much dough is just plain wasted in paying royalties to lyric writers, composers and authors, a specially the last named.

I hope Mr. Ziegfeld is out fishing when this article is published because if he seen it he might start thinking and here is what he would think:

"Why should I be sending checks once per wk. to these birds that poses as writers of wds. and music and etc. when it is plain to see that the actors and particuly the ones recruited from the ranks of vaudeville can write so much better themselves? Because if they couldn't, they would quit changeing and rewriting and improving everything that has been wrote for them."

They's no denying the fact hinted at in that last sentence. It don't apply so much to the lyrics, as about the only change made by singers in the wds. of songs is putting in wds. they can pronounce in place of wds. they can't. And the tunes is generally always altered in just 1 or 2 spots where the original composer had slipped in a couple strains which the audience might not recognize. Though they was 1 songbird in the current show that got a strikeing effect by singing a couple of whole numbers a $\frac{1}{2}$ tone higher than the orchestra was rending them. (Oscar Radin the music director didn't appresiate this little whim and 1 night he had the musicians play 1 of the numbers a $\frac{1}{2}$ tone up in a effort at collusion with the songbird. But she was still able to top him, as we say in show business.)

HOWEVER the biggest waste is the royalties slipped to the boys that writes the original script of what some gay Mary Andrew has nicknamed the comedy scenes. Let a author tend a performance say 6 wks. to 2 mos. after the opening and when he has heard the lines then being used in said scenes he will wonder why is his name attached to them on the program. And between you and I he genally always wishes it wasn't. Genally always and not always because once in a wile the substitute

lines not only gets a laugh out of a N.Y. audience but is also lines which you would just as leaf have the board of health think you wrote them.

Like for inst. they's a scene in this Follies called Rip Van Winkle Jr. in which a man sleeps for 20 yrs. and wakes up in 1943 to find the country quite a bit changed. He asks his butler who is President and the butler names a well-known Jewish gentleman. He asks who is Vice President and another Jewish gentleman is named.

Rip—But are they Democrats or Republicans?

Butler—Neither. They are Jewish. Everything is Jewish: even the Knights of Columbus.

That line was stuck into the scene by Al Shean, who plays the butler, and is what us professionals would call a WOW. And the party that wrote the scene 1st. hereby admits that it wouldn't of never occurred to him.

THEN they's a baseball scene where 2 old time pitchers and a busher is down in the bull pen at the Polo Grounds dureing a game. The busher which is played by Andy Tombes is warming up. One of the old timers, played by Bill Rogers, is suppose to be kidding him. The busher says he would like to get a chance to pitch against this man Cobb.

Rogers—Who?

Tombes—This Cobb.

Rogers—Irvin?

That one goes good and was thought up by Mr. Rogers. But just the same I would as leaf spare it as some of the ones that was left out last time I set through what use to be my scene. For inst. the name of Babe Ruth is broughten up and the busher, who belongs to the Yankees, says he thinks he could fool him.

Rogers—How would you pitch to him?

Tombes—High and on the outside.

Rogers—Yes, and that is just where it would go.

Tombes—All right, but I bet the Babe's glad I ain't on some other club.

Rogers—He don't know you ain't.

In another spot the busher is bragging about a gal in Philadelphia that tried to flirt with him. The veteran won't let him get away with it.

Rogers—I know all about that old dame. She's been flirting with ball players since the 1st. bounce was out. She was Connie Mack's nurse.

Tombes—When was he sick?

While those lines was still in the scene even the audience appeared to think they was O.K. though they didn't have the passion for them which the author felt. However that is either here or there. The actors has got that nag of knowing what to put in and what to leave out which a writer can't never seem to learn and that is what makes it seem so silly for a producer to keep sending checks wk. by wk. to people that ain't got no more to do with the show than Jane Addams. Personally will state in this regard that I wouldn't cash the checks neither if it wasn't for the wife and kiddies.

The 2 scenes referred to ain't the only scenes which the undersigned made the 1st. draft of them for this Follies. They was one about a fake seance but it was throwed out after the 2nd. reading because nobody's part was better than anybody else's which everybody seemed to take as a insult. Each one went to the producer with the same story. "It may be all right but they's nothing in it for me."

Then they was a scene about a woman on trial for murdering her husband. In this scene 4 of the characters was supposed to be comical and the other 3 was straight. Unluckly 1 of the straight parts was assigned to a star who wouldn't lower himself to play straight for nobody. So he said the scene was l—y, a adjective very popular in the profession and derived from a little mammal which you might say was the only real winner in the European war. Well he said the scene was l—y so often that finely the scene beljeved him and jumped out of the show.

But the scene that will live longest in the memory of Mr. Ziegfeld, members of the troupe and the writer was called the Cow scene. This was a prop scene, the prop being a piece of mechanism which was part cow and part automobile. The scene was based on Henry Ford's statement that we was approaching the time when cow's milk would be made by machinery and without no assistance from a regular cow. The producer thought the scene might be O.K. if it had a good finish but personly he didn't take much stock in prop scenes and maybe we would better try it out somewheres.

So we tried it out at the Audubon vaudeville theater on upper Broadway in the presence of a fashionable audience of

people that of late ain't been writeing mash notes to Henry Ford. Further and more the prop didn't work and of the 140 lines in the scene, about 139 of them turned out to be non-WOWS. The man that laughed that once was followed out of the theater and arrested as he stepped into a high power black touring car but they let him go when he proved he was laughing at something he had read in the A.M. paper by Bugs Baer.

I met the producer at rehearsal that night.

"Well," I says, "you got what you was looking for, a good finish for that scene."

"Say," he says, "if your children wants a mechanical toy to play with, you can have this cow for the \$750.00 it cost me."

THIS WAS suppose to be a article dealing with the pangs and throws of authordom but I guess my readers is sick and tired of same so will take this opportunity of replying to numerable queries which has been recd. in regards to what manner of ladies and gents is the stars in a show like this. Well friends they ain't no different than other kinds of people except that maybe the women folks bursts into tears a little oftener than ladies in civilian life. Like barbers and brokers and Rotarians and ball players and golfers and writers, they would rather talk than listen and also like the above, they ain't many of them that will fail in their profession through false modesty. Like for inst. the 1st day of rehearsal I heard 1 of them say to another, "You had a great season, didn't you?"

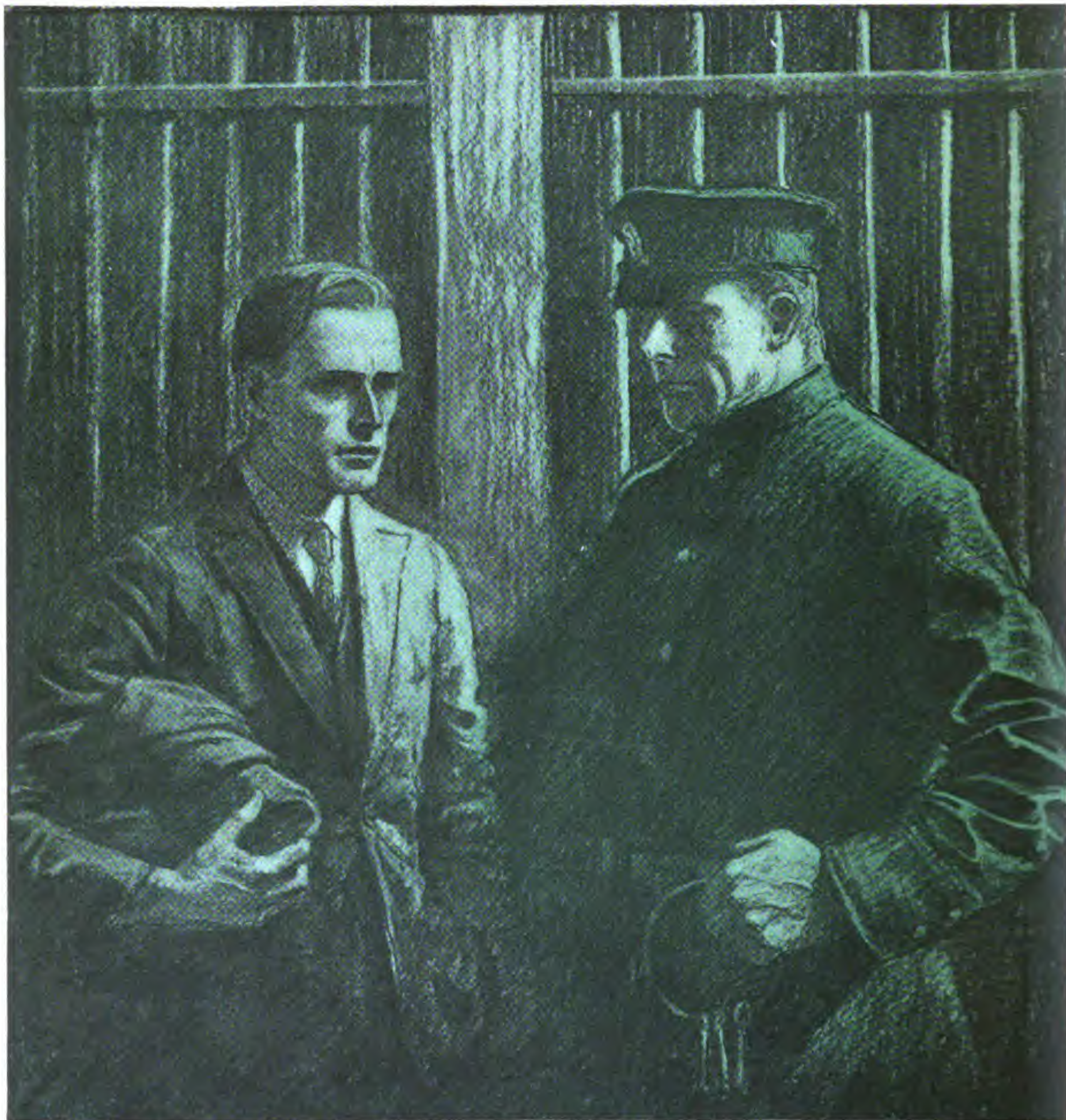
"Boy," answered the party addressed, "we swept the country like radio."

At another rehearsal 1 of the star gals was talking to a gal who I will call Florence O'Denishawn though that ain't her real name but any way she can dance so good that she even makes a hit with a egg like me who genally always manages to doze off dureing a ballet. Well the other gal finely left Miss Florence and come over to our group.

"Listen," she says. "Here's a yell. Wayburn asked me to do a dance in this number they just tried and I was talking it over with that one over there, see? I says I didn't know if I could do that kind of a dance or not and she said she had done something like it once and maybe she could teach me. Teach me! Say, I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Fanny Brice had offered to show Arbuckle how to get fat."



Q. The property cow didn't work and of the 140 lines in the scene about 139 of them turned out to be non-wows.



“GO AND SIN SOME MORE”

That is what we actually say, in fact, though not in words —“Go and sin some more. There is nothing else to do.”

What should we say? Mr. Lord answers from years of experience in officially prosecuting prisoners, in passing on sentences and parole, and in a personal acquaintance with criminals

"GO and SIN Some More"

By Frank A. Lord

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

I AM NOT one of those who believe that a person convicted of crime should become an object of sympathy, unless we are willing to try intelligently to make him a better person. Whether our motive in trying to improve him is the protection of people and property or the reclaiming of him as an individual, is not important. Unless we are careful, we will think that because he has committed an extraordinary crime he is an extraordinary person.

If an elderly woman in a crowd should have her pocket picked and should run into my house and try to tell me the details of her predicament, I should be bored. If the pickpocket came in and told me how he had picked her pocket, I should be intensely interested but I should call the police. At the same time, I must remember that the woman, although not interesting, is in every respect superior to the pickpocket.

We should approach criminals in an intelligent, but in a causal rather than in a sentimental way. Of the one hundred sheep, the ninety-nine that stayed at home carried more wool and more mutton than the lost sheep which was found in the thicket. At the same time, the shepherd, when he carried the lost sheep home in his arms, had a certain satisfaction which he could not have in his daily look at the fat and woolly ninety-nine.

Likewise, today, if I am walking on the boardwalk at Atlantic City and drop a nickel through a crack in the walk, I cannot continue my walk with any degree of comfort until I have recovered the nickel. I pick out an appropriate landmark, and then walk three hundred yards, find an exit on the boardwalk to the beach, walk back three hundred yards, find that I have forgotten my landmark, and fuss around for fifteen or twenty minutes until I find the nickel.

The value of the nickel has not been changed by the effort which it took me to find it. Its value is constant. If I told anybody of my satisfaction in getting the nickel, he would understand me perfectly, but if I claimed that because I had tried so hard to find it the value of the nickel had increased, I should be ridiculous. And yet many sentimental people, in recovering a more or less ordinary person from a life of crime, would have you believe that, because of their own efforts what was originally a cheap citizen had become a great citizen. A man reformed is not so much better than he was before he needed reforming.

Every criminal action is entitled, say "The people of the State of New York against Brown." That means that until the criminal case is disposed of all of the people are picking on one. As a matter of fact, one of the people is picking on one. In the case above referred to, it is the woman who had her pocket picked, picking on the pickpocket. It isn't a pack of dogs that bites a person: it is likely to be one of the dogs.

THERE WAS a time when after the one was imprisoned all of the other people had a desire to torture the one. That public desire has been lost, and there is a unanimous wish, I think, to do as well as we can for the convict. We are all keen that he should get three wholesome meals a day, a clean and not too narrow bed to sleep in, plenty of air and light and heat, when needed. In the physical custody of the prisoner great progress has been made. In the improvement of the prisoner's mind, his attitude toward life, and his ability to earn an honest living, little improvement has been made. In the physical custody, we have gone far and are going farther.

But as long as we have criminals in populous states large numbers of criminals must be kept under one roof and fed at tables in the same room. That being the case, every convicted person, male or female, although a specialist in crime when convicted, receives a universal education in crime during the period of confinement. I don't see how that can be avoided.

Three women in the New York City Workhouse on Blackwell's Island are strolling up and down the corridor. One of them was a shoplifter who had specialized in stealing valuable

furs and had lived in comfort and luxury for a period of five years before she was even arrested. Another of the women was a streetwalker from Manhattan Island. She had been one for ten or twelve years, but had been arrested with regularity. Her diary, generally speaking, would read: streetwalking, four months; prison corridor walking, six months; doing slightly more time in prison than on the streets.

The shoplifter rebuked her for her choice of vocation, saying, "Why, dearie, I've been stealing furs for five years and this is the first time I was even arrested. You have been streetwalking and you are arrested two or three times a year. I've had much more money than you, a much safer life, and have devoted myself to one man. You are a good-looking girl, and if you would rig up could go into any of the stores where I go."

The third woman, who had been convicted of the possession of a compound of drugs, made of morphin and cocain and heroin, listened to the conversation between the shoplifter and the streetwalker and was equally impatient of both. She said: "Neither of you have ever had any fun in your lives. You don't know what it is." She told the shoplifter that she had never been happy because she always felt that she was being followed and that the cops would drop on her. She told the streetwalker that there never was a girl of her profession who had been happy. "Just take a shot of the old stuff, and you'll get a feeling that you never had before, and you can make all the money you want to buy your own stuff by buying more and selling it to others."

An intimate acquaintance among the criminals begets a free exchange of ideas and experience. Relative safety, overhead charges, and every conceivable element that enters into any of the principal criminal businesses are discussed, modified, observed, and made a common property. The criminals among themselves establish their own social grades. And those in the lower grades become, in ambition, climbers. They desire, if possible, not only to earn a living but to conform so far as possible to proper criminal social decrees.

AMONG the prison inmates, the aristocrat is undoubtedly the highway robber, or what is known to them as the stickup man. He is closely followed by the burglar and is willing to meet him on a standard of near-equality. The ordinary thief, who obtains property by stealth rather than by violence, belongs to what you might call the middle class. The pickpocket has little or no social standing, and the procurer has none.

Most prison populations, at least in the state of New York, are made up of persons convicted of some twenty different felonies, and each felon becomes familiar with the procedure whereby the other felons earned or tried to earn a living. When released, if the convict cannot earn a living in his old way he will try the ways of some of the others. He is not so squeamish out of prison as he was in prison, because out of prison he has no social standing to keep up. Consequently, the burglar on the outside may become a procurer, although he thoroughly despises the procurer on the inside.

Spiritually speaking, the best kept prison in the world is full of typhoid. If a man is taken to a hospital, physical conditions are suited to his recovery. If he is taken to a prison, spiritual conditions guarantee his rapid decline. If a warden hands a prisoner a glass of milk laden with typhus germs, it doesn't make much difference whether he says, "Here, you bum, drink your milk," or "May I have the honor of offering you a glass of prison milk?" The surliness of a keeper or the manners of a warden are things too superficial in themselves to be worth a discussion, if the real reclaiming of the prisoner is the thing in mind. If we admit that a prison, however well run, must have a downgrade pitch, we are then in a position to look for a path beyond the prison that leads uphill.

A clerk is working for an employer where he has access to the

money drawer. He has spent more money than his wages. Possibly he has bet on a horserace, possibly he has given a sweetheart a Christmas present and didn't have enough money, or possibly he has paid a doctor's bill for his mother. It makes little difference. He opened the drawer and he found two bills, a hundred-dollar bill and a ten-dollar bill. He takes the ten-dollar bill—it is sufficient for his needs, or perhaps he hasn't the nerve to take the hundred. He is immediately arrested.

A lawyer comes to him and tells him he can get him free for one hundred dollars. He hasn't the hundred—he has only the ten. He pleads guilty. He is full of regret for stealing the ten, also some regret for not taking the hundred, also some self-conscious virtue for not taking the hundred. The judge has two alternatives—he can send him to prison, or he can suspend sentence. In other words, he must lock him up or let him go. There is no middle ground.

There *should* be a middle ground. He should be sent to a building, call it barracks, house, or what you will, so long as you don't call it a penal name. There should be no cells, no bars on the windows. The judge should tell him that at ten o'clock at night, or before, he must report at this house, write his name in a book, and be in bed at half-past ten. Breakfast he will get on the premises. He can go to work at a stated place, where employment has been found (as a matter of fact, the place of employment would usually be his old place. I would say, from my experience with employers, that they are "eager to give the boy another chance but think they owe it to the public to have him punished.") After the boy has lived in this place for an indefinite time, the judge, after talking with the person in charge of the barracks, could give the boy his absolute freedom.

We will say that this boy has been in the habit of spending an hour or two at night standing on the southwest corner of 23rd Street and 8th Avenue. He will continue this habit, meeting friends of his own age and condition in life. We will imagine for a moment that the judge has sentenced this boy to one year in the penitentiary. The boy does his year, becoming familiar with nearly every phase of crime, and then obtains his freedom.

While in prison he was full of remorse and sent many entreating letters to the judge and various pardoning bodies, begging for his freedom. As soon as he is freed, he comes to the southwest corner of 23rd Street and 8th Avenue. He meets his friends. He must meet them as a hero or as a wretch, and he prefers the hero. He tells them with bravado that the life wasn't half bad, that he kidded the warden to death, never did a day's work while he was there, and had a pleasant life generally.

Somebody asks him if he is going to get a job. He shrugs his shoulders and says: "No. Nobody but a cheap guy works. The fellows over there on the Island never did any work. They don't have to, and only get caught once in a while." He tells them that

C The result of our present prison methods, the reader can see in the typical criminal records set forth below. They explain the title of this article. The criminal does "go and sin some more," because we give him nothing else to do.

John Doe—Age 53 years

Committed January 15, 1894. Grand Larceny.
Concord Reformatory, Mass. 10 months.
Committed April 13, 1898. Grand Larceny 2nd.
Sing Sing—3 years.
Committed Jan. 9, 1901. Grand Larceny 2nd.
Sing Sing—2 yrs. & 8 months.
Committed Sept. 23, 1903. Petit Larceny
Penitentiary—6 months.
Committed April 6, 1904. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—6 months.
Committed Jan. 20, 1905. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—1 year.
Committed Dec. 29, 1905. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—1 year & \$500 fine.
Committed October 26, 1907. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—1 year.
Committed Sept. 9, 1909. Petit Larceny
Penitentiary—1 year.
Committed April 18, 1911. Grand Larceny 2nd.
Sing Sing—4 years & 10 months.
Committed Jan. 13, 1917. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—1 year & 6 months.
Committed Nov. 9, 1918. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—1 year & 5 months.
Committed March 10, 1921. Petit Larceny.
Penitentiary—2 years—at present at the Penitentiary.
The record of an old time thief and shoplifter.
The sentences are light, as the prisoner probably always pleaded guilty.

John Doe—Age 42 years

Committed June 27, 1911. Burglar Tools.
Penitentiary—1 year.
Committed 1901. Robbery 3rd Degree.
Sing Sing—5 years.
Committed October 1904. Robbery
Sing Sing—7 years.
Committed May 24, 1920. Att. Assault 2nd Degree. (Girl)
Penitentiary—3 years.
A typical life.

John Doe—Age 37 years

Committed Oct. 18, 1905. Larceny.
Jefferson City Penitentiary, Missouri—2 years.
Committed Dec. 15, 1909. Practicing a Trick to Defraud.
Workhouse—Toledo, Ohio—120 days.
Committed June 6, 1911. Grand Larceny.
Stillwater Prison, Minn.—3 years.
Committed Dec. 29, 1917. Conspiracy & Impersonating U. S. Officer.
U. S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga.—2 years.
Committed Dec. 21, 1921. Attempted Grand Larceny 2nd Degree.
Penitentiary—18 months.
Pickpocket and Confidence Man.

John Doe—Age 25 years

Committed Nov., 1915. Grand Larceny 1st Degree.
Elmira Reformatory.
Committed April 4, 1919. Assault 2nd Degree.
Auburn Prison—1 year & 4 months.
Committed May 17, 1920. Att. Assault 2nd Degree.
Penitentiary—18 months.
Sept. 18, 1920—Escaped from Harts Island.
Jan. 23, 1922—Captured at Sioux Falls, S. D., and returned to Penitentiary.

John Doe—Age 28 years

Committed 1910. Burglary 3rd Degree.
Sing Sing—2 years & 4 months.
Committed 1915. Assault 2nd Degree.
Sing Sing—1 year.
Committed March, 1917. Assault 1st Degree.
Sing Sing—6½ years. Released May, 1921.
Committed Dec. 14, 1921. Assault 3rd Degree.
Penitentiary—18 months.

he has formed a partnership with a yegg and is going to pick up a little easy money. He turns loose upon his companions an interesting prison vocabulary, bright in spots and new all over.

They listen to him with open mouths. Somebody slaps him on the back and says: "You are a clever guy." Another one, "I've got to hand it to you." Another one, "You're all right, kid." Along about one or two o'clock in the morning he wanders home, asks his mother to get out of bed and make him a cup of hot coffee. He tells his mother that he can't get an honest job because nobody will take him. She believes it and is quick with her sympathy when he comes home with the fruits of a burglary. She feels that if the world won't give her boy a chance, her boy has to "take a chance."

Having become a professional criminal, he meets other convicts released from prison on a basis of social equality which he did not enjoy while in the penitentiary. They say he is a regular guy, give him a picturesque nickname which in his ears is much more agreeable than his own. He meets a rather more interesting female society than he ever met, and finds places in which to spend his time which are more agreeable than places he had visited before he committed his crime.

TAKE THE same boy, living in barracks while earning a living. He pulls out his watch at a quarter to ten and says, "Well, boys, you know how it is with me. I've got to get back and sign up for bed." One of his companions says "Hard luck, old boy." He says "Hard luck nothing. I have \$7.50 in my pocket and I'll bet the whole bunch of you can't produce \$1.50. Jim, I loaned you a dollar the night before last. You can pay me when you please, but if I were you I would go out and hustle for a dollar for myself. There isn't anything in this stealing business. I never dreamed myself that I was going to steal, until I saw that ten dollars peeking at me out of that drawer. How it was that I took it I can never understand. I guess it's the monkey in me. I've read somewhere that we all come down from monkeys."

He goes home, leaving behind him, not a trail of lies but a little good gospel. After he has gone somebody will say, "Jim is a good deal of a fellow, buckling right down to his work. Pretty tough dose he had to take, down in the Tombs for a week or ten days. If he hadn't had pretty good stuff in him he would never have gotten up."

In the course of a short time the boy who is obeying court orders nighttimes and earning money daytimes becomes an object not only of interest to his friends but of real and improving character. Instead of having three meals with criminals he has breakfast by himself, lunch at or near the place where he works, and dinner or supper with his family. His mother and sisters, ashamed of him at the time of his arrest, find gradual reason for restored pride and constant affection. He gets a word

of cheer direct and warm from his mother's lips and not through that most cheerless thing, a letter to a convict from his mother.

A man comes before a judge convicted of a crime so serious in its nature that public protection seems to require that the defendant be sent to Sing Sing for a period of years. They send him. Arrived in prison, we will say that the sentence is not less than ten years, which means that, however good his behavior, he will have to serve something more than six years. He is given prison clothes, and is seated on the edge of his bed in the cell, when the steel door is slammed upon him and locked. He doesn't see who locks it. Other doors slam at the same time. He takes off his clothes and goes to bed. He is told that if his record is good some four years will be taken off his time.

He says to himself, "How do I know that I will be alive at that time? Anyway, what's the difference between six years and ten years?"

The following day he finds that he can stand better with the prison inmates by heaping verbal abuse upon the keepers. He also learns that usually the only return he will get from the keepers is an answer in kind. He is not afraid of the keeper's club, because the Mutual Welfare League, which is the prison union, will take up his case and make it hot for the keeper. He becomes proud of his membership in the Mutual Welfare League and begins to belittle the importance of his crime and at the same time to blame society for inflicting such an unreasonable punishment upon him. In the course of time he is notified that on the next Visitors' Day, Thursday, his mother is coming up to see him.

The day arrives. At half-past two a crowd of sorrowful middle-aged women, many of them carrying small packages, get off the train at Ossining and find their way to the prison below the hill by following that woman who seems to know where she is going.

They arrive at the prison, their bundles are opened and searched, a keeper lines up as many boys or men as there are women, behind a wall which resembles mosquito-netting, but the wall is made of steel and the interstices are so small that not a grain of morphin or cocain can be smuggled through.

With the wall intervening a mother sees her son. At intervals of five feet, other mothers are facing other sons. Each mother is crying and would like to hug her boy. Each boy is swearing and would like to choke his mother. He says to himself: "Why in hell didn't the old woman stay at home and buy groceries with what the railroad ticket cost. I didn't want to see her. What good is she to me, coming up here and crying all over the place? If she is going to do her squealing, let her go to the Governor and do her squealing where it would help me. The Governor can pardon me, and she can't. She just comes up here and shows me up by saying a lot of things she shouldn't say before the other boys."

I would start with the man in prison this way: I would say to him if permitted by law, and by a formulated practice, something like this: "Jones, you have been sentenced for a minimum of six and a half years. We are going to put you to work tomorrow morning at a bench. You are going to learn a trade. You may select from this number. At the end of six months, if you are industrious, you will have learned enough of this trade so that you can produce a thing of value. We will then pay you at a given rate for everything of value that you produce. The greater the quantity and the higher the quality, the higher your wages. You will be paid on Saturday at twelve o'clock, in money, if you want, or with a money order. From those wages will be deducted the estimated cost of your board, laundry and room rent. An outside cell will cost a little more than an inside cell.

"If you can earn the money you can [Continued on page 155]



Think what it would mean to a prisoner if he could look forward to going home for a visit—leaving the prison without a guard on a Friday afternoon and reporting back Sunday night!



Q. If any man offends, slam him into jail. That is the modern American way, says Uncle Walt

The Day of the Dungeon

By Walt Mason

Illustration by F. Strothmann

AFFLICTED with that tired feeling, distress after eating, shooting pains in my false teeth and ingrowing whiskers, I realized that I needed the aid of science, if I hoped to see the rich bloom of health upon my pallid cheeks, so I went to San Diego to have my spine adjusted.

Arriving there, my surprise and indignation baffled description, when I found that all the leading chiropractors were in jail. Imagining that they were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, they went ahead adjusting the backbones of the common people without the consent of some medical board; and one fine morning the sheriff arrived, with his horse and his hound and herded them into jail, where some of them remained a long time.

I had to take my spine to the mechanic who repairs my car, and he did the best he could with the tools at his command, which included a monkey wrench and a crowbar, but he lacked scientific training, and he twisted some of the vertebræ too far to the right, and others too far to the left, and I have endured pains of various colors ever since.

When I repaired to my home after the mechanic had done his best, I mused through long hours upon the modern weakness for putting people in jail. What is the big idea? If a chiropractor believes he can make a sick man well by rotating his spine with a screwdriver, and if he can find a sick man who is willing to let him do it, why should he go to jail?

If the scientist must go to jail, why not send the patient as well? Is my spine my own, I asked of my shuddering aunts, or does it rank among the goods and chattels of the law? I meditated upon this theme until my intellect began to backfire, and

then I picked up the day's newspapers. It contained two stories of timely interest.

One related to a young man of Los Angeles who was arrested and cast into a dungeon upon a charge of stealing a car. He protested that he was innocent and could prove his innocence if given a chance. He talked so much about his innocence that he was rather a bore to all the jail officials, who consider innocence a pipe dream. The young man was kept in jail three months and then brought up for a hearing.

Before the hearing had lasted five minutes it was evident that the prisoner was innocent, and there wasn't a nickel's worth of evidence against him. He was discharged; and it is gratifying to relate that the learned jurist who was holding down the bench on that occasion reared up in awful majesty, and roasted the prosecuting attorney to a cinder for allowing the youth to remain in durance all those weary weeks, when he was forever clamoring his innocence.

It was just a little modern instance; but it means a lot to the victim. He has been in jail and the stigma will be on him as long as he lives. He may conduct himself in a highly moral manner, and become superintendent of the local Sunday school, and have good credit at the grocery store, and the majority of his neighbors may be unaware of his past disgrace; but somebody remembers it, somebody with a bitter, brooding soul.

And it will come to pass in the fulness of time that our hero will be a candidate for coroner, believing that his election to that high and honorable office will shed luster upon his name; and just when he thinks he is going to win hands down, the old

story will break loose, and the town will ring with the news that in his youth he was in jail.

The other story treated of a stranger in a strange land. An Eskimo in Chicago wandered around looking at the evidences of our civilization, when he saw a house on fire. Wishing to be useful, he plunged through the smoke and began carrying the furniture outdoors. An industrious cop arrived upon the scene, and, not wishing to get his uniform soiled by the smoke, but still anxious to lend a hand, he collared the Eskimo and ran him in.

AND THE Eskimo remained in a hideous dungeon for months, until some official saw him and asked why he was there. Nobody knew, and it took some effort to discover the truth. Then he was released, and we may hope that Justice apologized. What will he say of our civilization when he goes back to the North Pole, and the neighbors drop into his igloo of an evening, to hear the story of his travels?

He will be a marked man so long as he lives. You may travel to the remotest corner of the world, and there you will find somebody who will recall the stretch you served in jail, away back in the year of the Big Wind. This unfortunate Eskimo may flatter himself that nobody up there knows the truth; but some day he will be trying to get the contract to supply the Arctic Regions with ice, and at the crucial moment the Spitzbergen Gazette will rake up that old story about the cooler in Chicago.

Put somebody in jail! That is the modern American way of redressing all wrongs, correcting all abuses, and reforming all evil doers. In the West automobile accidents have been increasing terribly, filling the graveyards with valuable citizens, and the hospitals with the injured and dying. Justice realized that something would have to be done. Fines and reprimands were tried, and the speeders and reckless drivers smiled airily and resumed their evil practices.

So Justice decided that more drastic measures were necessary and now everybody is going to jail. In the hoosegow you may find all the beauty and the chivalry. The prisoners remain in bondage a few days and then go forth and hang their clothes on the line to let the jail fragrance escape, and they pretend to be amused by the experience, but in their hearts they are sore, and they haven't much use for the Justice that sends decent people into the stench and dirt and beastliness of a prison. And there is no let-up in the speeding or in the reckless driving; and costly dead men are being hauled to the cemeteries, and the hospital authorities are putting up cots on the lawn.

There are a hundred better plans for curbing the speed mania. Let the cars of the speed fiends be confiscated; so many days for a first offense; so many weeks for a second. The speeder will sit down on a hydrant and think when his car is taken from him.

The confiscated cars might be used by moral policemen, in their hours off duty, to haul their families into the country and give them a breath of fresh air. The wives and aunts of many policemen are obliged to live in crowded streets, and it would do them incalculable good to have a ride along the green country lanes in a confiscated car, the charges for gas and oil and Dutch lunches being marked up against the owner of the car.

Thus we see how simple and easy it is to solve a problem that is keeping Justice guessing. But jail is an obsession with Justice. And this everlasting indiscriminate jailing is doing much toward increasing the contempt for law of which our moralists and statesmen complain.

Away back in '87 or thereabouts the mayor and aldermen of Lincoln, Nebraska, refused to obey some decree of a court, and were sentenced to go to jail in Omaha, to remain there in loathsome dungeons until they experienced a change of heart, and bowed to Gessler's hat. I was then a reporter on a Lincoln

newspaper and was delegated to accompany the bunch of martyrs to jail and write a daily story of their sufferings. The sheriff and jail officials made things as comfortable as possible; but several of the aldermen, and the mayor were men of refinement, and the whole experience was a bitter mortification to them.

A quarter of a century later I met the mayor and referred to old days.

"It was a sad experience," said the mayor, shedding a furtive tear: "at the time I believed I could live it down, and that the whole thing would be forgotten in two or three years. I have done some creditable things in my life, if I do say it myself. Even in my youth I distinguished myself by winning an inter-collegiate medal for supremacy in debate. Later I won a ten dollar prize offered by the Christian at Work for the best essay on church acoustics. I have been honored by my fellow citizens in various ways, and I feel that my life has not been entirely in vain.

"Yet all the creditable things are forgotten; but everybody remembers how I went to jail. The fact that I went there in defense of a lofty principle is forgotten; the voters only remember that I went to jail, and the young people assume that it was for stealing chickens or setting fire to a schoolhouse.

EVERY NOW and then some old decayed yegg or mildewed burglar hunts me up to remind me that he was in jail at Omaha when I was, and he wants to borrow seven dollars. I wouldn't mind if he'd approach me when I'm in the woodshed or stable, where the interview wouldn't attract attention; but he always makes it a point to stop me on the public street, or the steps of the postoffice, where all my friends can see me conversing with a moldy specimen who has only one coattail, and whose whiskers are full of chinchbugs.

"Just yesterday I was discussing the weather and the crops with a beautiful and amiable lady who moves in the highest circles, when a man stepped up and knocked my hat down over my ears and called me by my first name and asked me if I didn't remember when he and I were doing a stretch together in the Omaha jail. 'We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne,' said he. 'and in the meantime I am in sore need of seven-ninety.'

"He looked as though he had been fished out of the city dump, and I never saw anything as painful as the expression on that lady's face. She was on the way to a meeting of the Women's Club, and one can easily imagine the story she told to the shivering sisters when she got there.

"One can live down almost anything," sighed the mayor, "but he can't live down a jail sentence. People will forget why he went to jail, and how long he stayed there, but the fact that he was in jail endures forever. Consider John Bunyan. He was one of the world's finest men, and he wrote a great book. Nobody reads the book nowadays, and people have forgotten John's greatness, but everybody remembers that he was in the village lock-up."

Our civilization is growing old, and will soon be entitled to a pension. At times, when under the influence of home brewed refreshments, we are inclined to boast of our achievements, and we have accomplished a few things, such as the invention of flivvers and the imposition of an income tax, but in the matter of chastising the wicked we haven't progressed much since the days of the prisoner of Chillon.

If any man offends, slam him into jail. And we don't consider the responsibility we are assuming when we put a gent in jail for the first time. It doesn't matter so much after that; he is seasoned, and the third or fifth or twentieth time is all the same. But before we lock a man up in a stinking jail for the first time, we should be absolutely sure that such a punishment is deserved.

MY FRIENDS Behind Iron Doors

MY FRIENDS are in the county jail, their bosoms sore and bleeding, a few for shoving phony kale, and scores and scores for speeding. Unfortunate the modern jay, a mournful fate is his'n, for if he walks an inch astray, we dump him into prison. Our culture for a thousand years has flourished and expanded, and the result is tiers on tiers of cells where men are landed. My friends are in the county jail, for large and small offenses; the grub is poor, the air is stale, and shocks their seven senses; they wring their hands in their despair as murky night approaches, and sadly raise the prison chair to swat the fleas and roaches. The sentences cheap sinners draw of tyranny is hinting, and their opinion of the law is quite unfit for printing.

Walter Mason



Q. We watched a great crowd of tired, dusty, ragged Greek prisoners pass by. Some of them were soldiers but the greater number were civilians.

Q. Next to the trouble in Germany, the Near East is the most dangerous spot. Frazier Hunt has been there. His report is full of color

What I Saw In

By Frazier

A FEW weeks ago, I sat on the side of a hill in western Asia Minor and looked down on the burned and ruined Turkish city of Philadelphia, lying dead and decaying at my feet. Of some 1800 houses in this City That Was, only a handful, hugging the hems of its skirt, remained.

And Philadelphia had been a sweet and smiling city, nestling on this green slope, two thousand years and more before its namesake in faraway America had heard the gentle voice of William Penn. The Great Greeks had named it the City of Brotherly Love—and the Little Greeks had destroyed it when they made it a city of fear and hate. It had lain flush in the path of their mad, retreating army—and they had swept it to the ground as if its houses and walls and history had been but dead and dried corn stacks on a prairie field.

I closed my eyes and history marched by: Greek traders from Athens; the young Alexander's soldiers; Roman legions; and then strange bearded horsemen from Central Asia; hungry Crusaders in clanging armor; Turkish governors; Moslem priests with dirty white rags wound round their fezzes; and then only yesterday Greek soldiers in soiled American uniforms. I looked again and there lay the City That Was; time had tired of it.

The low wooden door of a windowless mud house some fifty feet below where we were sitting, opened, and a strange figure stepped out and squinted up at us. We motioned for him to join us and as he moved slowly up the hill I saw that he was an old, one-eyed Turk. His clothes were worn and patched and his fez that once had been a bright red was now a brownish brick color.

"Why was your house not burned?" my interpreter asked him, after we had exchanged the greetings of the East.

"Only by the grace of Allah, effendi," he answered with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Tell us what happened when the Greeks fled from your city," I asked.

"It was two o'clock in the morning (Turkish time meaning two hours after sunrise) when the retreating Greek army marched here. The soldiers and some of the Greek people who lived here went about with tins of petrol that they poured out and then lighted. Then the Greek soldiers formed a circle around the city and shot our people as we tried to escape. They were up here on the hill just where we are sitting now—and the city was afire and people were being burned to death; and when they would try to escape they would be shot. . . ."

"I tell you it was awful. From my own house there I could see women and children on the roofs of the houses below being burned to death. You see, there was no escape for them. There was fire everywhere—and out here the Greeks with guns were killing those who escaped from the fire. . . . Allah will never forgive the Greeks for that. And neither will we Turks. . . ."

"**O**UR city is gone forever—but we have got rid of the Greeks. . . . I tell you it was awful—those cries of the women and children being burned to death. And there was no way to escape. Only Allah saved me. . . ."

I shoved a box of cigarettes into the old man's hands and left him to his half-mad mutterings. Certainly only a part of his story was true but there was enough of truth to make one's blood run hot and cold by turns. The proof of enough horror and useless cruelty to last a world a century lay here in these ruins before our eyes.

Slowly and silently we made our way down to the sloping



Q. The Turkish soldiers who acted as escort seemed to be part of the herd. Their terrible burst of hate was cooled and passed. They had wreaked their vengeance.

TURKEY

Hunt - He is a liar and knows not what he's talking about. a Greek

curving, narrow streets, over fallen walls and around great heaps of ruins. Now and then some living creature that had once been a smiling, laughing human, slunk by with averted eyes—a toothless old woman bent under a bundle of worthless treasures seeking the spot that had once been home: an old man with a donkey loaded with wood plodding along to his cave: and everywhere flies buzzing ominously in the sickly silence.

"So this is the way your Near East hates?" I finally said to my Turkish companion.

He did not reply to me for a moment or two and then he said in a low voice. "All of us—we Turks hate furiously and cruelly, but our passion dies and then we are stodgy and tolerant again; but the Greek hates on—he never forgets."

I did not answer and we walked on through the dead town with only the mutterings of its ghosts and the echoes of our own footsteps to touch our ears.

At the foot of the hill where the town slides off into the valley and meets the railway and cart road we stopped and watched a great crowd of tired, dusty, ragged Greek prisoners pass by.

Some of them were soldiers who had fled to the mountains during the Greek retreat and singly and in groups had surrendered or been rounded up. But by far the greater number of the thousand or more in the herd were Greek civilians who had been separated from their families on the quays of Smyrna while the town was burning and now were being marched to some unfixed, unknown, never-to-be-reached destination, from which few travelers ever return.

It was like seeing a drove of tired, drooping cattle driven by and pointed toward some waterless desert that would soon be marked with a trail of their own blanched and rotting bones. A half-dozen Turkish guards with rifles swung over their shoulders

made up the escort. They seemed to be a part of the herd, as much as a cowboy is a part of his herd.

It was all impersonal, like some great uncompromising punishment—some wrath of destiny. These very Turkish soldiers who, less than a month before, following hard on the heels of the retreating Greeks, had marched through their own burned and ruined towns while the smoldering fires were still warm, were no longer hating. Their terrible burst of hate was cooled and passed.

They had wreaked their vengeance on those bloody quays of Smyrna when with their gun butts they had driven men from their wives and children, when they had looted and burned and paid back in their own coin the bill owed by the Greek civilians. And now their clothes were almost as ragged, their feet almost as tired and their food almost as inadequate as those of their prisoners.

But somehow the thing that was awful about it all was the inexorable, irrevocable wrath of the East—the fate of the Orient—that had sealed the doom of these thousands and thousands of poor, denuded, misguided Greek individuals.

For long minutes I watched them straggle by. At the very end were a dozen or more sick men barely able to hobble along, and thrown across two food carts like sacks of meal were two dying men; by nightfall their companions would dig two shallow trenches and leave them for the jackals and the wild dogs to dig up.

AND NOW I have just come from the great refugee centers at Mitylene and Athens and Pireus and the camps of Saloniki.

With my own eyes I have seen more than a hundred thousand of these husbandless mothers and fatherless sore-eyed children. The sobs and the pleadings and the hopeless looks still haunt me.

I cannot shut my eyes without seeing half-clothed, half-hungry, sobbing children; old women and old men lying sick in unroofed huts; a woman on the mud floor in a corner giving birth to a baby; and everywhere children peeping up at me with red, swollen eyes and then, whimpering from the sting of the light, covering their faces with some bit of rag.

For days I wandered from one camp to another, from one nest of agony to the next.

"What are these women always saying when they crowd around us?" I asked my interpreter.

"They are begging for some news of their men," he answered.

After that I understood the desperate appeals. Most of them know that they will probably never see their men again, because they know the way of the East—their own way as well as the way of the despised Turk. They know that that last frightened glance in that desperate moment in Smyrna when their husbands were torn from their arms and shoved back among the men to be marched away, was to be the last look they were ever to have. And now they face a world that holds no promise and no hope.

"It's pitiful beyond words the way some of these helpless mothers try to give their babies away," one of the two nurses in a camp of 7,000 at Saloniki said to me. "They'll come up to us with four or five children and say that two of them are not their own but are orphans that they had taken out of Asia Minor. It's a terrible thing for mothers to do but one can't blame them—the future is so absolutely black. . . . Only America stands between them and death."

Riding out from this pathetic city of Saloniki toward the Bulgarian border one cold morning I met an old Turk hodja—Moslem priest—riding with his son from a nearby village. When I stopped the car and approached the pair they turned down a path and hurried on.

My interpreter spoke a word of greeting to them. They answered in frightened tones but did not stop.

"Wait a minute, we want to talk to you," he shouted. They drew up their animals and when we reached them they were trembling with fright. They know what it means to be in the minority here in the Near East.

"There is nothing to fear," the interpreter explained. "This gentleman only wants to talk with you. He is from America."

It was as if some miracle had happened. The single word "America" was a magic wand. The old man slid from his donkey and salaamed.

"America! America!" he whispered. "Ah! that is a country that has a pity. America has a pity for everyone."

No one can know how proud I was to be from a country that has a heart for the world. But America needs more—she needs to have an understanding for everyone. She needs to be charitable in more ways than in money. She needs tolerance and sympathy for everyone.

AFTER ALL, who is to blame for all this cruelty and hate and terror and stupidity in the Near East? We in America are taught to believe that it is the Turks alone who are at fault. For generations a purely religious propaganda has smothered all attempts at fairness or justice or understanding.

The religious hates of the Crusades still live; to us a Moslem is still beyond the pale; these massacres and forced migrations on the part of the Turks are still considered purely religious affairs; Christendom still believes it fights the power of darkness and the devil when it rallies against the Star and Crescent.

The other day in a tiny village in Greek Macedonia some

fifty kilometers north of Saloniki, I stepped into a school. The little class was studying elementary Greek History and the pupils were reading aloud of the greatness of Old Greece.

"Who was the first Emperor of *The City*?" the teacher questioned.

"Constantine," a dozen voices answered.

The City was Constantinople, and these children of the Greece of the twentieth century were still looking upon it as *Their City*—*The City* that had been brutally taken away from them but that still belonged to them and that some day they must have back.

They were being taught that some day a Great Greece would again rule the world; they were being thrilled with the hopeless, wrong dream of a revived Greek Empire; they were learning their hate of Turkey, their hate of Bulgaria, their fear of Jugoslavia with their A B C's.

Instead of being taught of the really fine Greece of the days of the little city states, when Greek art and philosophy dominated the world of thought, these children, like their fathers and their grandfathers, were being taught of a Greece great in empire, not great in heart. It is the world hunger for power—the lust for empire—the awful religion of nationalism.

FOR THREE hundred years the minorities within the great Turkish Empire lived fairly quietly and prosperously. The Turk dominated and ruled but there was as much religious tolerance as was exhibited anywhere about Europe during that period. But it suited the imperialists of the old Russia to stir up a revolution within the Turkish State. The dream of a reborn Greece was nourished and in 1821 an actual fighting revolution was begun. Turkey, in fear, struck back with all the cruelty and horror of the East. Thousands of Greeks were put to the sword in Kios, Smyrna, Crete and the scores of small islands.

It was the start of a century of horror—of massacres and brutal killings. By and large these have been political massacres inspired by fear in the heart of the Turk. And always the unholy imperialistic ambitions of Christian Western powers have been the slimy hands behind the scenes that have pulled the cords of destiny.

Russia, dreaming always of breaking up the Turkish Empire, had for a hundred years intrigued and plotted with the minorities within the Turkish Empire, urging them on to revolt, inspiring disloyalty in them and in the end bringing down the bloody scimitar of Turkey on their necks. And now in these recent days, Greece championed by Britain, has done the intriguing and the wrecking.

Religion, so-called, has had its share in this awful history, primarily because the Christian populations within the Turkish Empire never became real Turk subjects and consequently made up the minorities that outside powers [Continued on page 120]



A The Great Greeks had named it the City of Brotherly Love—and the Little Greeks had destroyed it when they made it a city of fear and hate.



CL Jeanne Eagles does splendid work in the rôle of the life-loving Sadie Thompson.

CL Is human nature stronger than religion? The most talked about play in New York gives a picturesque answer to this question

Rain

By John Colton and Clemence Randolph

Founded on a story by W. Somerset Maugham

AT the port of Pago-Pago on the island of Tutuila, the steamer Orduna docked. There landed from it Doctor and Mrs. McPhail, the Reverend Mr. Davidson and his wife, missionaries, and Sadie Thompson. These strangely assorted people were to be on the island only a short time, just long enough to transfer to a schooner that would carry them on their way. Unfortunately a case of cholera developed on the schooner and they were delayed two weeks. Their troubles were not lightened by the fact that the rainy season was at hand.

Almost immediately the downpour started and the travelers were forced to seek shelter at the home of Joe Horn, the island trader. An American gunboat was in port and three of the sailors did what they could to entertain Miss Thompson, especially one of them, O'Hara, who came to play an important part during the strange fourteen days. Horn, fat and good-natured, received the intruders with philosophical calm and put the four married people on the second floor and lodged Miss Thompson in a storeroom. Dr. McPhail, his wife and Mrs. Davidson arrived first

and then came Miss Thompson, a wind-blown creature, the victim of her own good humor, fond of life and taking its rebuffs smilingly. Hardly one to win approval from a hard moralist like the missionary's wife.

When Sadie Thompson entered she was accompanied by the quartermaster from the Orduna and almost at once she made friends with the three American sailors who were present—a friendship that grows intense when it is discovered that



C. "Come on, Quartermaster," Sadie Thompson says to Bates (Harry Quealy), "and show these island boys how they dance in the gay cafés of Honolulu."

she has brought along a phonograph. As the machine is unwrapped Griggs, one of the sailors, exclaims: "Oh, man! A phonograph!"

SADIE—Yep. Brought it along for company.

HODGESON (another sailor)—Hot dog! Got any records?

SADIE—Lots. (In looking for records she finds a bottle of whisky.) Ha, here's the shy Kentucky refugee. I thought it was hiding somewhere. Who has a corkscrew?

BATES—Now ain't that a pretty sight!

SADIE—Truly, very winsome—very winsome, Mr. Bates. Look out. That horn's filled with lingerie.

HORN—Here's your corkscrew.

SADIE (lifts bottle to Horn's lips)—Down the hatch.

GRIGGS (starts phonograph)—Ye-ah, Wa-bash Blues.

SADIE—Music and a nip of likka—that's what a rainy day is for, say I. Can you dance, Handsome?

Original from Miss Thompson. I've got two left feet. I never could twist my legs right.



SADIE—I'll learn you before I leave—that's a threat. The Quartermaster here is a great stepper. You ought to see him shake a shoulder. For one of his size and years you'd be surprised. Come on, Ethelbert, and show these island boys how hip meets hip in the gay cafés of Honolulu.

BATES (dancing with Sadie)—How am I, Joe?

HORN—Not bad for an antique.

SADIE (stopping the dance and stepping away from Bates)—Easy there. Whoa. The words to remember are glide, dearie. It isn't the dance that counts; it's the rhythm. (Hodgeson throws his hat on the table, grabs Sadie and they start a wild dance in the midst of which Mrs. Davidson enters.)

MRS. DAVIDSON—Young woman—

SADIE (to Hodgeson)—That's right. You got the swing of it now.

MRS. DAVIDSON—Young woman, have you no respect for the Lord's day?

SADIE—What?

MRS. DAVIDSON—Young woman, this is the Sabbath.

SADIE—Let's see. Right you are. Yesterday was Saturday.

MRS. DAVIDSON—I protest, I protest. This must stop.

GRIGGS—Ah, are we disturbing you?

MRS. DAVIDSON—Whether I have been disturbed or not is of no consequence. There are six days in the week to dance—if you must dance.

SADIE—Nuff said. The complaint is registered. We'll withdraw to my private suite if you have no objection, Mr. Horn.

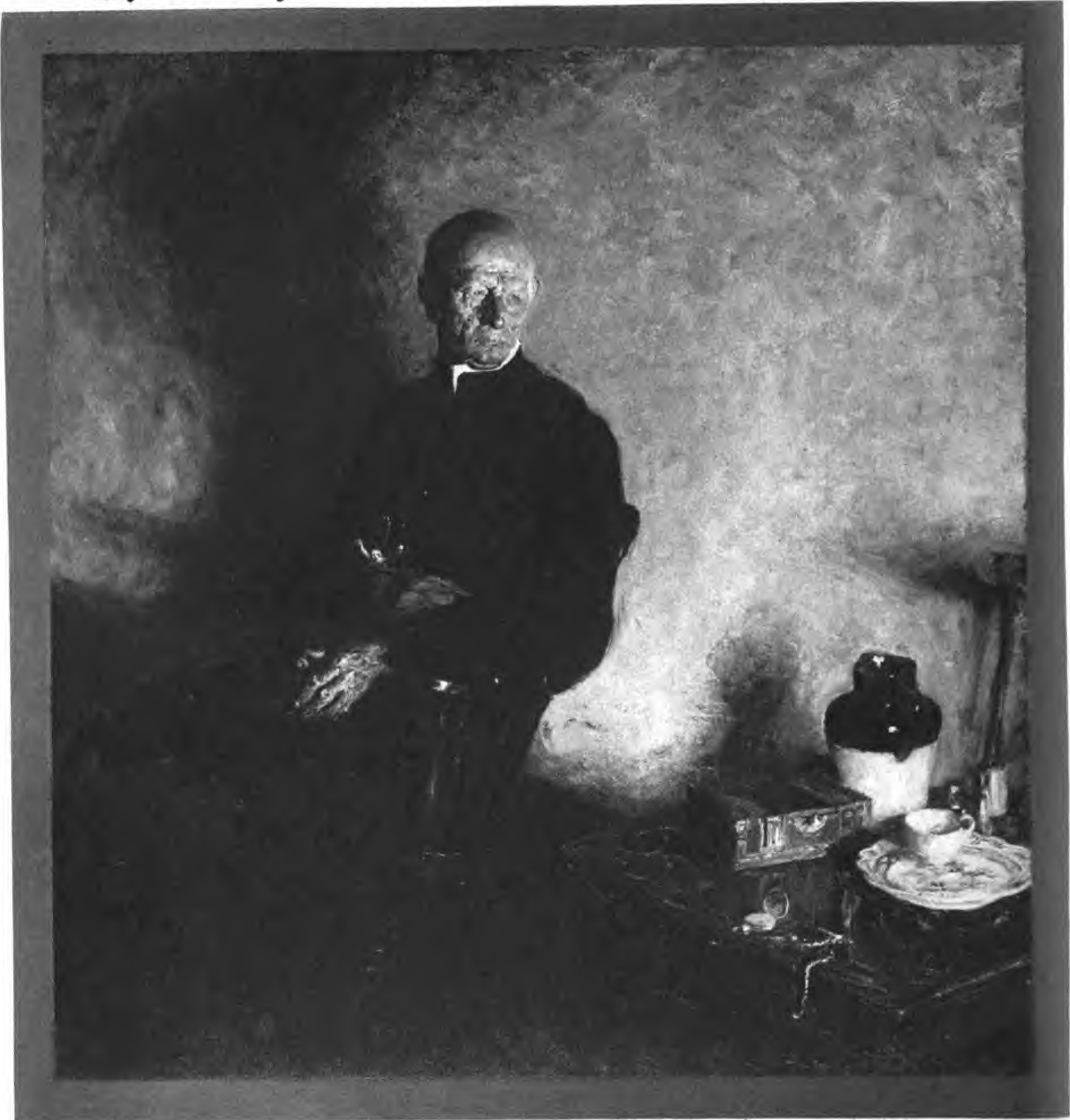
HORN—No objection—as far as I'm concerned.

SADIE—All right, boys. Pick up everything. Come on, we're moving. Drop in later, Mr. Horn. Always glad to see you.

Sadie's first impression upon the wife of the austere missionary was thus distinctly unpleasant. The [Continued on page 156]



Q. "If you know what's good for you get out and stay out," O'Hara (Robert Elliott) tells the Reverend Alfred Davidson (Robert Kelly) as he throws him out of Miss Thomson's room.



THE LITTLE MISSIONER

Painted by

DEAN CORNWELL



DEAN CORNWELL

*A Painter who Illustrates and an
Illustrator who Paints*

By James Montgomery Flagg

THE ILLUSTRATOR par excellence. His work is approached by few and overtopped by none. His "arrival" reminds me of Walter Appleton Clark's a score of years ago—he seemed to land in our midst suddenly on wings from out of the air. We saw no laborious perspiring years, no painful shedding of cocoons—it was a space in the universe, then—bing! —Cornwell!

I don't say there were no years of arduous bafflements—there may have been—but we did not see them. For us he merely appeared, a complete craftsman out of Chicago on one of their breezes into this town where we all demand to be shown. He showed us. And the best thing about it—although we would forgive it if it amused him—is that he has not donned the rubber derby of the nouveau-famous!

And yet he is the most sought-after illustrator of the day. He can take the cheapest acre of the Mojave desert that no Los Angeles real estate shark could give away, and invest it in sheer poetry and romance.

He transforms a loathsome and smelly Arabian dump into a fit setting for an Arabian Nights adventure. His secret is this. He is a born artist. He is thinking of his profession every minute—asleep or awake. His unswerving passion for his art is

almost naïve in this damnable swamp of materialism—New York!

They have tried to turn him aside from the sane painter that he is—those fuzzy half-baked camp followers of art who assume different manners in ruining good canvas each season—but Cornwell laughs, good-naturedly, and sticks to his own path of genius. And makes paintings—instead of wallpaper with occult meanings!

And notice, young art students, he is a draughtsman. A draughtsman first—and then a painter. The chassis before the tonneau, where it belongs.

CORNWELL is the President of the Society of Illustrators and teaches classes in drawing and painting at the Art League. This will indicate the place he has made for himself among illustrators. He works continuously. He leaves nothing to guesswork in correctness of detail. If he is not sure of the design of an Arabian tile he goes to Arabia, puts that country in his suitcase and brings it back to his studio. The black and white illustrations you see in the magazines are mainly done in color—rich, harmonious, full of subtle mystery and grace. He is a painter.



Can Dogs
THINK?
*Here is a story
that seems to
prove they
CAN*

Bobby Bruce and The Two Humans

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrations by George Wright

THE LATE February afternoon's half-light trickled down through many high and unwashed windows into the huge, barn-like auditorium of Madison Square Garden.

It was the third day of the Westminster Kennel Club's annual dogshow, an event as classic in its way as the Derby or the Suburban, an event that decided for the coming year the right or lack of right to a place in Caninedom's peerage, for some two thousand pedigreed dogs. The various breeds were segregated in sections of their own. At the Garden's center several enclosures, shut in by reddish wood and wire, marked the judging rings—the Supreme Court of the dog world.

To other specialties was added the exhibition jumping of some six magnificent borzois, or Russian wolfhounds. Mountainous barriers had been reared in the ring's center, and over these seemingly impassable obstacles a line of wolfhounds was leaping.

Of the sextette, the largest borzoi and the peerless high jumper of all was the snow and mist-gray Loris, newly acquired pet of Ruth Ferrol. Loris already had won three ribbons in the regular borzoi classes, and the purple and white Reserve Winner's ribbon as well. And presently he was due to compete for one of the several "non-sporting" specials in the southerly ring.

Small wonder that his mistress viewed his leaping exploits with thrilling pride in this splendid possession of hers, or that her cheeks flushed and her eyes glowed in answer to the ripples of ringside applause that greeted his performance. So raptly did

she view Loris's triumph that she felt a distinct jar of annoyance, when Mrs. Hathaway, her aunt, touched her on the shoulder. Ruth turned with no very good grace in obedience to the summons. Beside her aunt stood a tallish youth, pallid and haggard, whose wide shoulders slumped with fatigue or illness. Beside the man, in turn, stood a shaggy collie, tawny and white, with deepset sorrowful eyes, mighty chest and snowy little forepaws.

RUTH FERROL scarcely gave a glance at the dog, and accorded little more attention to his master, whom Mrs. Hathaway was introducing as her own next door neighbor in the country, Captain Richard Malvern. Ruth recalled the name. Vaguely, too, she remembered hearing her aunt say that Malvern had come home from France with two wound stripes and with the after-effects of gassing. Also, that he was still much of an invalid and had been commanded to lead an outdoor life until he be whole.

Ruth found a chair. With Loris lying majestically at her feet she sat there, waiting with impatience for the contest which should add another to her pet's list of victories. Dick Malvern, with his collie pacing boredly beside him, stood by her. The man looked worn out; Ruth felt a thrill of sharp pity as she smiled up at him. She longed to offer him her chair, yet something told her he would be hurt at such notice of his weakness. The wish made her gracious to him, however, and a few moments later

she let her graciousness spill over to the extent of including in it his collie.

"He's magnificent!" she said, leaning across to pat the dog's splendid head. "What's his name?"

"He is Bobby Bruce," answered Dick simply. "If I had known the strain a four-day show puts on a sensitive dog, I'd never have brought him. It's been one steady stretch of torture to him."

"Not to Loris," denied Ruth. "He enjoys every minute of it."

"Many wolfhounds do, I've heard," said Malvern. "They——"

He checked himself as a man strolled across the ring and came to a halt in front of the two dogs. The stranger was thickset and elderly; a straggly, red-gray beard covered the lower half of his scraggy face. Ruth glanced at him idly as he finished a brief inspection of Loris and then turned to bend over Bobby Bruce. She knew he was not one of the two "special classes" judges; apparently he was a person of some importance or he could not have gained ingress to the ring.

INTENTLY he gazed at Bobby Bruce. Then, with practiced touch, he took the collie's head between his two gnarled hands. Bobby started slightly at this familiarity and shot a disapproving glance at his unknown handler. But instantly the dog's tail began to wag and a glint of true friendliness lighted his somber eyes.

"Why!" exclaimed Ruth impulsively, taking advantage of the show-ring freemasonry which permits people to enter upon dog-talk without introduction, "why, he knows you! He——"

"No," answered the bearded man, looking up from his affectionate inspection of the dog. "But he knows I'm a collie-man. And he knows I recognize a great collie when I see one. That's why he and I are friends already. He's the true type. And his soul hasn't been bred out through a tapir snout or a grayhound body. I compliment you on him, miss. I haven't seen his match this side of——"

"Oh, he isn't mine!" Ruth hurried to correct him. "He belongs to Mr. Malvern. But you're right about him. He's a dear, isn't he?"

"A 'dear'?" repeated the bearded man quizzically, as he laid

his hand again on Bobby's upraised silken head. "Well, once I heard a tourist call the Grand Canyon 'cunning.' Thanks, sir, for letting me pet him."

"I saw you studying this wolfhound," put in Ruth demurely, anxious to miss no meed of praise for her own cherished pet. "He's a beauty too, isn't he?"

"He is," gravely conceded the man. "He's a 'beauty.' And that's all."

"Loris is a great dog," spoke up Malvern, wholly for the sake of Ruth's rumpled feelings.

"In what way?" challenged the man. "Look at that borzoi's head! Between the ears, it's no wider than my palm. Where are you going to get brain space in a head like that?"

"I'm sorry you don't care for my dog," said Ruth stiffly.

"I beg your pardon!" interrupted the man in hasty contrition. "I didn't know he was yours. I'm sorry. Good-by."

WITH ANOTHER furtive pat on the collie's upthrust head, the bearded blunderer was gone.

"Well, Bobby, old friend," remarked Dick, seeking to cover Ruth's discomfort and to change the subject, as he stopped to stroke his pet, "you've made a new admirer here today. Bobby, that was Angus McGilead. He knows dogs' souls, as well as their bodies, so his friends say."

The "variety" class was called to the ring's center, at last. And Dick's homily ended then and there.



Q Bobby Bruce was less happy than his master for now on their walks Ruth was always along to claim Dick's entire attention.



C *With a snarl the wolfhound snapped ferociously at the girl's hand. Bobby Bruce flung himself forward and received the flashing teeth in his shoulder.*

The seven contestants—at the rasped order “Walk your dogs, please!”—paraded the ring. From the center the two specialty judges watched the shambling progress. Then came the word to halt, and the dogs, singly and in pairs, were inspected for points and for showing ability.

LORIS SHOWED gloriously; Bobby Bruce miserably. Which was all the good it did either of them, for an Airedale won the fifteen dollar “special.” Neither the collie nor the wolfhound was placed.

“Do you suppose it’s true that wolfhounds aren’t as clever as collies?” asked the girl. “Mr. McGilead said so. I’ve had Loris only a month. My father gave him to me. Because he said Loris went so well with my Christmas furs.”

“But what a pity you didn’t have a set of fox or sable furs!” exclaimed Malvern. “Then Mr. Ferrol might have given you a collie to go with them.”

“Oh!” she laughed, “I ought to be grateful he didn’t try to

match my leather coat with a Mexican hairless dog. And, after all, I’d lots rather have a wolfhound than a collie—if you don’t mind my saying so—except when a collie looks up into my face, the way your dog is looking now. Then I always seem to see a soul shining somewhere behind his eyes, a soul I don’t find in other dogs. Still—what is a soul compared with the matching of one’s furs?”

Winter had gone out of business in one final influenzic orgy of slush and sleet before Malvern and Miss Ferrol chanced to meet again. And by his doctor’s stern orders Dick had spent the rest of the winter at his little country place, where he could be out of doors ten hours a day and get to bed by nine at night.

Ruth had gone South in early March. Nor did she come North again until Spring. Then, a bit tired from the season’s rush, she accepted her aunt’s invitation to spend a month at the Hathaway place, there to loaf and to steady her winter-worn nerves.

It was on the night after her arrival that her aunt, seeking to

lighten the monotony of the girl's visit, invited Dick Malvern to dinner. And the next day Ruth and the newly recovered invalid went for a three-hour horseback ride. Thereafter, three or four times a week, Malvern managed to see her, either at her aunt's home or as her escort on drive or tramp or gallop.

To the man the springtime seemed to be dawning—according to the best poetical traditions—for the first time in history.

Bobby Bruce was less happy. Heretofore, ever since Dick's return from France, the collie had had his adored master in sole and undivided chumship. But now, more often than not, Malvern was away from home for hours at a time. And on the few walks Bobby was allowed to take with him, Ruth was almost always along to claim Dick's entire attention and to leave him not a word or a thought for his worshiping dog.

The sensitive collie felt, instinctively, that a queer change of some sort had been creeping gradually over his master. Vaguely he associated the change with Ruth. And the dog was unhappy.

THEN came a new element of annoyance into Bobby Bruce's daily life. The big meadow which divided the Hathaway place from Malvern's less pretentious grounds had been his favorite rambling spot. And now Bobby Bruce could no longer disport himself there because the man who owned it had chosen to turn it into a grazing place for a huge and murderous tempered Hereford bull.

The moment Bobby set foot in the meadow the bull was certain to come thundering down at him. So far as actual peril was concerned the collie was in about as much danger from the bull as was one of the stripe-winged mayflies that tormented the

monster's brookside cud-chewing. No bull alive could keep up a race with Bobby Bruce's flying white paws. No bull could wheel or maneuver fast enough to catch him in a corner. The fence bars were wide enough apart to let Bobby wiggle through to the safety of his master's land whenever the chase waxed too hot or too annoying.

"We'll have another outsider besides Bobby, next time we go walking," said Ruth one evening, as Malvern was starting for home. "Dad wrote me that he is sending Loris here tomorrow morning. He says the poor fellow is dreadfully bothered by the heat in town."

Dick was not at all interested in Loris, except as the borzoi was a part and a parcel of Ruth Ferrol's whims. And an hour later he had forgotten that the dog was coming to the country.

In the morning his idle steps led him, as usual after breakfast, in the general direction of the Hathaway place. Skirting the bull-infested meadow, with Bobby Bruce gamboling in front of him, he breasted a leafy ridge to one side of the field. At the summit Bobby came to an abrupt halt, sniffing the windy air. Deep in his throat he growled softly.

At the same time there came to Dick the sound of crackling bushes in the little glade just beneath him. He paused beside the sniffing dog and looked down. There, a hundred yards away, and moving briskly along through knee-deep spring undergrowth, was Ruth Ferrol. She was walking with the free, springy stride that Dick loved. The huge Russian wolfhound was trotting proudly along at her side. The two made a strikingly pretty picture against the background of pale green foliage, the sun in their faces, the spring wind in their eyes. Dick Malvern's convalescent heart began to beat with a new irregularity at the



Two thousand pounds of maniacal beef was hurtling toward them from the direction of the nearby meadow.



"Why, he knows you," Ruth cried. "No," said the bearded man, "but he knows I recognize a great collie when I see one. He's the true type."

sight. Bobby Bruce, less romantic, growled again—this time in gruff challenge to the approaching borzoi.

The wind bore a faint echo of the growl to Ruth. She paused in her swinging walk and glanced upward. Then, catching sight of the two figures silhouetted on the skyline above her, she waved a greeting.

Like a dog to the whistle Dick broke into a run and came down the slope at full speed toward the girl.

Loris, seeing the tempestuous advance of the man and beholding the collie frisking along in front, showed all of his forty-two white teeth in a snarl of menace. Dick did not heed the warning. But Bobby Bruce heeded it.

The collie checked his own gay canter and came to a stiff-legged trot, head down, ruff abristle. Then, noting that his slower gait was making him drop behind the running man and that Dick must thus come undefended upon the threatening borzoi, Bobby flashed into a spurt of whirlwind speed that brought him to the foot of the slope, well ahead of Malvern and directly between him and Loris.

"Down!" Ruth was chiding her wolfhound. "Quiet, Loris!"

The borzoi, at the terse command, dropped back to his mistress's side. But his eyes were not friendly as they followed the advance of the two oncomers, and his long lips were wrinkled into something that looked like a smile but which was not a smile.

Loris was not in the best of humors today. His restoration to his mistress, it is true, had relieved him from the city life he loathed, but it meant the return, too, of discipline. Mr. Ferrol and the servants had not cared whether he minded or disobeyed; he had been left to do pretty much as he might choose. No one had been sufficiently interested in him to enforce obedience. Today all was unpleasantly different. Ruth had a habit of insisting on obedience—a habit that galled Loris. He had seen little of her and he had not yet learned to love her. But she had

managed to make him understand she must be obeyed. And she had done it by personality and quiet firmness, not by beatings. Which made the lesson all the more effective.

Sulkily he watched while Ruth greeted Malvern and while the man and the girl exchanged an eager volley of talk. Then his sullen glance strayed toward Bobby Bruce.

The collie, at a brief word from the running Malvern, had relaxed his pose of armed defense and had dropped back to his master's side. He stood there now with his plumed tail interestedly awag and his upturned eyes fixed invitingly on the face of the girl. He was waiting for her to notice his presence, as usual, by a word or a pat.

The tall wolfhound also interested Bobby. The collie did not like the gleam in the borzoi's eyes, nor that glimpse of white teeth beneath the upcurled lip. Indeed, he did not like anything at all about the beautiful Loris. But a curt word of command from Malvern had been enough to make him leave the unfriendly stranger alone. Wherefore, Bobby ignored the borzoi and fixed his eager attention on Ruth.

Presently his waiting was rewarded. Ruth's gaze, dropping confusedly under Malvern's eager eyes, rested for the first time on Bobby Bruce. She stretched out her hand to pat him, speaking to him at the same time in the cooingly affectionate tone that the collie loved.

Loris broke in on her caress with a growl. The wolfhound was keenly jealous of anyone's attention to any other dog than himself. He showed his resentment by look and by voice.

"Quiet, Loris!" called Ruth sharply, mortified at her dog's rudeness. She enforced her command this time with a flick of her glove across the borzoi's long nose.

The sting and the public humiliation were too much for Loris's ill-disciplined and frayed temper. With a wolf-snarl, he snapped ferociously at the girl's receding hand.

The attack was so sudden, so wholly unforeseen, that Ruth had neither time nor presence of mind to avoid it. The long, rending eye-teeth threatened to meet in her soft palm before she could grasp the idea that her temperamental pet had turned on her. With a cry of dismay, Ruth sought to snatch her hand from the swift peril; Dick Malvern, too, started convulsively forward to the rescue. Both man and girl were far too slow to avert the mishap. But Bobby Bruce was not.

Perhaps the collie had read Loris's eyes in the momentary interval between the flick of the glove and the snap of the murderous jaws. Perhaps he acted only on the uncanny instinct of his breed. In either case, he flung himself forward like a furry catapult just as the borzoi struck. And the flashing teeth buried themselves in the collie's shoulder instead of in the girl's hand.

An instant later, collie and wolfhound were gripped in an embrace; they reared and tore and snarled and grappled and snapped, in the throes of a highly melodramatic and vulgar dog fight.

The borzoi had the advantage of height and of weight. Also, his smoldering temper was finding a legitimate outlet at last. But a collie has ways of his own in battle—ways that make him anything but a pleasant or reliable opponent. Bobby Bruce was fighting as fought his earliest ancestors—and Loris's hereditary foes—the wolves.

Ruth, in surprise and terror, shrank back, close—deliciously close—to Dick Malvern.

"Oh," she gasped, "stop them! Make them stop!"

"Bobby!" shouted Dick, throwing himself into the fray.

The voice pierced the battle mists in Bobby Bruce's brain. Bobby was having a beautiful time. He hated the thought of desisting. Yet from earliest puppyhood Malvern's lightest command had been his life law. Reluctantly he leaped back to his master's side.

And Loris, foaming of jaw, sprang madly after him.

Malvern scarce had time to step between the combatants, thrusting back the raging borzoi, before Loris's teeth had laked the man's forearm. Dick, heedless of the bruising pain, caught the wolfhound by the throat with his one free hand and pinioned the madly struggling brute. All Dick's prowess was taxed by the effort to hold him.

Ruth, shaking off her terror, ran forward. Taking from her pocket the borzoi's chain and leather leash, she clamped its end into the ring of Loris's collar, disregarding Malvern's cry of protest at the danger she ran from the wildly snapping jaws. Then, deftly, she wound the leash's other end about the tough trunk of a little oak sapling.

"There!" she exclaimed as Loris strained, howling, at his bonds. "He's safe now. Whatever made him do such a thing, I wonder——" She broke off, shuddering a little from reaction, and staring perplexedly at the leashed wolfhound.

Dick Malvern took advantage of her momentary absorption to pick up the spring overcoat he had dropped, and to hang it hurriedly over his torn sleeve. And he replied as Ruth turned her unhappy gaze from Loris to him,

"Just a brainstorm. And you'd been away so long that you'd lost a bit of your control over him. He'll be all right when he's had a few minutes to quiet down."

"BUT why should I have lost control over him just by being away three months?" she demanded, the shock ruffling her nerves. "You told me that Bobby Bruce hadn't forgotten you or a single thing you had taught him all the whole year you were in France."

"Oh," explained Dick, incautiously, "that's different! You see, Bobby Bruce is—is Bobby Bruce. Besides, he's a collie. And——"

"And just because poor Loris is a wolfhound, of course he——"

"Hold on!" laughed Dick. "You're probably remembering what McGilead said at the show. McGilead is a Scotchman. And so he's prejudiced in favor of collies. There are lots of collies that have been so badly brought up that they aren't worth their salt. And there are lots of splendid wolfhounds that——"

He completed his sentence by a caveman demonstration that was wholly impromptu. With a gasp he snatched the amazed girl bodily from the ground and swung her behind him, deep into the hazel thicket on whose edge they had been standing. In the copse's center grew a dwarf hickory with gnarled and low-flung limbs. A single heave of Dick's arms, and P. was seated precariously on one such limb, five feet above ground.

Then it was that the much-jostled Ruth saw what he had seen and heard a half second earlier—two thousand pounds of solid maniacal beef which was hurtling toward them from the direction of the nearby meadow.

The bull was in a particularly villainous humor this morning. A cloud of mayflies had been stinging him for nearly an hour. They had turned his back and chest and the tender skin of his throat into one anguished expanse of burning and itching. While he had been snorting and rolling in a [Continued on page 112.]



1. The two dogs' long noses touched each other in a sniff of appraising friendliness. Bobby's muscles relaxed. He had found a new chum.

C Brigadier-General Mitchell is the assistant chief of the Air Service in the United States Army. His forecast is that man will soon be traveling in the air at a speed beyond all present imagining



C, Drawing by C. B. Falls

Meteors *First*, Men *Second*

By Brigadier-General William Mitchell

I SEE NO LIMIT to the speed at which airplanes may ultimately go except the point at which the friction of the air would melt the metal in the planes. Meteors, when they strike the air, melt. We can never go as rapidly as meteors. But we can beat everything else.

Speed in the air, like speed on the earth, is only a matter of power. Put the pull behind the propeller and the speed will appear. It will come, after a certain point, at a constantly increasing price, but it will come. Every mile will cost more than any preceding mile, but it is only a matter of cost. The law of diminishing returns applies to airships as it does to ships on the seas and trains on the land. Speed costs, but it can be attained.

Speed in the air differs from speed on the earth only in that a given amount of power in the air produces more speed. The resistance is less. The higher one goes the less is the resistance and the greater the speed. We have never yet found air so rare that the propellers could not get hold of it and pull. The plane that made the world's altitude record—44,800 feet—was still climbing when the aviator decided to return to earth.

Airplanes could now be built that would take 100 passengers each five miles or more into the air and carry them safely and comfortably at an average speed of 125 miles an hour. The

speed might often go to 250 or 300 miles an hour. It might go even higher. It would all depend upon the wind. Head-winds hold back. Favorable winds carry you along.

We have found that in the northern part of the United States there is, at great heights, always a wind from west to east of 200 miles an hour, while in the southern part of the country there is a wind of the same velocity from east to west.

We believe these winds are constant. We believe so because we have always found them. But we have not explored the upper air enough to enable us to be certain. I have read that the wind up high blows 1,000 miles an hour, but if it does, nobody knows it. We have never found such a wind.

The first requirement of planes to carry so many passengers so high and so rapidly—and so safely—would be power. There would have to be power enough to do the work and to spare. That would be only a matter of engines. There should be enough engines to carry the load even if one or two were disabled. This margin of safety is necessary. It should be possible to make repairs in the air. Planes crash now because of this very deficiency. An engine stops and there is a forced landing—usually with no place to land.

The carrying of passengers implies the provision of comfortable quarters for them. Nobody would pay a big price to

ride in an airplane and be uncomfortable all the way. He would not, at any rate, for a great distance or a long time.

Riding in an airplane is not now comfortable. There is too much noise and the wind blows too hard. Both of these objections can be removed by placing the passengers in an air-tight compartment with glass windows. The compartment should be air-tight because there will soon be necessity for keeping out cold and keeping in oxygen.

At a height of 20,000 feet it is twenty below zero, winter and summer. At great heights, the air is so rare that oxygen must be fed into it to make it breathable. There would be no difficulty in carrying enough oxygen to supply 100 persons for many hours. The weight of the oxygen tanks would amount to nothing.

In short, altitude offers no obstacle to travel, so far as oxygen or anything else is concerned. The newspapers said that some of the army fliers at Mount Clemens went so high that they were unconscious part of the time, but that was not so. Aviators cannot fly when they are unconscious.

Nor is there any difficulty in removing from the air the carbonic acid gas that is deposited in it by the lungs. Lime will absorb it. The weight of the lime required would amount to nothing.

ORDINARY panes of glass will let in all the light that is required while enabling passengers to see through it. The glass need not be particularly thick. The weight of all the atmosphere is but fourteen pounds to the square inch and one would never go high enough so that all of the air-pressure was removed from the outside of the glass.

Travel in such air-craft would be as safe as it is on land. Flying is not now dangerous except in the military service. There is an element of danger that enters military aviation because we fly in close formation, never stay on the ground because of the weather and take all of the risks connected with the service.

In the postal department, there are practically no fatalities in the flying corps. The pilots are old army men who understand their business. They fly in old army machines that are not as safe as we now know how to make them. Yet the record for speed and safety is high. By the time this is in print mail will be going in the air between New York and San Francisco on a twenty-seven-hour schedule.

The art of air navigation is developing with great rapidity. Admiral Fiske once told me, when I showed him the log of one of my trips, that it was a better log than sailors were able to make when he entered the service. Automatic devices have been developed to such an extent that it has become possible to fly a craft with no human being upon it. An airplane has been flown ninety miles with nobody in it, taking the air by itself, rising to a prearranged height and maintaining a level course. Gyroscopic devices hold the craft level and pneumatic devices work the levers.

While these automatic devices were created primarily for war, they will doubtless find uses in peace. They will at least take the strain from the pilot at times.

A plane can be re-fueled in the air, either by lowering cans of gasoline to it from a higher plane, or by dropping a hose from the higher tank to the lower one.

FLIGHT in the dark offers no obstacle. It is as easy to fly in the night as in the day. I am not now, of course, considering forced landings, which are easier to make in the day than in the night.

I am speaking merely of flying. The compass tells you your way. The altimeter tells you how high you are. Your ground maps tell you how high above the sea is the land above which you are flying, thus enabling you to figure the distance between the plane and the land. The air speed indicator tells how rapidly you are passing through the air. The ground speed indicator tells you how rapidly you are passing over the ground.

The flight indicator tells you whether you are going to right or left. The drift indicator tells whether you are drifting. The levels tell you whether you are headed toward the earth or toward the sky. The air log tells how many miles you have made.

There is the navigation side of an airplane in a nutshell. Flying is not becoming a science—it is one. It is a science that we have not mastered, but are mastering. We have learned enough to know what we haven't got but need. We need more

engine-power and more engines. We need engines to spare. If a locomotive stops, the passengers can sit still until it is fixed, but if an airplane's engines stop, and there are only enough engines to run the plane—then the plane must land on the ground. We need a wider margin of safety up above. We must have so much power that we can spare some and still be safe.

And we need air courses. We need air courses so much that there can never be any real flying in this country until we get them. Air courses are plotted routes of travel along which are the things that aviators need. Aviators need landing places. Air courses should provide plenty of them. Aviators need information. Air courses should provide every needed kind.

An aviator wants to know what city or town he is approaching. The names of all cities and towns along air courses should be painted in large letters upon the roofs of many buildings, and at night some of these roofs should be lighted. An aviator wants to know what kind of weather is ahead of him. Is there a fog ahead? Is a thunderstorm brewing? At frequent points along the way, an aviator should be able to get such information by asking for it over the radiophone on his plane. He should be able to sit in the air and, over the radiophone get accurate information as to the state of the weather just ahead.

There may be a fog belt at the next point. It may lie close to the earth or it may extend miles upward. It is easy enough to find out exactly how high it extends. Balloons will tell the story. Let the men on the ground send up several balloons to different heights. When they are brought down some will bring with them the evidences of fog and some will not. If the balloons show that the fog extends upward only 2,000 feet, the aviator can fly above it. Otherwise, he may have to go around.

A thunderstorm is the worst thing that an aviator has to fear. A thunderstorm is usually about fifteen miles in diameter and 55,000 feet high. Whoever has flown into a thunder cloud knows what a terrible thing it is. It is as black as night except when flashes of electricity make it white. It is a terrifying thing and a most dangerous thing. Such storms are often preceded by a perilous type of wind.

WE USED to wonder why planes that were flying along on an even course suddenly drop, the air under them seeming to give way. We now know why they drop. It is because the wind, in passing over the land, finally begins to roll. The reason is plain. Friction with the earth causes the lower strata of air to move at a slower speed. The air that touches the earth acts as a drag on the air immediately above it. After a while, the drag of the air that touches the earth causes the air-current to roll, as a bit of fluff is sometimes rolled on the ground by the wind.

The aviator who happens along just as the current upon which he is riding begins to roll downward is in the greatest danger. His position is not unlike that of a locomotive engineer who approaches a spot where the track is being washed out.

The aviator who flies into a thunderstorm is worse off, if possible, than a locomotive engineer who drives on to a burning bridge. But all sorts of devices have been created to warn locomotive engineers of trouble ahead, whereas the aviator is left pretty much to his own resources. He must feel his way and use his best judgment which is oftentimes faulty because of lack of information.

It is only because the art of flying is so new that such conditions are tolerated. It is only because the art of flying is progressing so rapidly that such conditions are intolerable. Nobody could take a trip in an automobile without garages and gas stations where he could get repairs, gas and oil. Aviators need air courses just as much as motorists need garages and gas stations. Flyers need not only places to land and means of getting accurate information, but they need places where they can get repairs.

Nor will flying ever be what it can be and will be until we get better engines. The reciprocating type of engine is very old and, so far as flying is concerned, unsatisfactory. It contains about 5,000 parts, almost any one of which is likely to get out of order at any time.

The ignition and carbureting systems are not dependable. At first we could not reach great heights because the carburetors would not work due to insufficient oxygen in the air, but now this defect has been remedied by what we call the turbo-booster. This is a little turbine that is propelled by the exhaust which compresses the air that enters the carburetor.

In many other ways the reciprocating type of engine has been wonderfully improved since 1914—improved so much that it seems as if it cannot be improved enough [Continued on page 130]

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

“My dear child, remember this, that if there is an element in life hateful to the free human soul it is what is called permanence. The only permanent thing any human being should recognize is his tomb. From everything else he must climb out and go on, go on”

IN THE spring of 1893 Strindberg had just published “A Fool’s Confession,” D’Annunzio was employing all the multi-colored glory of his style to prove “The Triumph of Death”; Hardy was somberly mixing on his palette the twilight grays and blacks and mourning purples of “Jude the Obscure”; Nordau, gnashing his teeth, was bellowing “Decadent” at his contemporaries who smirked a complacent acceptance of the epithet . . . and, all unconscious of the futility and sordidness of the world, Neale Crittenden swaggered along Central Avenue, brandishing his shinny stick.

It was a new yellow shinny stick, broad and heavy and almost as long as the boy who carried it. Ever since he had seen it in the window of Schwartz’s Bazar, his soul had yearned for it. For days he had hoarded his pennies, foregoing ice-cream sodas, shutting his ears to the seductive ding-dong of the waffle-man’s cart, and this very afternoon the immense sum of twenty-five cents had been completed and now he owned a genuine boughten stick, varnished and shiny. What couldn’t he do with such a club! He beat it on the sidewalk till the flag-stones rang; he swung it around his head. What stupendous long-distance goals he was going to make! How he would dribble the ball through the enemy!

Spring had turned the vacant lots into sticky red mud, but Central Avenue was hard if somewhat undulating macadam. It had stone curbs too, that bounced the ball back as if specially designed for side-boundaries by a philanthropic Board of Supervisors. Somewhere along it he was sure to find a game in progress. Yes, there they were in front of Number Two School. Neale broke into a run and coming up breathless plunged into the scrimmage

* * * * *

Marise Allen sat in her room, in front of her table, a copy-book opening blank pages of coarse paper before her, a thin, mean-looking, pale-blue book marked “Mots Usuels” on her lap. It was her own impression that she had stopped for a minute’s rest from study (although she had not yet begun) and that she was thinking hard.

She sat with her elbows on the table, her chin in her two hands, braced so that she was quite motionless. Her eyes were fixed on the candle flame, burning bright, fluttering and throbbing in the draughts which came into the old room, around the decrepit window-casing, under the door, through the worm-eaten base-board. There seemed to be a thousand wandering puffs from every direction.

WHAT MARISE called her “thoughts” were burning bright, fluttering and throbbing like the tiny flame at which she stared. The . . . were blown upon by a thousand breaths from every direction. If they would only hold still for a moment, Marise thought, and give out a steady light that she could see something by! If she only had some shade to put around those flickering thoughts so they wouldn’t quiver so! It upset her, jerking around so, from one way of seeing things to another. What she wanted to know was, how did things *really* look?

Of course it was worse here in France, where everything was so uncertain, but it had started back home in America, it had always been going on ever since she could remember. It had always made her feel queer, as though she were holding an envelope up to a mirror to read the address and saw it wrong end to, the way everything looked different at Ashley the moment Maman came up to Vermont to take her home after vacations with Cousin Hetty. Marise loved it so there at Ashley, the dear darling old house in the mountains, with its nice atticky smell that no other house in the world had! It just fitted all around you, when you went in the door, the way

Cousin Hetty’s arms fitted around you, when she took you up on her lap, and rocked and sang, “We hunted and we hallooed.”

At the memory, Marise’s heart gave a great homesick throb. How far away she was from Cousin Hetty and Ashley now! How long since she had sat on anybody’s lap.

SO ARE presented the two leading characters in the latest novel by Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. Dorothea Frances Canfield Fisher) author of *The Squirrel-Cage*, *The Bent Twig* and *The Brimming Cup*. In her present book the novelist presents parallel stories of a young man and a young woman, tracing the life of each from early youth, through the vicissitudes and emotions of adolescence to young manhood and young womanhood. Marise experienced the tragedy of her mother’s sudden death, under circumstances that were at least questionable. From her childish ears little of the story was hidden and the fact that her mother had had an affair with a young man who had killed himself made a deep impression upon the sensitive child.

Neale had no such grief to bear. His father and mother were deeply attached to each other and Neale grew up in the midst of an ideal home atmosphere. He went to his grandfather’s in Vermont in the summers and mused about the old-fashioned sawmill. He finished Hadley, played football at Columbia and was finally graduated. He went to work for the company with which his father was connected and by diligence and ability forced himself ahead.

For two or three years he thought himself in love with a professor’s daughter, Martha. At last each decided that the feeling was not love. “I love you now, but I should hate you if you were my husband,” said Martha. Not long after this Neale, in spite of his business success, ran into a train of thought one night that changed the current of his life:

ONCE starting on a trip Neale had a long wait in the late evening at Hoosick Junction. As he walked restlessly around the dreadful little waiting-room, a whistle sounded down the track. He looked at his watch. No, his train was not due for half an hour yet. He went to the door and watched a through freight roll past, noting the names on the cars as they flashed into the light from the station-agent’s window—N. Y. Central, Père Marquette, Wabash, Erie, Boston and Maine—shoes and groceries and hardware, structural-steel, cement—all the thousand things needed every day to keep the wheels of daily material life moving, all made, bought and sold, shipped and handled by men like him. All necessary honest goods, all necessary honest work . . . but that couldn’t be *all* of life! The train pounded off, the silence of the night closed in on him, and in that silence he heard the echo of those appalling sobs, and the slam of the door.

Queer thing, human life was, wasn’t it? Think of poor Mr. Gates paying that price, and very likely for something he didn’t care so much about when he got it. It wasn’t the price you paid, that bothered Neale. If it were something worth your while, you were willing to pay all you had. But to pay so much, just to make money for Neale Crittenden . . . he couldn’t see it that way. He’d have a smoke on it anyhow.

As he filled his pipe it came to him that once before he had felt the same aching restlessness, so intense that it was pain. That was the time when he had gone stale. He’d been put out of the game, and had sat on the side-lines eating his heart out. He was there again, gone stale, out of the game. He had the strength, he had the speed, now as then. Why was it he stood outside the game? Other men were giving their souls to it. Maybe he *was* a quitter, after all.

“Well now, well now,” he shook himself together, “let’s consider all this. What’s the best thing to do when you go stale

and have a slump?" Atkins had showed him what to do that other time. He had actually profited by it in the end, profited immensely by being temporarily out of the game, so that he could consider and understand the real inwardness of what it was all about.

Why, perhaps that was what he needed to do now, pull out for a while, get away from the whole thing, look at it from a distance, get a line on what it was all about.

He sucked on his pipe, cocking his head sideways to look at the ceiling, his hands deep in his pockets. There was nothing to hinder his taking a year off. He had money enough. And not a tie on earth to prevent his doing as he pleased. He'd lose his job, of course. But he didn't seem to be just madly in love with his job anyhow. And there were other jobs.

"Well, by George, why not?"

Where should he go? Anywhere that wasn't the lumber business. There was the whole world, the round globe hurtling through the infinite. What in God's name was he doing in Hoosick Junction?

There was England; and France; and Italy; and after that, why, anywhere again! Wherever he pleased . . . the East, China, and where there were Malays and jungles. When his money gave out, if he still wanted to stay on he could earn his living as well there as here. "There!" That meant anywhere else. Anywhere else must be less dusty and frowsy and empty than here.

Why under the sun had he not thought of this before? Their damned old labels do stick after all. But he would soak them off!

His heart unfolded from its painful tight compression. The way out? Why had he been so long in seeing it? The way out was to put on your hat and go.

MARISE was a young woman, twenty-one. After her mother's death she and her father had gone to America for a long stay. Life had sobered her. She had no chums; Aunt Hetty was her closest friend and she was not with Aunt Hetty much of the time. Then her father, believing in the European culture and the European way of doing things took her back to France to finish her education.

Now at twenty-one her old music teacher was going away and Marise was planning on continuing her music in Rome. Madame de la Cueva was a dominant personality who had her own ideas about life and men and in her final interview with her talented young pupil she sought to give her the wisdom of experience. Marise, rather overcome by the fact that she was now going out into the world a woman, and by the serious talk of Madame de la Cueva, was rather bewildered when she had said a final good-by to the music teacher:

MARISE stumbled down the stairs, a little dizzied by the sudden removal of that pressing, urgent, magnetic personality. To step out suddenly from under it, was like stepping into a vacuum. Her ears rang.

At the street-door she paused, waiting for the mist to clear from before her eyes. She peered out into the quiet street, as if she were looking into life itself, the life that Madame de la Cueva had so magisterially set before her. And she loathed in anticipation everything that was waiting for her there.

There lay the world, grown-up life, Rome, her career, before her, and apparently there was nothing in it which she would not detest. Love . . . the love that Madame de la Cueva had shown her how to get . . . she shrank away from it with a proud, cold scorn, her nostrils quivering. Music . . . there was no music in that program, only an exploitation of music to buy personal success for her. And she loved music . . . fiercely she clung to that, as the one thing that would not betray her, the one thing she dared love with all her heart.

She stood on the threshold of the street-door, dreading to take even one step forward into it all, till the concierge looked



C. Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. Dorothea Frances Canfield Fisher) obviously has interests in life aside from those of creating new types in fiction.

at her hard, with a disagreeable smile, suspecting a rendezvous with a lover. Marise saw the look, knew what it meant, felt it push her forward, knew in anticipation how that sort of look and what lay back of it would be always pushing her forward into what she hated.

With a long breath she stepped into the street, into the road that stretched before her. She held her head high, with an angry pride. The concierge-soul of the world must never know what was inside her life. The thing to do, the only thing she saw that was tolerable to do, was to take care that she was not being fooled. Well, she thought with a grave, still bitterness, she certainly ought to know something about that.

NEALE forsaking business had gone to Europe—to Rome. Hence it was inevitable that the two should meet. The acquaintance started over so trivial a thing as a cat and a sparrow—the one caught by the other and rescued by Neale at some hazard. Marise, with her friend the rich Eugenia, was studying in Rome. Neale had announced to Livingstone, an acquaintance, that he was leaving the Sacred City in a few days. The meeting with Marise changed all this and the four made a party that spent long hours wandering through the ruins of Rome. For a long time Marise was unconscious of what was happening to her. Then suddenly the realization struck her;

One night Marise woke up with a start, staring into the darkness, feeling very cold and sick. [Continued on page 136]

C. E. Phillips Oppenheim Deals With a Strange Criminal—Continued from page 13

day after tomorrow, I'll be glad to tell you all about it."

"Done, my lad," was the hearty response. "One o'clock sharp, mind. I'm on duty again at two."

Daniel found time to call at his rooms, where he slipped a small revolver into his pocket. He then caught the next available train to Dredley, where, on the platform, he had a few very fortunate words with Miss Ann Lancaster. Afterwards, he took a taxicab direct to the Golf Club, drank a whisky and soda, and, with half-a-dozen balls in his pocket and a mashie in his hand, strolled out to a distant part of the course. In time he reached a green bordering the straight footpath which bisected the heath and stretched to Dredley. He spent some little time practicing short approaches.

THEN HE straightened up and looked down the path. A woman was coming toward him, veiled and cloaked yet unmistakable. He devoted himself assiduously to a series of wrist shots, and was just collecting the balls, which he had played on to the green, when the woman paused. He looked up. Once more the spell of her eyes was upon him.

"Come and talk to me," she invited. "It must be too dark for you to play. I want to know whether you are really thinking about the house?"

They strolled back together, side by side. The woman's voice was pleasant, almost caressing.

They had reached that part of the footpath now which bordered the gardens of Heathside on one hand, and the gardens of another house on the other. The twilight was merging into darkness. Daniel was a brave man, but he suddenly wished that he had adopted other tactics. His hand stole into the pocket where his revolver lay concealed. He felt her fingers slip underneath his other arm.

Something fell glittering on to the path. He stooped to pick it up. There was a sound like whistling close to his ears, a jerk around his neck, a sense of stifling. He was vaguely conscious of a man stepping over the wire strand from the garden of Heathside; something was held to his nose; he seemed enveloped by an odor, partly of faded flowers, partly suggestive of an anesthetic. Then the house began to move toward him, the shrubs passed him in solemn procession, an open door swallowed him up into a black gulf. He was in the hall of the house he had called to inspect earlier in the day. He was in the room behind the stairs, the door of which Britton had opened with a Yale key. He was lying down. The sense of suffocation began to pass, his head grew clearer, only his limbs seemed numbed. The control of his tongue came back.

"What the devil are you up to?" he cried weakly.

Britton turned round from a cupboard with a long, black case in his hand. He spread it out upon a table—a case of surgical instruments, with tempered blue steel glittering in the electric light.

"Capital! Capital!" he exclaimed. "I really believe—I honestly believe that you are the man I have been seeking for years."

"What the mischief do you want with

The Scarlet Patch

me?" Daniel demanded, trying in vain to sit up.

"Just to have a look at your brain," was the pleasant reply.

"How are you going to get at my brain?" Daniel found strength to ask.

"Cut it out, of course," the other explained. "You needn't have the least alarm. I am the greatest operator in the world."

The surgeon took a step forward. The knife shone before Daniel's horrified eyes like a line of silver. He tried to shout, but his voice rose scarcely above a whisper. He felt the touch of those cool, strong fingers on the back of his head. It must surely be the end!

At the very last moment came an unexpected respite. Heavy footsteps had passed the closely-curtained window. The front door bell pealed through the house.

"You had better see who that is," Daniel faltered. "It may be someone with a better brain than mine."

Again the summons of the bell pealed through the house. Londe stole from the room, closing the door quietly behind him. Daniel found himself able to move his arms and legs a little. He swung himself into a sitting posture. Again the bell rang. He heard the sound of stealthy voices in the hall, then silence, after which he fancied that he heard a door opened and closed.

THEN THE ringing of the bell now became more and more imperative. He dragged himself to the window. There were two policemen there—and Ann. He managed to tap it feebly. Soon they heard him. He caught a glimpse of Ann's terrified face outside. Then one of the policemen forced the long window with a clasp-knife. They were all in the room. Daniel was just able to stand now.

"Britton's a lunatic!" he gasped. "Get him if you can. I should have been a dead man in sixty seconds!"

Ann Lancaster smiled a little wanly.

"I felt that you were doing a foolish thing," she said. "I watched at the other end of the footpath. I saw you throw up your arms as though you had a fit, and disappear into this garden. I knew it was no use coming alone, so I rushed down to the police station."

"You've saved my life," he muttered.

They heard the tramp of the police through the empty house, the opening and closing of doors, voices muttering—but the men came back unsuccessful. The two tragical figures—the great surgeon and his nurse—had passed out once more into the world of shadows.

Ann Lancaster was again seated in the easy-chair drawn up to the side of Daniel Roche's desk. She was in deep mourning—the secret of the rock garden had been blazoned out to a horrified world. Even a Press greedy for sensation had glossed over some of the details of that gruesome discovery.

"Still no news," she asked.

"Nothing beyond the usual crop of absurd rumors," he grumbled. "I am in

touch with a friend who will let me know directly there is a real discovery."

"I should have thought," she observed, "that the cleverest criminal in the world would have found it impossible to slip away from a place like Dredley and vanish—especially with a woman. That a lunatic should be able to do so, with the whole of the police force of England hot-foot after him, seems amazing."

"Londe is only a lunatic upon one point," Daniel reminded her. "He is obsessed with the idea of replacing a portion of his own brain with that of another man. Apart from that, I believe he is just as brilliant as ever. That's what makes him so horribly dangerous."

She shivered.

"And the woman?"

SHE WAS his favorite nurse, and she went mad precisely when he did. Her madness today consists solely in believing that what he desires is possible.

"Is she really his wife?" Ann asked curiously.

"They were discharged from different asylums within a week of one another," Daniel replied. "They met in London and were married by special license. It was understood that they were leaving at once for Australia."

"And somewhere or other," Ann went on with a little shiver, "they are free. He is sharpening his knife for his next victim, and the lure in her eyes is there, waiting for some poor victim."

"Are you going to keep your post at the Foreign Office?" Daniel asked.

"I hope not," she answered. "Why?"

"I am starting affairs on my own account," Daniel announced. "Will you accept a post with me?"

"What are your affairs," she inquired.

"I have made a bungler's start," he admitted, "but there is a new department of Home Secret Service being established—the head of it is the friend I spoke of—and we are going to find Londe. I am also pledged to help him in any other of his cases where my assistance may be of service. Then, of course, there is my day by day work of decoding cipher manuscripts. I do that for anyone who chooses to employ me. The Foreign Office still send me their work."

"You'll find the work tedious at times—you'll have to help with the decoding when there's nothing else doing."

"I don't mind that," she assured him. "There is just one thing which will reconcile me to any amount of drudgery."

He looked at her curiously. For all her charm, he realized that she was a very determined young woman.

"You know what it is," she continued, after a moment's pause. "Some day you may get on the track of that man—and there may be a chance of helping."

He nodded.

"I understand. Try and start here on Monday morning, please."

The strange career of the criminally insane Londe will be continued by Mr. Oppenheim in "The Terror of Elton Lodge," which will appear in Hearst's International for May.



The name of Sir Christopher Wren—builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—is associated with all that is worthiest in English architecture. While the ashes of the great London fire were still alive, Wren set to work to rebuild the city. Speaking of his monumental achievement, St. Paul's, he said, "It is the work of the builder to establish a nation, draw commerce and make people love their country."

Building to an Ideal

AS the stone is shaped to man's enduring use by the master builder, so, in the Firestone Cord, has material been fashioned to contribute to that vital need in human progress—transportation.

And just as Wren, the great architect, toiled over his plans, rejecting even royal opinion if it did not meet his own high standard, so has Firestone maintained quality in the face of all obstacles.

The Firestone ideal of Most Miles per Dollar preceded the actual building of the tire and this vision of what a good tire should be reached

its highest fulfillment in the Firestone Cord.

Its acceptance by so great a number of car-owners has come because the *name* it bears is synonymous with quality. But in the last analysis, *results* are the determining factor in any success and the performance of this tire has already made it a dominating influence in the automotive field.

To Firestone builders a tire is much more than a product of rubber and cord—it is an essential in modern social and commercial life, a factor in present-day progress because it facilitates swift, economical transportation.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

A Work of Art, Sent on Approval: Return in 5 days if not satisfactory. Your deposit will be refunded in full. No money need be sent with Coupon.



If only one like it had been made, this exquisite Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp would have cost rather more than three thousand dollars. The League can produce it for less than one hundredth of that price, because its membership is so widespread, and because it can reach its members so quickly.

Compare Thoroughly That is Why This Lamp is Loaned to You

After you have received this lamp, we ask that you visit the art importers, the jewelers, the large stores and the commercial electric showrooms. See if you can find any lamp that, at twice or five times this price, even approaches it in artistic perfection.

We do no "selling" in the ordinary commercial sense. This is all the "selling" that the League has ever needed for any of its productions. The lamp must sell itself to you, on your own judgment and comparison.

If it does not . . . **SEND IT BACK**—any time within five days. We will return your deposit at once and in full, and you will be under no further obligation whatever.

If we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions we would do it—but we can not.

Noted Artists Collaborated In Its Design

A painter, a sculptress and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of this lamp.

The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace, which at once distinguishes it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of factory "designing departments."

When we send you this lamp we will, also, if you wish, register you as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost you nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers you as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

This Low Present Price is a Test

This lamp was designed to sell for \$36. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at \$19.85.

For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised. Your Approval Request should be mailed at once.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, INC.

175 Fifth Avenue New York

A regularly incorporated and self supporting organization, operating on a strictly business basis, to enable lovers of beautiful things to have the advantages of united purchasing.

Decorative Arts League, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges.

If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full.

If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of \$19.85 and will send \$4 monthly from date for four months; the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

Please enter my name as a Corresponding Member without cost or obligation.

(The lamp cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A.)

I am a reader of Hearst's International, April, 1923.

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Loaned for your examination and comparison—the League's only method of selling.

Hand the carrier the postage and **\$3.85**

Deposit (returnable)

Note the new and clever dual-purpose Shade; an exclusive D. A. L. idea. Can be used without any draping. Is handsomely decorated. At the same time it is the ideal frame on which you can make silk covers in limitless variety.

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish, rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap cast in solid Metallum. Upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound. Outside decorations in three colors: top and bottom bands in deep red; design in dark green; background graded in brown.

Inside reflecting surface is delicate pink. Gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

Another pivot enables shade and bulb to be tilted to throw light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring is inside the shaft and arm.

Complete, ready for the bulb. Weight packed about 22 pounds.

Jews in American Colleges

The Case Against Limitation—Continued from page 35

a new policy in the nation. Where Harvard leads, a dozen colleges, now timid and hesitant, will follow. And the night-riders will swoop in the wake of that good hunting. It would be better to worry along with those two hundred Jews.

Later, in the great world, the Harvard youth will not be protected by a percentage. The Faculty will not guard his public career against Justice Brandeis, Justice Cardozo, Judge Mack, Judge Alschuler or Judge Mayer.

In medical research he will meet Simon Flexner, Jacques Loeb and Milton J. Rosenau; in academic life, Michelson, Hollander, Gottheil, Seligman, Cohen, the Jastrows. In the world of affairs, professional and business standards will be set for him by Louis Marshall, Julius Rosenwald, the Straus family, E. A. Filene, Bernard M. Baruch, Eugene Meyer, Jr., and every one with a disconcerting blend of public service in accomplishment. If Professor Baker drives him into dramatics, he will have to submit plays against the unbridled competition of Selwyn, Elmer Rice, Belasco and Anspacher. Even the name of George Cohan will chill him till he learns it belongs to another minority group, not under present discussion.

If he acts, he will feel alone in Cuba as he spells out the electric signs of Warfield, Ben-Ami, Ditrichstein, Fields, Weber, Schildkraut, the Bernards, Kalich, Jolson and Nazimova. Lifting his voice in song, he will face a Hebrew choir. The piano and the violin are not in the Anglo-American Department. Editors will not hold open the make-up for his contribution because the fifteen percent mark had been passed by Bruno Lessing, Ludwig Lewisohn, Louis Untermeyer, Walter Lippmann, Montague Glass, Franklin P. Adams, Edna Ferber, Simeon Strunsky, and Fannie Hurst. It would seem fairer to the young man to toughen him up for the struggle of ability. Otherwise he will say, "It was never like this at Harvard."

WE END with three simple questions. What is a university? Once it was a place to which the nations gathered wandering ragged scholars of every race and creed. It is free, or it is nothing—today, tomorrow forever, "free as an Arab."

What is America? It is a Commonwealth made by no single strain of blood. Privileges are not due to any selected set of Descendants. No protection is needed for a virile stock. No protection will avail for a disappearing stock. America is changing and to change. In endless daring experiment it will test itself. The heart of the experiment is in freedom of opportunity. Why not, as Julius Drachler suggests, add to the ideas of a political and industrial democracy the idea of a democracy

of racial cultures, which will give color and variety to the dreary flatness of national life?

When an immigrant group preserves its conscious community, it makes a gift to our country. The clothing trades, predominantly Jewish, are pioneers of workers' education and labor research. They have developed a virile labor press. In twenty years they have lifted themselves from the sweat shop to standards of decency and a pride of organization. The hope of America is in such a group.

What sort of neighbors are these Jews? Their mental life is eager. There runs a saying in the Harvard Yard:

To keep the proportion of Jews to Gentiles at Harvard small, to make the percentage of Jews to Gentiles at Harvard correspond to the relative population in the United States, lower the entrance requirements.

Select your test of scholarship and character and they will meet it.

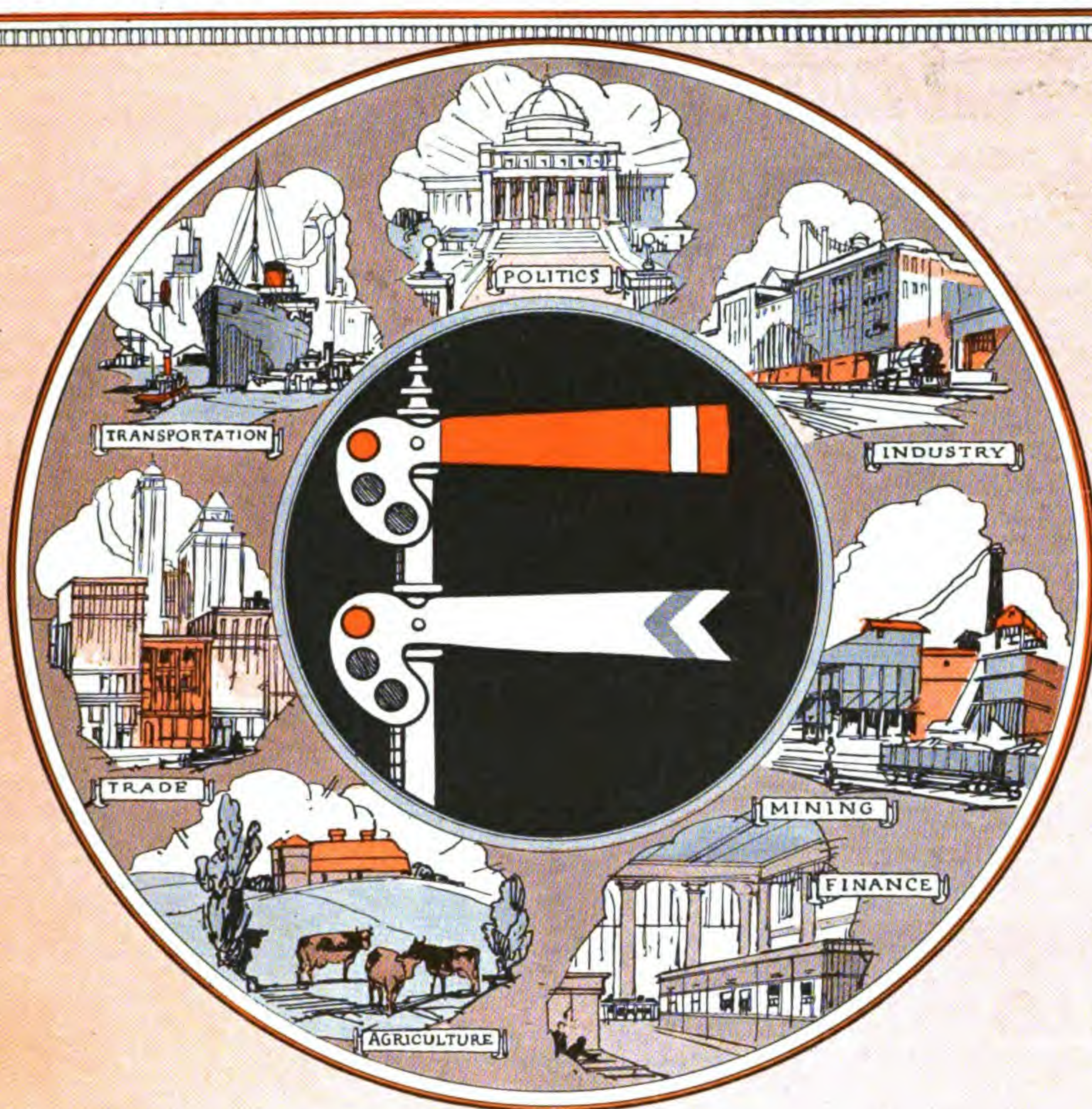
On this final question of Jews as neighbors, I claim my Anglo-Saxon right of a personal opinion. I can speak only of the Jews I know. But I have known many, and a few I know better than I knew my brother. I spent five years with a large East Side group, cooperating with them in educational, athletic and social clubs.

Of the intimates, who make one's personal world, half the number have been Jews. My life would have been poor without them, and my picture of a Jewless world is of a barren place. It would be lonely for comradeship of the mind. They are friends of the spirit and the companions of one's best self. They are dreamers in a world that needs their dreams. They are staunch in an unpopular fight. They are long-enduring, unforgetting, loyal friends: only the English are as loyal.

When literature and labor and the march of thought are talked, they must be of the group, or the talk lacks edge and insight. I do not know any other mind so truth-seeking, so free from prejudice as that of Felix Adler. For power and simplicity of nature, blended into choice personality, Abraham Jacoby always seemed to me unique. In strong life devotion, held unbroken to its mark, who outranks Lillian Wald? These persons I have known and such as they. This is the race on whom a percentage is to fall, branding them as invaders of what is precious in our culture.

If you are successful, the successful among men will help you. If you are poor and defeated, a Jew will help you. I am aware of their faults but am untroubled by them. The sum of their virtues yields a richness needed in the Western world. Many Jews are untrue to themselves. I am speaking of the best of them and the best in them. To see that, to speak of that, to be friendly to difference, this is the high calling of a university. What I learned the college can teach: to pierce through difference to the great agreements.

The Jews have put America to a new test, Mr. Gleason will say in his third article on Jews in American Colleges. Also he will tell what Judge Learned Hand thinks of the problem. See Hearst's International for May, ready April 20th.



Block Signals of Business

THE engineer of a railroad train knows his business. Yet railroad companies erect block signals to safeguard his train against danger.

You know your business. Yet there may be danger ahead and block signals are in order.

The German mark swindle has cost American investors more than a billion dollars. As France proceeds into the enemy country her securities go down. Europe is in chaos; business in general uncertain as to what lies ahead.

The International Institute of Economics has erected a system of block signals for the American business man.

Headed by an European economist of wide experience, utilizing the international contacts of the world's greatest publishing organization, it is constantly assembling and sifting data on the seven key activities on which all business is founded:

Mining	Agriculture	Transportation
Trade	Industry	Finance
		Politics

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119 West Fortieth Street : New York

A danger signal — tender and bleeding gums

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada.

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Bobby Bruce and the Two Humans

Terhune's Story of a Dog Who Thought—From page 103

vain effort to banish the pests, the din of the dog fight had come to his ears.

Straight in the direction of the sound he charged. Fifty feet away he found his progress stayed by the stout willow hurdles of the meadow fence. Ordinarily he would have accepted the obstacle as impenetrable; now he did not so much as pause for it. His ton of fury-driven weight went through the hurdle as through a paper hoop. He did not even break his stride for it. In another moment he had cleared the undergrowth and had gained the open ground of the glade.

THERE—though the fight was over—he found plenty of targets for his wrath. In the glade's center, snarling and straining at a leash, writhed Loris. Ten feet farther away, and eying the intruder with cold disapproval, stood Bobby Bruce. And close to the collie crouched a man who was waving his coat to attract the bull's notice.

He attracted it.

He attracted it to the exclusion of the girl who was clinging to her hickory perch. The scent of blood was in the air. Both dogs, particularly the tied one, offered splendid victims to the bull's wrath. But the waving coat drew him most of all. And the bull lowered his head to charge.

At the first step of the rush, Dick Malvern ran far to one side—well out of the neighborhood of Ruth and in the opposite direction.

A bull always shuts his eyes when he charges. But Dick had purposely begun his own retreat before the monster was well in motion. Thus the bull swerved and tore across the turf at him. Realizing that the animal's attention was turned wholly from Ruth, Dick Malvern took to his heels and gave a creditable exhibition of sprinting.

THE GIRL, aghast and speechless, saw the bull dash after him in close and homicidal pursuit. Even as an odd little thrill at her heartstrings rewarded Dick's sacrifice, she saw a catapult of tawny and white fur whiz across the glade, flash past the lumbering pursuer and make a bewilderingly swift sidewise leap. At the same instant the bull was aware of a seventy pound weight that had attached itself to the right side of his throat, and of a set of deadly jaws that clove his tortured flesh.

At the pain and the impact the bull swerved to one side. Twice and three times he essayed to start after Dick, but every time Bobby Bruce was before him, behind him, under him, to one side or the other—slashing, leaping, nipping, deflecting the incipient rushes. Wherefore the bull proceeded to forget his rage against Malvern and to devote himself to the slaughter of the collie.

Bobby Bruce, his object accomplished, took to his heels, moving directly away from his master and keeping only a yard or two in front of his galloping foe.

Panting, laughing like a schoolboy, Dick made for the hickory tree.

"Bobby'll never let him catch up in a thousand years!" he reassured the shaky Ruth. "He is leading him away at the rate of fifty miles an hour. So—"

A sharp little cry from Ruth interrupted him. He followed her nervously pointing finger. And he understood.

Having chased Bobby as far as the thither edge of the glade, and seeming to despair of catching him, the bull had paused. Then his red eyes had fallen on Loris struggling helplessly at the end of the leash and utterly at the bull's mercy.

Before Ruth could speak, Malvern was running from the safety of the trees toward the captive borzoi. As he ran he drew his pocket knife. Divining the man's crazily quixotic purpose, Ruth cried aloud to him in terror, begging him to come back. He paid no heed.

IN ORDINARY course Dick and the bull would have arrived at their goal at about the same time. But again fate—a furry and tawny fate—intervened.

Bobby Bruce, hearing the pursuer stop, had paused in his leisurely flight just in time to see the bull turn and start toward Loris.

Now Bobby Bruce's big heart held no drop of love for the borzoi. Yet his heart held no drop of cowardice or selfishness either. And, wheeling, he bore down on the bull once more.

Loris, knowing his own pitiful helplessness, nevertheless was bracing himself to make what puny defense he could. But midway across the glade Bobby was at the bull's torn shoulder. And the great brute faltered, irresolute for an instant in his stride. That instant sufficed for Dick Malvern to sever, with one knife-slash, the thin leathern collar he had no time to unfasten, and to dart back toward the copse.

Within the wink of an eye Bobby Bruce found himself reinforced in his bull fight by the dog which so recently had been his own snarling antagonist. There was a bolt of gray and silver light athwart the green of the glade. And the borzoi in a single leap had landed squarely atop the bull's heaving shoulders. His saw-like teeth twice buried themselves in the folds of the thick neck before he could be shaken free.

FROM SIDE to side in frenzy—lurching, bellowing, groaning—the bull flung himself, in a blind craving to kill one or both of his assailants.

Around and around the monster the two erstwhile enemies flew, in joyous alliance. Bobby plunged for heels and throat. Loris, more spectacular if not so effective, was all over the bull; now astride the blundering shoulders, now running along the broad back and nipping as he went. Once or twice his bounds carried him clean over the bull and to the ground on the far side.

The dual assault was more than bovine nerves could stand; under its impetus, the bull's fury began to merge into

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bewilderment, then into panic terror. Bellowing and grunting, he turned tail, fleeing madly from the scene of strife.

But again the dogs would not have it so. Uproariously happy in this novel sport, they gave chase. And this put the crowning touch to their victim's agony of fright. Blindly he galloped away through the forest, the dogs swirling around and under and over him as he ran.

And now, through his ecstasy of fun, Bobby Bruce's ancestral driving-instincts began to reassert themselves. A million of his forbears had learned to drive escaped sheep and cattle back to their pens. So while Loris still gave himself up to the rapture of the chase, Bobby proceeded to put a new method into his assaults on the heaving giant.

NO LONGER did he content himself with haphazard rushes at his huge foe. Hindered rather than helped by the frantic Loris, he turned the galloping brute and started him lumbering back toward the meadow whence he had escaped. The bull did not know whither he was being propelled or, indeed, that he was propelled at all; he sensed only that the way was barred for his plunges in every direction but one. And in that one direction he fled.

Bellowing, snorting, staggering, the bull found himself once more facing the smashed hurdle. Through the gap a painful heel-nip sent him. Loris, still delirious with the lust of the chase, flashed through the opening in pursuit. Bobby Bruce did not. Gripped by that queer, atavistic instinct—the instinct bred into a thousand generations of his ancestors—he halted in the hurdle gap and stood there guarding the broken paling from a return of the bull. Presently, noting that the victim was still in panic flight, with Loris all around him, Bobby Bruce whimpered wistfully his own yearning to continue the heavenly sport. Then, mastered by ancestry, he lay down daintily but decisively in the middle of the narrow gap, ready to spring up and to head the bull back again if need be.

But there was no such need. Then, with one farewell snarl at the fleeing bull, the borzoi turned back and trotted to where Bobby Bruce lay. For an instant he stood looking down at the collie as though undecided as to what their present mutual status ought to be. Bobby Bruce did not move, but keenly he watched his late enemy and tensed his own relaxed muscles to be ready for whatever decision the borzoi might make.

Then slowly the two plumed tails began to wag as though by concerted signal. Loris took a hesitant step forward and the two dogs' long noses touched each other in a sniff of appraising friendliness. Bobby's muscles relaxed again. He had found a new chum—a splendidly swift and likable chum, a chum that had not his equal in the gentle sport of bull-taming. Gravely Loris stretched his graceful bulk in the gap, close beside the collie's.

And there the two pleasantly drowsy brothers-at-arms were lying when the two humans came up in search of them—the two humans who were also side by side, and who were far closer together as they advanced, than were the collie and the borzoi.

Which is apt to be the way of a man and a maid in springtime.



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after shopping—

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the beverage that
delights taste and
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Prepared with the finished art that
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W. Somerset Maugham Describes the Growth of a Woman—From page 47

Jane

very particular and he won't hear of anyone copying my frocks. He wants me to be unique."

She had an idea that people would laugh when she said this, but they didn't; they merely answered:

"Oh, of course I quite understand. You *are* unique."

But she saw them making mental notes of what she wore, and for some reason this quite put her about. For once in her life that she wasn't wearing what everybody else did, she reflected, she didn't see why everybody else should want to wear what she did.

"Gilbert," she said, quite sharply for her, "the next time you're designing dresses for me I wish you'd please design things that people simply *cannot* copy."

"The only way to do that is to design things that only you can wear."

"Can't you do that?"

"Yes, if you'll do something for me."

"What is it?"

"Bob your hair."

I think this was the first time that Jane jibbed. Her hair was long and thick and as a girl she had been quite vain of it; to cut it off was a very drastic proceeding. This really was burning her boats behind her. In her case it was not the first step that cost so much, it was the last; but she took it ("I know Marion will think me a perfect fool, and I shall *never* be able to go to Liverpool again," she said) and when they passed through Paris on their way home Gilbert led her (she felt quite sick, her heart was beating so fast) to the best hairdresser in the world. She came out of his shop with a jaunty, saucy, impudent head of crisp gray curls. Pygmalion had finished his fantastic masterpiece; Galatea was come to life.

"Yes," I said, "but that isn't enough to explain why Jane is here tonight amid this crowd of duchesses, cabinet ministers, and such like; nor why she is sitting on one side of her host with an Admiral of the Fleet on the other."

"Jane is a humorist," said Mrs. Tower. "Didn't you see them all laughing at what she said?"

There was no doubt now of the bitterness in Mrs. Tower's heart.

WHEN JANE wrote and told me they were back from their honeymoon I thought I must ask them both to dinner.

"I'd been too busy to see Jane until the evening of the party. She kept us all waiting a little—that was Gilbert's cleverness—and at last she sailed in. You could have knocked me down with a feather. She made the rest of the women look dowdy and provincial. She made me feel like a painted old trollop."

Mrs. Tower drank a little champagne.

"She was seated at the other end of the table and I heard a good deal of laughter. I was glad to think that the other people were playing up well; but after dinner I was a good deal taken aback when no less than three men came up to me and told me that my sister-in-law was priceless, and did I think she would allow them to call on her."

Poor Mrs. Tower. The position was galling, and though I could not help being amused, for the tables were turned on her

with a vengeance, I felt that she deserved my sympathy.

"People never can resist those who make them laugh," I said, trying to console her.

"She never makes me laugh."

Once more from the top of the table I heard a guffaw and I guessed that Jane had said another amusing thing.

AFTER DINNER I tried to make my way to the sofa on which Jane was sitting, but I was intercepted and it was not till a little later that my hostess came up and said:

"I must introduce you to the star of my party. Do you know Jane Napier? She's priceless. She's been much more amusing than your comedies."

I was taken up to the sofa. The admiral who had been sitting beside her at dinner was with her still. He showed no sign of moving and Jane, shaking hands with me, introduced me to him.

"Do you know Sir Reginald Frobisher?"

We began to chat. It was the same Jane as I had known before, perfectly simple, homely and unaffected, but her fantastic appearance certainly gave a peculiar savor to what she said. When I left her she said to me:

"If you've got nothing better to do, come and see us on Tuesday evening. Gilbert will be so glad to see you."

So, on Tuesday but rather late, I went to Jane's party. I confess I was a little surprised with the company. It was quite a remarkable collection of writers, painters, and politicians, actors, and great ladies.

One day I received an urgent message from Mrs. Tower and fortunately I went to see her at once. When I was shown into the room Mrs. Tower rose from her chair and came toward me with the stealthy swiftness of a leopard stalking his prey. I saw that she was excited.

"Jane and Gilbert have separated," she said.

"Not really? Well, you were right after all."

Mrs. Tower looked at me with an expression I could not understand.

"Poor Jane," I muttered.

"Poor Jane!" she repeated, but in tones of such derision that I was dumbfounded.

She found some difficulty in telling me exactly what had occurred.

Gilbert had been with her just before she summoned me. When he entered the room, pale and distraught, she saw at once that something terrible had happened. She knew what he was going to say before he said it.

"Marion, Jane has left me."

She gave him a smile and took his hand.

"I've come to you because I knew I could count on your sympathy."

"Oh, I don't blame you, Gilbert," said Mrs. Tower, very kindly. "It was bound to happen."

"I suppose so. I couldn't hope to keep her always. She was too wonderful and I'm a perfectly commonplace fellow."

"And what is going to happen now?"

"Well, she's going to divorce me. She's going to marry Sir Reginald Frobisher

as soon as the decree is made absolute."

Mrs. Tower positively screamed. She expostulated, argued, and reasoned; but Gilbert insisted that no rules applied to Jane, and he must do exactly what she wanted. He left Mrs. Tower prostrate.

She was still in a state of extreme agitation when the door was opened and the butler showed in—Jane herself. "Gilbert has been here," said Mrs. Tower.

"He has just told me something which I can hardly bring myself to believe. He tells me that you're going to divorce him in order to marry Sir Reginald."

"Don't you remember, before I married Gilbert you advised me to marry a man of my own age. The admiral is fifty-three."

"But, Jane, you owe everything to Gilbert," said Mrs. Tower indignantly. "You wouldn't exist without him. Without him to design your clothes you'll be nothing."

"Oh, he's promised to go on designing my clothes," Jane answered blandly.

"No woman could want a better husband. He's always been kindness itself."

"Oh, I know he's been sweet."

"How *can* you be so heartless?"

BUT I WAS never in love with Gilbert," said Jane. "I always told him that. I'm beginning to feel the need of the companionship of a man of my own age. I think I've probably been married to Gilbert long enough. The young have no conversation."

Mrs. Tower gave a little sniff.

"And have you arranged with the admiral that if you want your liberty neither should put any hindrance in the way of the other?"

"I suggested it," Jane answered with composure. "But the admiral says he knows a good thing when he sees it and he won't want to marry anyone else."

She gave us a look through her eyeglass which even the fear of Mrs. Tower's wrath could not prevent me from laughing at.

"I think he's a very passionate man."

Mrs. Tower indeed gave me an angry frown. "I never thought you funny, Jane," she said. "I never understood why people laughed at the things you said."

"I never thought I was funny myself, Marion," smiled Jane.

"I wish you'd tell me the secret of your astonishing success," I said.

She turned to me with that bland, homely look I knew so well.

"You know, when I married Gilbert and settled in London and people began to laugh at what I said no one was more surprised than I was. I'd said the same things for thirty years and no one ever saw anything to laugh at. I thought it must be my clothes or my bobbed hair or my eyeglass. Then I discovered it was because I spoke the truth. It was so unusual that people thought it humorous."

"And why am I the only person not to think it funny?" asked Mrs. Tower.

"Perhaps you don't know the truth when you see it, Marion dear," Jane answered in her mild good-natured way.

It certainly gave her the last word. I felt that Jane would always have the last word. She was priceless.

But I felt a little sorry for Pygmalion.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only *absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong* that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time—or of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.



Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

Do you know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

The Book of Etiquette Complete in Two Volumes

In the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette the subject of correct form for every occasion is covered completely, authoritatively. It is recognized as the most thorough and reliable book on the subject available today. It is encyclopedic in scope, answering every problem of etiquette that may be puzzling you in a clear, definite interesting way. Nothing has been forgotten. Even the ancient origin of customs has been traced, and you are told exactly why rice is thrown after the bride, why black is the color of mourning, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your

knowledge of *what is right* under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination

The Book of Etiquette will mean a great deal to you. It has already opened the doors of social success to many, has shown hundreds of men and women the way to obtain the poise and charm their personalities lacked.

Let us send you the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Read a few of the chapters—you will enjoy particularly the chapter on "Games and Sports" and the chapter called "When the Bachelor Entertains." If you are not delighted with the books you may return them within the 5-day period without the least obligation. If you are delighted—as everyone is who examines the books—just send us \$3.50 in full payment and the books are yours.

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The Man Who Went Home

Arthur Stringer Points the Power of Love—From page 67



Have you ever tried it this way?

TOMORROW morning try dousing Listerine on your face after shaving. It leaves your skin refreshed, cool—and antiseptically protected.

Often your razor leaves a nick or cuts too closely. Listerine takes good care of that.

Then some evening when your scalp feels itchy and tired, massage it vigorously with Listerine—clear or diluted with one part water. You'll find it has a wonderful exhilarating effect and, moreover, it is effective in combating dandruff.



Cool, refreshed and antiseptically clean—after shaving.



Wonderfully exhilarating as a scalp massage; and it combats dandruff.

These are only two of Listerine's many uses. Read the interesting little circular that comes with each bottle describing many other uses.—

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youth with a thatch of mahogany-brown hair and wide gray eyes.

He followed the silent youth into what seemed to be a kitchen and dining-room in one, and found himself being stared at by a huge-framed and morose-eyed man, sitting as silent as Death at the head of the oilcloth-covered table.

"What do you want?" the grim old figure finally demanded.

"I want work," Minty promptly responded.

"And what brought you to my house?" challenged the still hostile giant.

"Your land looked as though it needed an extra man's work on it," announced the quiet-eyed intruder.

"What do you know about land?"

"I was brought up on a farm," explained Minty, seeing for the first time the open Bible beside the empty dishes.

"Then why aren't you there now?"

"I went to the city to work as a painter. But I got lead-poisoning and took up steam-fitting. Then I got sick and—kind o' lost my grip, and the doctors told me I ought to get back to open-air work."

"Have you had any dinner?" that judge finally demanded. And Minty knew that the tide was not turning against him.

"No, sir," he responded.

HE SAW the master of the house make a sign to the girl in the faded pink waist. Not a word passed between them. But dishes were lifted back to the table, a chair was placed for him, and at a nod from the sullen giant he sat down and ate.

He ate in silence, never once lifting his eyes to the girl moving about the room, never once forgetting the gloomy-faced man who watched him from the other end of the table. When he had finished his meal he got up and took his hat and walked out through the open kitchen door. A sense of triumph buoyed him up at the same time that the heavy silence of the place depressed him.

Five minutes later the morose-eyed man of the house joined him.

"You can't work on this farm if you're comin' for a week and then slidin' out," he announced. "I want no loafin' outsiders on my land."

"I'm looking for something steady," explained Minty as he saw the girl go from the kitchen-door to the well for water.

"Then I'll give you twenty dollars a month and board, year-round, but nothin' down until you've had two months to make good," was the other's sullen-noted ultimatum.

"That's all right," said Minty as he followed the slow-moving figure out toward the stables.

"And there's just one thing," that morose giant added with a sudden black look on his seamed old face. "You're goin' to keep clear o' that girl o' mine. Get that right, from the start. Keep clear o' her, or I'll kill you!"

In that way a new life began for Minty Croucher. It was a seemingly placid and ordered life, a life of open-air work and

well-earned appetite and sleep untouched by worry.

He found, in time, that the girl's name was Clarity, Clarity Chinnick, though she was usually addressed as Clare. Her only surviving brother, he later discovered, was the boy Kibby, the tongue-tied and uncouth and coltish-limbed youth so awkwardly hungry for friendship and so unable to articulate that want.

ONCE, WHEN the apple-orchard was in full bloom and the moonlight and the warm midnight odors awakened the old nocturnal instinct for movement, he slipped into his clothes and crept down through the silent house. He wandered about the dewy orchard, and stared up at the stars, and inhaled the troubling perfumes which left him both happy and perplexed in heart. Then he moved softly about to the other side of the house where he knew Clare's window to be.

He found her sitting there, as silent as the lilac-clumps beside the broken shutter, staring up at the star-strewn sky. He was afraid that she would shrink away when she saw him. But he crept closer, in spite of his fears. She neither spoke nor moved, however, when he stood beside the weathered sill and with her stared out over the fields dappled with misty light and shadows.

"Isn't it lovely?" he whispered, with an odd ache in his heart.

He could hear her whispered "yes" and that vague ache in his breast took on a sharper edge. For she, too, was lovely, with the moonlight on her throat and her tumbled hair. She alone seemed to add completeness to the murmuring emptiness of the night.

"Couldn't you come out?" he asked, with a pleading note in his whisper. And her quick shiver of horror did not escape his hungry eyes.

"No, no, I daren't!" she whispered down to him. He thought, from the terror in those quick-gasped words, that she was going to draw away and leave him alone. But she sat there, wide-eyed, without moving, without speaking. Nor did he himself speak again. He merely leaned forward and placed his cheek upon the toil-hardened hand that lay across the sill.

He heard her slow intake of breath and felt her free hand rest on the hair of his bowed head. And they remained that way, without speaking, for many minutes. Then the passive hands were quietly withdrawn and the brooding face was no longer above him in the open window.

Then haying-time came, bringing with it its double burden of work, and for six hours each day Clare drove a side-delivery rake. When a hidden bald-head put this rake out of service Minty was sent to patch it up. He soon effected his repairs, with the girl standing at his side, watching him. His heart was pounding inordinately, for they were alone, he knew, in the middle of a twenty-acre field. Then he asked her for the monkey-wrench she

wrench he took her sunburned hand and held it in his. Her face clouded and she struggled to free herself. But he did not give up his hold.

"Why do you hate me?" he asked, perplexed by the look of terror in her eyes.

"No, no; I don't," she gasped, with her breast heaving. And she stood suddenly transfixed, staring down at him with such tragic intentness that he slowly released her hand.

"I thought you—you could learn to care," he cried, carried away by reckless waves of emotion at that unwilled gesture of tenderness from her.

"I do—I do!" she gasped as she moved away from him and leaned against the rake-wheel.

"Then why are you afraid of me?" he asked, perplexed by the tragedy in her wide-staring eyes.

"It's something I can't tell you," she said, refusing to meet his eyes, "something I can't explain." Her face sobered him.

"Then I'll wait," he said, speaking as quietly as she had spoken. "For there'll be a time when you'll have to tell me!"

He had a black year or two in his own life to explain, he remembered. Some day he would have to tell her that he had done time, that he was a jail-bird, a pelted hound of the underworld in hiding.

YET MINTY was determined to live, not in the past, but in the present. A ghostly contentment took possession of him after that brief but passionate scene with Clare.

When he was handed his first pay, forty dollars in a lump, he expressed a desire to go to the neighboring town of Chamboro to buy clothes. He was given a team and wagon and asked to bring back with him the black powder which at his suggestion had been ordered for blowing up the army of stumps in an uncleared pasture-field.

He waited at the grade-crossing for a through freight to swing past. It disturbed him more than he imagined it could, that romance-tinted string of box-cars sliding along the rails into the far-off reaches of the world which he had abjured. A deep-kenned wanderlust stood up on the threshold of his soul and sniffed the air. And he was still sitting in his wagon-box staring after the fading caboose when a figure emerged from a nearby culvert-cutting and regarded him with derisive and slightly incredulous eyes.

"Say, Minty, what t'ell yuh Rueben-eerin' around this section for?"

Minty's heart sank. He turned a cold and noncommittal eye on the man with a stolen pullet under his arm.

"Stranger, you've got your number mixed. My name ain't Minty."

But the lie, even before he heard the other's lusty laughter, stood a transparent one. For that interloper from his other world was Arnup, Doc Arnup, so named because of his habit of carrying a medical stethoscope for overhearing tumbler-sounds when working on a safe-lock.

"Can the stranger stuff, Minty, and put me wise to what planted yuh up here wit' the hay-tossers."

The man on the wagon-seat remained silent for a moment or two. Then he spoke.

"Big Buck McDoel bumped in too close and I had to duck the buggy," he ex-



Why they stick

On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

It was the spirit of service that kept them at their work—a spirit beyond thought of advancement or re-

ward—the spirit that animates men and women everywhere who know that others depend upon them. By the nature of telephone service this is the every-day spirit of the Bell System.

The world hears of it only in times of emergency and disaster, but it is present all the time behind the scenes. It has its most picturesque expression in those who serve at the switchboard, but it animates every man and woman in the service.

Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.



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plained, falling easily back into the vernacular of his other world.

"McDoel," cried the other, with his repeated foolish laugh. "Then yuh can crawl out, Minty, for Buck cashed in last week over in Chi."

"Who told you that?" demanded the stolid-eyed man on the wagon.

"We got word at the Bridge from Baryski. And it's Redney who's takin' me back to Detroit on the rods."

"Is Redney workin' in Detroit?" he carelessly inquired.

"Greasin' the skids for a six-figured coup. And a neat-fingered soup-handler like yuh, Minty, ought 'o blow in when the blowin' is good!"

"Where'd I find Redney, if I wanted to swing in?" Minty finally asked.

"Under cover at Toledo Louie's—that's on lower Allen Street. And when yuh slip in, jus' say to Louie: 'The canals are full o' milk.' That's the high-sign."

"All right," said Minty as he started up his team and pursued his way to Cham-boro, deep in thought. But when he bought a jackknife for Kibby and new clothing for himself, he did so with the utmost frugality. More than half of his money, in fact, was expended on the purchase of a fourteen-carat gold ring with an off-color diamond chip set in unnecessarily heavy claws.

HE SAW the girl watching from the doorway when he drove back to the farm, and, small as the incident was, it brought a sense of warmth to his troubled body.

It wasn't until Kibby had slipped away to study in secret his new jackknife, and the morose-eyed father had risen from the table and stalked silently off to the stable, that the man and woman who remained dared to look openly at each other. Then, as though in unwilling response to the longing in his eyes, the girl turned and caught hungrily at his arm.

"I was afraid you weren't—weren't coming back," she whispered, with her chin trembling.

"I couldn't go, if I wanted to," he said, as he stood up beside her. She smiled wintrily, at that, with a slow intake of the breath. And as though in fear that she was going to draw away from him, he reached out and took her in his arms. He held her on his breast, with her head fallen back. And as his lips closed hungrily on hers he could feel her arms tighten convulsively about his shoulder and the subsiding quivers which passed through her body as she murmured: "Oh, I love you; I do! I do!"

He raised her drooping head, and would have kissed her again, only he saw there were tears in her eyes. But he still clasped her passive body as he said: "I've got something for you."

He held her there as he reached happily into his pocket and found the ring. And as he nested it in the hollow of his open hand he said: "That means you've got to marry me."

"I can't!" she said in a strangled whisper.

"But you're going to," he maintained as he stepped closer to her.

"You—you don't understand," she repeated with the familiar nameless horror once more on her face.

"I don't want to," he cried.

That was as far as he got, for he knew

by the look on her white face that they were no longer alone. He turned to find a figure of black rage confronting him from the open door.

"Didn't I say there was to be none o' this?" the great voice of the old Goliath was thundering out at him. "Didn't I warn you, from the first, that I'd kill you if you took up with that woman?"

"I'm counting on marrying this woman," retorted the younger man, without falling back an inch.

The towering figure looked at the girl.

"Tell him!" he curtly commanded.

The girl's face worked, but her body did not move.

"I can't!" she finally said.

"Then I will!" proclaimed the grim-mouthed man in the doorway.

THE GIRL moved, for the first time, at that, and covered her face with her hands.

"I'll tell him," she said quietly, through her clustered fingers. Then she reached out for Minty's arm, as though her eyes no longer saw, and let him lead her passively out through the door.

"It happened two years ago," he heard her saying in a thin labored voice. "I was picking wild strawberries in a cutting next to the railroad track. I had filled my hat. Then a man came up out of the ditch. He must have been asleep there. He was so awful looking that I tried to run away. But he laughed as he caught me, and covered my mouth with his hand to stop my screams. He—"

"Wait," Minty said. "What I want to know is just what that man looked like. What can you remember about him?"

"He was a big man, with long arms like an ape. His face was covered with red whiskers—no, not whiskers, but a sort of stubble that went almost up to his eyes. There was a scar just above that red stubble, along his right cheek-bone. He—but don't make me talk about it! Don't make me!"

He left her there, and strode back to the house. He found a Bible open on the kitchen table and a sunken-eyed old face bent above it.

"I want some money," was the younger man's abrupt demand. "I want thirty dollars."

"And what do you want money for?" asked the broken man with his hand on the open Bible.

"Because I'm going traveling—and I'm going tonight," declared the other.

"I knew you'd go," acknowledged the gloomy-eyed giant.

"And do you know why I'm going?" cried Minty with gathering fury. "I'm going to kill that man!"

"You've talked a good deal about killing, but if you'd had the spirit of a louse you'd have gone out and got the man I'm going after, instead of sitting around for two years and killing that girl's soul in her living body."

"And I'll tell you once more that if you try coming between me and that girl, that girl who's so clean-minded, you're not fit to sit at the same table with her, I'll show you what a bad man can do."

Yet the fires that had swept so hot and searing through his shaken body seemed to have burned themselves out by the

time he emerged from the house, half an hour later. He groped his way toward the well-platform and found the ghostly figure still huddled against the wooden pump. He felt for the girl's hand in the darkness and lifted her to her feet.

"I'm going away," he said very quietly.

"I knew you would," came from her in a dull and hopeless whisper.

"But I'm coming back," he declared.

WHEN, THE next midnight, Minty Croucher gave the password and was piloted back to Toledo Louie's craftily-hidden fence, he felt an odd stirring of the nerve-ends as he stared down at the stubbled red face and the scarred cheek-bone of Redney Baryski.

An hour before noon, the next day, he went straight to Police Headquarters, asked for the Chief himself, and placed his cards on the table.

"There's a drum-snuffer named Redney Baryski and three other gunmen under cover in this town getting ready to pull off a big job that's booked for tonight. Do you know who and what Baryski is?"

"I do," acknowledged the big-bodied man in the armchair. "But I don't happen to know who you are."

Minty thereupon gave his name and record and proceeded to lay down his terms. "There's a broken parole and an indictment against me in New York and I want it quashed. Wire Blake there and he'll O. K. what I'm saying. I've been going straight this year and I want to keep that way."

"Go on with your story," the Chief curtly commanded.

"Baryski is to blow the Peninsular Trust & Surety Company vaults at two tomorrow morning. Doc Arnup—you'll know that name, I guess—is to put the night-watchman to sleep and act as stick-up. A man named Moran will gay-cat along the corner next to Woodward. Big Berst is to handle the car for the get-away and Pip Klapper will be in the back of it with two automatics and a sawed-off shotgun. They've asked me to handle the soup."

"Well, we'll see about that," announced the still placid-eyed Chief as he prodded a buzzer-button. "Egan," he said to the officer answering his call, "this is Mr. Croucher. I want you to take him up to your room and make him comfortable."

SO FOR NEARLY three hours Minty did nothing but mark time. Then, when his patience was about exhausted, he was taken down to the Chief again.

"I want you to get right back to Baryski and stick with that bunch to the end."

"And then what?" inquired Minty.

"When you hear a double signal-shot in front of the bank you can strike for the street. Our boys will know you're coming and can make it easy for you."

Late that night Minty followed the kit-laden Baryski down an alley and into a concreted areaway and through a jimmied cellar window. He crept after Baryski into the vault-chamber itself and quietly held a flashlight while the other man, on his knees, fell to work on one of the ponderous steel doors.

Even then, he knew, he could have killed

his enemy, killed him without trouble.

But before his fingers could reach the metaled gun-grip the muffled double-bark of a repeated revolver-shot came to his ears. And he knew what it meant.

"What's that?" cried Baryski, wheeling about and switching off his drill.

Minty did not answer him, for the next moment he heard an odd whistling sound above his head. He threw up his flashlight. He made out four heavy projecting-nozzles that protruded from the solid masonry into the vault-chamber. He understood, in a flash, what they meant, understood even before the whistle of air above him turned into a mounting hiss of steam. It was no uncommon thing, he remembered, for modern banks to protect their vault-rooms with conduits of super-heated vapor which spelt death to the intruder.

"Gimme that light!" gasped Baryski in a thick voice. But Minty turning off the light and stooping low, ran for the door through the darkness. He reached it and found it yielded to his pressure at the same moment that Baryski's automatic barked out after him.

He found himself seized by a stalwart pair of arms as the steel door was swung shut behind him and the metal bolts shot into place. A light flashed for a second on his face, a voice said: "It's all right, Chief," and he was dragged along an unlighted corridor into a room.

There he made out three men in uniform and a fourth standing before a bronze controlling-wheel next to a pressure-gauge on the wall. Minty stood watching the slowly moving hand on the dial of that gauge. Thin jets of vapor blew out through the cracks of the bolted door.

THEN above the muffled roar of sound behind it came another sound, a sharp thud. The man at the wheel stop-cock turned and looked inquiringly at the waiting Chief, who nodded his head.

"Shut 'er off!" he called back as he unlocked the steel door.

Minty leaned against a heavy brass guard-rail, fighting for breath in that pit of choking hot vapors. He could see heavy figures moving about in the mist. He heard a voice call out: "Get some air in here" and a moment later felt a cleansing current of coolness about his feet. Then he saw something being dragged out of the vault-chamber, something which left a trail of red behind it.

The Chief stood regarding this in the clearing light.

"He sure knew what was coming, he did, for he blew his brains out before it got to him! And that means the whole gang! So I guess, boys, we can call it a night!" Then he stopped short as he saw Minty leaning limp across the guard-rail. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded, amazed at the pallor of the younger man's face.

"I want to go home," whimpered Minty in a voice heavy with horror. "I want to go home," he repeated, foolishly, weakly, like a man who had gone through battle and grown sick of bloodshed.

"Well, that's all right, my boy," soothed the old Chief. "You can go home. You can go home to where the dickie-birds are, any old time you want to. And what's more, you can go with a clean slate!"

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Ⓒ *Frazier Hunt Pictures Conditions In the Near East—Continued from Page 92*

What I Saw In Turkey

could intrigue with. But religion has been a secondary matter. These unfortunate Armenians and Greeks and Bulgars who have been sacrificed during these bloody hundred years have not been killed simply because they were Christians or because they were not Moslems, *but because they were not loyal Ottoman subjects.*

With the actual coming of the Greek troops to Smyrna in 1919 following the complete defeat of Turkey, these Greek civilians, who had lived and prospered in Eastern Anatolia for hundreds and hundreds of years, suddenly were set on fire by this western religion of nationalism.

Turkish civilians living in the Greek occupied districts were crushed, abused and buried under the Greek military dictatorship.

During the three years of Greek military occupation Turkish nationalism that was at the beginning in 1919 no more than a dull, dying ember in the ashes of the old Turkish Empire, blazed up and set fire to all Turkey.

IN THE END the Greeks, suffering a thorough moral and physical breakdown, were stampeded like frightened cattle into the sea. Conscious of their own guilt and their own share in the crushing of the Turks within the Greek lines, the Greek civilians fled with the broken and shattered army. It was the greatest rout in the modern world's history—a mad burning and wrecking and destroying as soldiers and civilians fled as if before some great storm of wrath.

For days I followed along this line of the Greek retreat in Asia Minor. Only frightened, terrified madmen could have done what these Greeks did. Some 50,000 houses were destroyed and some 10,000 Turks were killed in one way or another.

At Smyrna the cavalry of Mustapha Kemal Pasha caught up with the fleeing Greeks. The soldiers and a part of the civilians had already escaped but the rest were there on the quays, huddled together like animals shrinking from the crash and terror of lightning.

Smyrna was burning—set on fire by Greeks, Armenians and Turks.

And then the world heard the tales of Turkish cruelty; of the brutal driving off of all the men of military age. She heard the stories of hungry babies and half-crazed mothers; of disease and filth and starvation and suffering beyond words. She heard of shiploads of broken humans unloaded on crowded wharves where there was no food or shelter or medicine. She heard the long, pitiful cry of torture as a world twists in pain and agony.

Stubbornly the new state of Turkey reiterated its lesson that it believed the West had taught it: "You cannot deny us the right to demand allegiance and loyalty from all who live within our borders," Turkey said again and again. "It so happens that the disloyal minorities within our borders are Christians but in no way is this a religious affair. It is purely a question of the right of the Turkish state to live.

"During the Great War, America demanded and secured loyalty from all its own minorities and why should we not be given the same privilege? We believe that we can never have a secure and harmonious country until we are rid of our disloyal elements. So we want them to leave. It will be better off for us and for them if they go. We can arrange an exchange of populations that will equalize the suffering and then we can go about our business of making a real Turkish Republic here."

Time after time I have heard Turks in official positions and in civilian life expound the very same words of this argument. Again Turkey is afraid. She is afraid her old enemies will not let her live and work out her salvation in peace. She would undertake the major operation now while she is strong and virile.

It is the religion of western nationalism biting into the heart of the East. All the Balkans are aflame with it. From its bosom spring the causes of these great and awful forced tides of migrations that have swept back and forth over the whole of the Near East.

The twin wreckers, Fear and Hate, live on here, but, little by little, time will dissipate them. One by one the Greek trader and the Armenian merchant will filter back into the Anatolia that they have helped lay waste. The Republic of Turkey will need them both. For too many centuries they have been the vehicle of commerce and prosperity for the farmer and soldier Turk.

Turkey of the future will need them and they will come back. Again for the thousandth time the stern laws of economics will conquer the passions of man.

Turkey has recovered from her old-fashioned fighting religion. The religion of nationalism has taken its place. Some day she will recover from that—some day the Near East will stop hating—some day when all the world is sane.

THE REST of this story I write in the filthy, mud village of Angora tucked away in the heart of Asiatic Turkey.

And I write about common Turkey—about peasants and blacksmiths and camel drivers and country patriots and simple men, and not about the white collared "foreign" Turks of Stamboul, who have misled and misjudged Turkey all these centuries. These simple people back here in the hinterland have been as badly governed and completely forgotten as the most lowly of the conquered.

But now they are coming into their own. From the very earth and forgotten hills the leaders of this New Turkey, escaping from allied governed Constantinople, have drawn fresh strength and new understanding. They have gone back to the soil and the heart of their real motherland as a tired child that has wandered far goes back to its mother, and it has given them strength to fight a lost cause and make it a won cause.

"Turkey owes her life to just those common people down there," an official in the

Anatolian government said to me this afternoon. He had stepped to the window and looked down on the crooked, noisy, half-paved street below. A train of ox-drawn carts with their solid wooden wheels was creaking by; I thought for a second that I was back in China.

"How do you mean?" I questioned.

"Well, the great thing about it all is that we Turkish leaders have finally discovered Turkey. It has taken us almost 500 years to do it. We thought at the time of the Young Turk revolution in 1908 that we had found Turkey, but we'd missed it a thousand miles.

WE THOUGHT then, just as we've been thinking all these five centuries, that our weakness was our real strength and our genuine strength was our greatest weakness. We thought that the thing that would make us great was a far-flung conquering, Imperialistic Empire, and it really was our greatest weakness, because on its non-Turkish people we wasted our best men, our money, our ambitions.

"And we thought our great weakness were these simple, hard working, hard fighting, misgoverned, mistreated, ignorant, common people of these hills and valleys of Anatolia! Here only are we genuinely Turkish in race and sentiment. These are our homelands and our home people; we had forgotten them."

He was speaking with such sincerity and evident honesty that I begged him to go on and tell me more of how they discovered and made this New Turkish Republic.

"It is very simple," he went on. "When the Greeks under the protection of British warships took Smyrna in May, 1919, and started their cruelties, a few score of us who refused to see Turkey ravaged by our greatest enemy, fled from Constantinople to these hills. And we not only found these forgotten Turks and this Real Turkey, but we found our own hearts."

The revolt of the billion men of the East against the White West has, after all, been fundamentally a revolt of the East against itself—against all its own inertia and superstition and customs and ignorance and cruelty. And it unknowingly has been a revolt against the religions of the East—all of them. All the revolutions of history have turned against the religions of the day. Turkey is no exception. Islamism is not the ruling passion of this new Turkish movement. Not a single leader of it is a "good" Moslem in the narrow religious sense.

These Turkish leaders know that New Turkey must strike her best blow now that the iron of her new state is hot; for the moment the fire of patriotism and nationalism has made it a glowing red that can be bent and molded any way that its master smithies desire; and they know that unless it is handled now it will grow cold and cannot be bent!

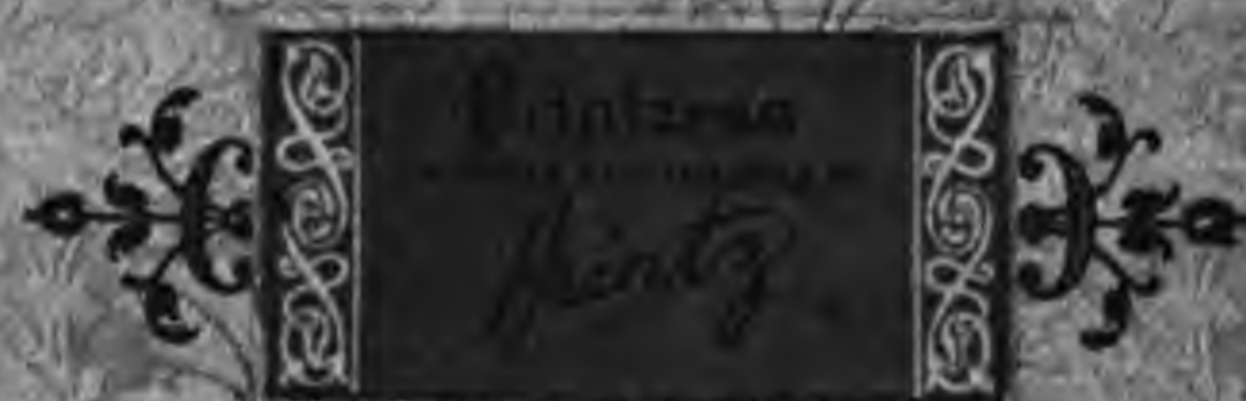
Inertia will assert itself; the East will slip in; Kismet will reign again and sit enthroned in ten thousand coffee houses throughout the country.



Personalized Style

as interpreted by **PRINTZ**

"The Identification of a Smart Garment"



SINCE 1895

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO. • PARIS • CLEVELAND • NEW YORK

The New Mode for Spring in Suits, Coats and Dresses—By Printz

SPRING—and the whole world awakens to new beauty! There is new air, new verdure about us; new hope and happiness within us. And we, like Nature, must fittingly express the season in beautiful new garb.

Fashion is extremely kind this spring. For she has chosen charming styles to add to the season's loveliness.

As always in Printzess models, the mode finds particularly happy expression. The lines are youthful, imparting a supple, slender grace.

Suits assume special prominence by their decided newness of design and variety of fabrics. Always a necessity in the complete wardrobe, they now perfectly combine utility and smart style.

The three-piece suit is decidedly voguish this

spring and because of its charm and utility will be the choice of many. All Printzess three-piece suits have an added feature in that they are designed to be put on and off like a coat.

Sport models in suits continue to enjoy the popularity that befits their practical charm; while suits for semi-dress, more elaborately designed and trimmed, are in greater evidence than for some time.

Among the wide selection of Printzess coats are extremely smart sport models developed in overplaid. Dress coats, with the long slender lines so universally becoming, show many new style touches and decorative motifs.

Printzess models offer a great variety of styles from which to choose—styles "personalized" for all the varying types of normal figures.

Printz "Personalized Style"

A basic principle of French style is that the mode **MUST** become the one who wears it. It must suit her personality and be adapted to her individual figure.

Printz "Personalized Styles" make this possible for all the **NORMAL** figures shown here. Printz designers have made a special study of the different types of normal figures, and by variation of design and lines, adapt the season's accepted mode to the needs of your individual figure.

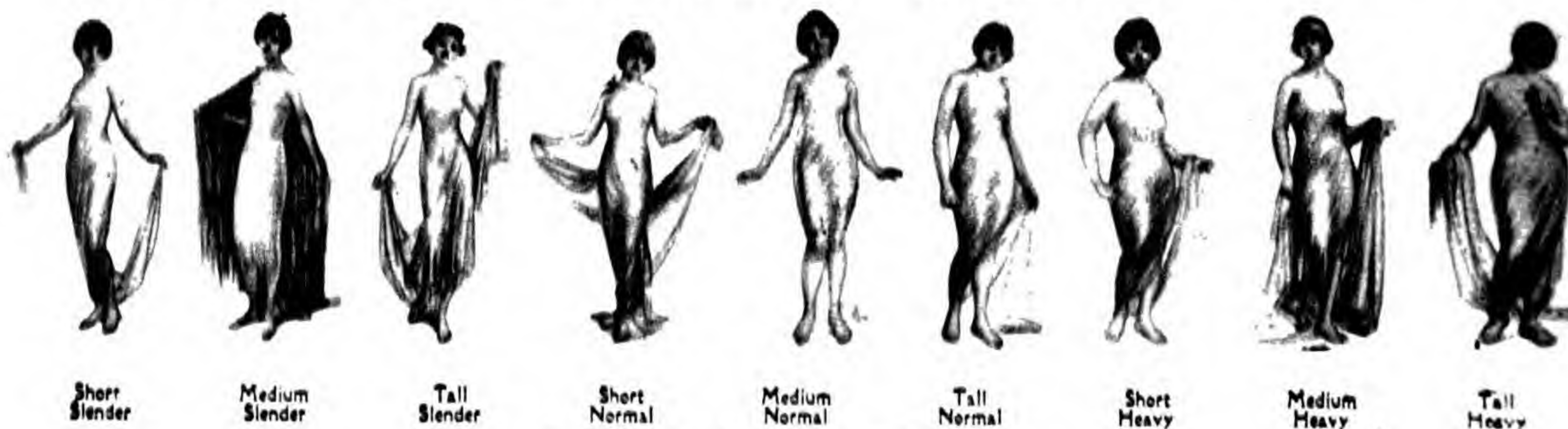
In this way style is "personalized" for **YOU**—in lines that give the best proportions to your figure and design that best becomes your personality.

Coupled with outstanding style is the well known Printz standard of values. In every detail of design, fabric and tailoring is that full measure of

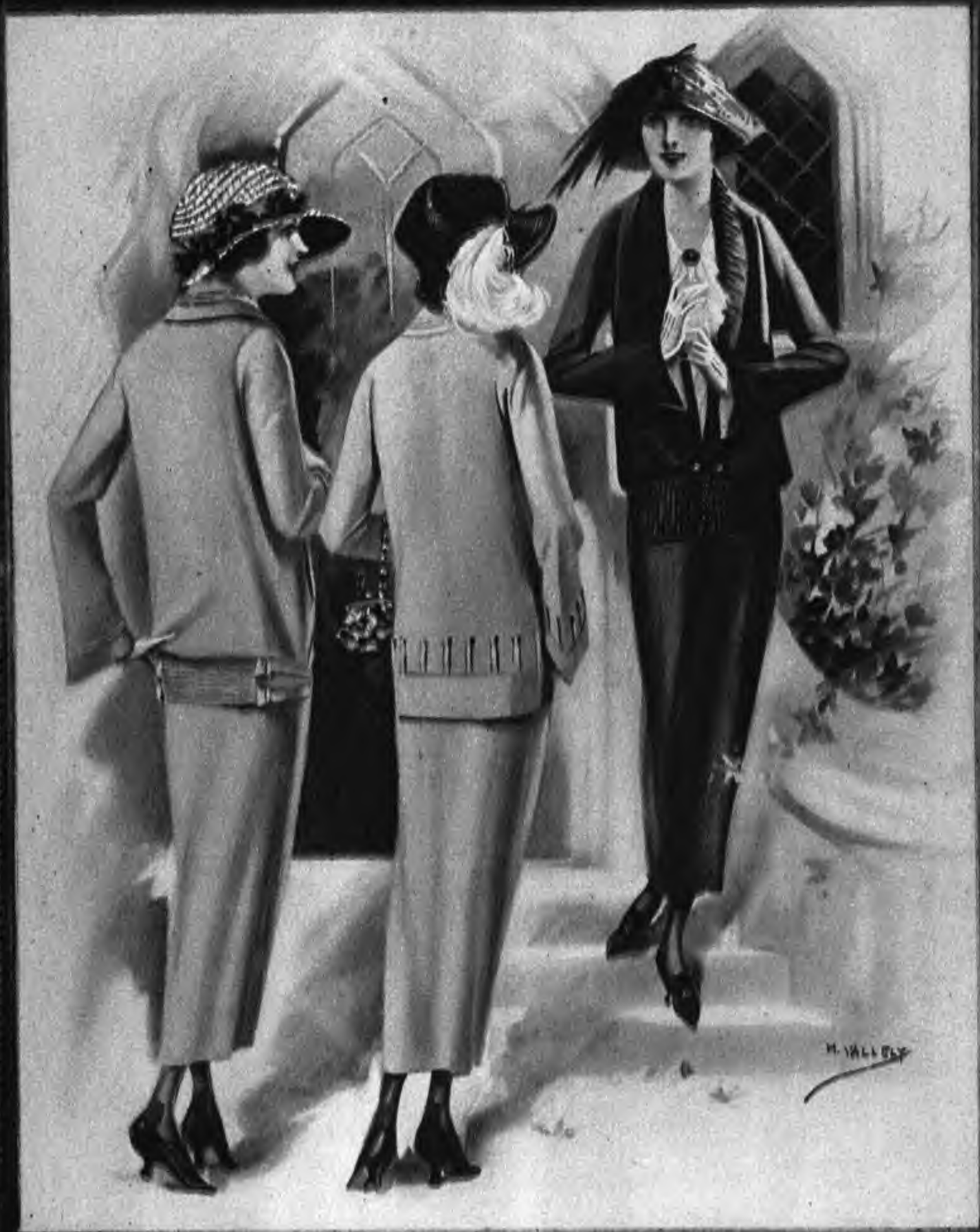
value for which the name "Printz" has so long stood. Printzess coats are moderately priced \$25 to \$95; suits, \$25 to \$95; dresses, \$25 to \$55.

One of the better stores in more than 1200 cities and towns is now showing an exclusive selection of charming Printz "personalized" styles for spring, including the models shown on the following pages. You will find there saleswomen trained in the Printz technique of personalized style, who will be glad to show you and help you choose a model designed to become you.

If you do not know which is the Printzess shop in your city, write to us and we shall be pleased to direct you. Should there be no Printzess shop in your city, the store you usually patronize will be glad to order for you.



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H. VALLÉE



No. 93—This three-piece suit of Read's Twill reveals uncommon beauty in lines, style and tailoring. The trimming adds an artistic touch in keeping. Full messaline lined.

No. 76—The modé is delightfully expressed in this suit of Eponge. The short, straight coat, buttoning at side front, has a certain jauntiness. This model, of Tricotine, is 1076.

No. 85—Youthful lines distinguish this Read's Twill suit—lines seen in the blouse front and straight narrow back. Stitching decorates the flare cuffs, roll collar and band about hips.

Printess

Printy



No. 11—Fashion approves as exceedingly smart this bewitching Sport Coat of Camel's Hair, with its little rows of tucks and swagger leather belt. Messaline lined.

No. 1001—The woman who wears this stunning Sport Coat of Overplaid will emerge from her motor trip as trim as when she started. Yoke and sleeves lined.

No. 6—It is the privilege of youth to be as swanky as possible and to this end this coat has been developed in a variety of ideal fabrics for outdoor wear.

Printemps

Printz



No. 87—The smart suit must have its flare this spring—thus this Twill model. Silk stitching trims the graceful coat which modishly fastens its sash at the side. Messaline lined.

No. 94—Youth cannot be altogether monotone and so we have a charming touch of color in the silk Crepe blouse of this handsomely tailored Twill suit. Full lined.

No. 96—Tweed's the thing for sport wear and does not this trim little suit suggest open stretches under spring skies? In a variety of smart color combinations, messaline lined.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



No. 17—If it has embroidery, it is distinctly in fashion—says Paris, and what could make a more stunning background than the soft Eponge weave of this model? Silk lined.

No. 18—A subtle charm is tucked away in the sleeves, back and collar of this delightfully wearable cloak which comes in all the spring shades of Eponge or Twill. Full silk lined.

No. 14—She stands wrapped in beauty—and no wonder. Of rich Amwolaine this cape hangs full length—made irresistibly charming with silk fringe and tassels.

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Printed
Huntz



No. 81—Lest the dignity of simplicity be violated, the designer used no other trimming than trim tucks—and with what adorable result in this Twill suit! Skinner silk lined.

No. 74—Behold the charm of youth—in this bewitching three-piece suit of Trico Twill, with box coat tied demurely under the chin with silken cord. Full silk lined.

No. 82—The woman of larger proportions will welcome Spring when it brings styles of such long and slenderizing lines as this Read's Twill suit displays. Skinner silk lined.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Go gle



No. 10—No feminine wardrobe is complete without just such a coat as this jaunty model of Karavan Kamel Kloth—an attractive example of outdoor spring modes. Silk lined.

No. 13—Youthfulness and grace wrap themselves about the figure with this two-tone cape of Lustrosa, a nappy material with a rich lustrous finish. Full silk satin lined.

No. 97—Spring lines, like spring weather, are variable and in this three-piece Twill suit the jacket is fashioned longer in back than in front where it fastens with a smart side buckle.

Donn Byrne's Version of a Great Love Story—Continued from page 75

Delilah, Now it Was Dusk

wondrous he was, and she dumb and bowing with shame. How they parted was to her a mystery, but that their hands touched, and at the touch all her bone and flesh seemed to go liquid, and her knees trembled as with an immensity of fear. And nothing seemed stable in the world but his great hot hand, that trembled too: . . .

BOWED WITH shame she was, troubled, blind in purpose, all the familiar things of her house and lands were now unfamiliar, unimportant. The long day dragged, and in her heart was a storm, like a hot wind from the desert. She refuted herself in her inner rooms, in the coolness of her inner rooms, but that brought no relief, and restlessly she must come out again.

The Asian sun dropped into the hissing sea, and came the soft Syrian dusk, and the swift coolth of the night. The heat of mind and body went with the heat of the day. There remained only a deep longing, that seemed to be a nostalgia of the infinite. Without the night was blue, there was only a little wind among the apple trees, and all the flowers had closed until dawn would come, but the birds were unsilent and the earth itself was restless, now spring was here.

The night wind cooled her sweet brow and ruffled the dark perfumed hair at her temples. All the longing of the night came to her lips in a little song—an air, and faltering, unthought words.

"O Spring, which begins now——" went the throbbing contralto.

There was a rustle among the trees. Her heart stopped beating.

"Is someone there? Who is there? Who?" But she knew well who was there.

"Who is it? Who is it?"

She saw the great bulk in the blue night, like a giant, like some great giant of the earth.

"It is I. Samson."

"What—how——" Words would not come to her. Nor would words mean anything. "Why——"

She put out her hands—she knew not for what reason, perhaps to thrust him away—her slim white hands in the dusk. He seized them. Once again she throbbed from head to foot, and her knees became weak, and all of her melted. And she fell forward, will having left her, on the great bearded chest.

"I am dying," she murmured. "O my God, I die!"

Through all Philistia the news had gone, that Delilah had become infatuated with and married the guerilla leader, and the young men stormed: Was she mad? Or what had he done to her? And an immense disgust arose in them. Delilah, to marry that! Delilah, of all women! Delilah, beautiful, gifted, with all her tradition, to be bound to this ragamuffin warrior! This fatuous boaster, with his red hair of comedy, and yokel whiskers! How disgusting, how degrading! And they had offered her all their hearts and poetry, and she had chosen this. O Delilah! Delilah!

Older men and women said nothing. Some of them understood. The freakish and terrible lightning that passion is, and how it strikes. In some women that was what strong drink is to men, a mocker and a raging thing. A pity though Delilah. . . . And the priests shook their heads. It will not last, they said, and her heart will be broken.

Though it was pain to them, still they came to see her, to let her know that nothing mattered, she was their friend always. . . . They had to suffer seeing the great red one at the head of the table, hearing his jokes and reminiscences.

Sometimes a great rage against the Philistines would take him, and he would give vent to it by telling at the table of his fight at Ramath-leki when he had annihilated the Philistine patrol with the first weapon to hand, a great bone he had found in the desert sands. After many years and much telling he had exaggerated the deed out of all proportion, until from ten it had become a thousand men.

"And do you know what that bone was?" He would put his immense hands on the table and lean forward.

"The jawbone of an ass," he roared with the thunderous laughter. "Ho! ho! The jawbone of an ass. With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men."

SHE UNDERSTOOD now, looking back, how pathetic a figure the red giant was, had she only had the eyes, the wisdom to see then. He was so lost among the suave sophisticated Philistines, who could hurt more with a word than he could with his great brawny hands. Beneath his swelling thews he was only a child. He wanted to be as important as the guests in her house. Feeling they despised him for his origin, and his manners, his boastfulness and his arrogance were only a defense.

Little by little now Delilah's friends disappeared, and she was glad of it, for she hated to see Samson despised, disliked.

She had chosen her husband, and what she had chosen was her own business. No matter how queer he was, she couldn't have him laughed at. . . . So they stayed away, and she was glad of it and little by little the great wonder of her marriage provoked no more passion, no more discussion.

A new strange element came up in this isolation—Samson didn't like being left alone by the Philistines. Somewhere in his mind arose the theory that it was a new insult, a new harm. He grew short with his wife; became irritable; nothing pleased him. He was not a farmer, a warrior he! he complained. He was entitled to relaxation, amusement, conversation. He was no vegetable——

"Then, Samson, you would like people here?"

He didn't like to be left alone, as though he had the plague, or treated as though he were nobody, by God!

"Then they shall come, Samson."

But—ah!—there was something, he objected. He didn't like this damned

superciliousness, this accursed Philistine superiority——

"You imagine it, Samson. You are too sensitive, my big lover."

"Then they are not superior; are not better than I?"

"Of course not, great Samson. In every way you are as good as they, the same as they. You would look the same as they, only better-looking, more magnificent, if only——"

"If only what?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me, lover, if I tell you. There is only one thing remarkable about you; one thing they can criticize. If only your hair——"

"Ha! my hair!"

"O Lover, without it, you would look so great and splendid, and dignified. There would be nothing to criticize."

"But Delilah, my strength is in my hair."

"O Lover, lover, don't be silly!"

"Also my parents took a vow——"

"But darling, your parents never knew you were to be such a great man, and that you would have to command respect from the nation——"

"Of course, of course. But, Delilah, if my strength goes——"

"Dearest, it won't go. How could it?"

"And they won't have anything to criticize then! Ha! Then off it comes!"

She was so happy, the tears came into her eyes. This strange desire to wear his hair long as a woman's had been a bugbear to her. This foppishness, freakishness, superstition, whatever it was, it made him remarkable. She couldn't suffer to have men smile at him.

"If you only knew how happy you make me!"

He was ludicrously nervous as she shore off the great red braids. He was more, he was frightened. The burden gone, he strolled casually around, picked up a little bar of iron at the fireplace, twisted it to form a loop, was satisfied. Glanced at himself in the long metal mirror, smiled.

"I think it suits me well."

A thrill of delight came to Delilah, a new, a younger Samson had appeared. Her heart went pit-a-pat. . . . A great dignity sat on him now, and he weighed his words at the table. Gone with his hair was his old arrogance, and seemingly his race hatred. . . .

FOR SOME brief weeks Delilah knew happiness such as she never believed possible in earth or heaven. . . . So fine, so strong he looked, so greatly he acted, so—so fully he loved. . . . Of course it couldn't have lasted, she knew now. How fast catastrophe!

Quietly he said one day: "How soon it gets dark! Night falls faster than it used. An hour ago the sun was shining, and now it is dark."

She felt as if some cruel fingers had seized her heart, her throat. She froze to the ground.

"What did you say?"

"I say: why don't the maidens bring lights?"

"Not yet, dear heart. . . . Let us stay in the warm dusk. Wait, I take your hand."

A few days later he stumbled and all but fell, was clumsy. She flew to his side.

"My eyes," he said, "a touch of sun. Nothing particular." But she sent for a physician.

"It's nothing," Samson said. "Something I've eaten. I'll go asleep."

"Dear Samson, to please me." The physician examined his eyes.

"Well?" Delilah drew him aside.

"The early days in the desert. . . . He is going blind."

A few days later came a great bellow from the garden!

"The Philistines are upon me. They have put out my eyes."

"Samson! Dear heart, listen——"

"They have shaven the seven locks of my head. They have taken my strength from me. They have put out my eyes."

"Samson, Samson, listen. It is I, Delilah. Don't you know me?"

His great roar had brought out the household, and men from the hillside, and stopped folk on the road. And they all came running now, thinking some murder was being done.

"The Philistines are upon me. They have put out my eyes!" he roared. He went stumbling piteously through the orchard, the trunks of the trees hurtling him, the branches striking his defenseless face. Delilah called a serving lad.

"Go after my lord Samson," she said, "and lead, whither so ever he wishes."

All afternoon, and evening, and late into the night she sat white and stricken, waiting for his step, waiting for news of him. In the darkness a horse galloped up. An officer of the Philistines sought her.

"Have you news of Samson?"

"Yes, Delilah. He is in Gaza, in the prison house."

"In the prison house! What has he done?"

"He has done nothing, Delilah, he is—he is mad and blind, and would come in. We tried to send him home to you, but he wouldn't come. And he wouldn't go to the Hebrews. We were afraid of something happening to him, so we took him in. . . . What shall we do, Delilah?"

"Would you—would you let him stay?"

"If you wish it, Delilah."

"He will be least unhappy there."

Just when she had become reconciled to this strange situation, herself honored and in luxury, her husband mad and blind and insisting on being a prisoner of the Philistines, just when she had striven to make and succeeded in making this seem a normal, a usual thing, a courier from Gaza came. . . . What his business was she never imagined.

"Delilah, Samson is dead!"

"Samson dead? What do you mean?"

"Delilah, Samson was wandering through the town. He had asked the master of the prison house could he go to see the new temple of Daigon. Though he couldn't see he wanted to feel it, its pillars and stone. A little lad brought him. And there was a scaffolding in front on which three men were working, and he knocked against it, and felt the pillars, and stopped. . . .

"And he put his hands on two of the pillars of the scaffolding, and listened to the workmen above, and then called out: 'O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my eyes.'"

"And he took hold of the two middle pillars of the scaffolding——"

"Oh!" Delilah's voice came in a long moan. "Oh! my poor love! my poor lord!"

oh! . . . The workmen," she asked "were they—killed?"

"One was lamed and one bruised and one had a shoulder smashed, but only Samson, Delilah, is dead."

"I shall go with you. . . ."

They had taken him into a cool corner of the temple, and when she saw him there was no longer doubt in her, or—or hope. He lay there with a great dignity, a new majesty, all the pain and baffledness had gone from his face, and the poor empty eyes were closed. . . .

"Delilah, where is he to—stay?" The captain of the guards leaned toward her.

"Not with us, kinsman. He mightn't rest. He will sleep with his own."

"Then shall I tell his brethren, and the house of his father to come?"

"Do, kinsman," she said. She turned her head to the shadows. "Tell them to come and take him," she said.

And now night had come, and the little lamps of Gaza burned clear in the blue softness. The sun had gone down in the west, and the silver blade of the moon had all but followed. Delilah felt cold and stiff and there were tears in her heart that would not come to her eyes for relief. The heaviness of an old sorrow, it never went, and she didn't know if she wanted it to go. . . . She rose to go within.

"Delilah, the great harlot," a raucous voice accused her from the blackness of the street. "She enticed our lord Samson and made him sleep on her knees——"

She stopped and listened. Venom was sprayed against her from the street. Suddenly the tears came, the welcome tears, and gratitude went in a white shaft from her to the bitter men in the streets, for this: that after so many years great Samson was not forgotten, that he lived in their mind and hearts still, as in hers.

Ⓒ *Brigadier-General Mitchell Writes of Future Flying—Continued from page 105*

Meteors First, Men Second

more to make it satisfactory. Its weight per horsepower has been marvelously reduced. Fifteen years ago twenty pounds of weight were required in an engine to produce one horsepower. Now we get one horsepower out of a pound and a half of metal.

In 1914, an engine would not run more than forty hours without overhauling. Any good airplane engine will now run 150 hours without overhauling, and we are building a plane which will have engines that will run 500 hours without overhauling. In 1914, airplane engines would not run continuously more than two hours; now they run eighteen to twenty hours, and occasionally go to thirty.

But we need a new type of engine altogether—one with a new and better form of power and with fewer parts. We shall get it. Experiments to this end are being made in Europe and in America. I should not wonder if the mercury vapor turbine is what is destined to displace gasoline in the air.

Heat applied to mercury converts it into vapor. This vapor, under pressure, will whirl a turbine. The turbine has but one moving part. That is what we want—to get rid of so many moving parts. And

the mercury vapor turbine, if it works, will use its mercury over and over again. As soon as the vapor passes through the turbine, it will be condensed, brought back to the other end of the turbine, heated again and the vapor shot against the blades of the turbine.

A good many men are working on the mercury vapor turbine, in this and other countries, and some of them are likely to make it work. It is the most promising prospect of which I know.

IT TOOK US a long while to become able to fly, but now that we have got off the ground, no one can tell where we shall stop. The possibilities are almost without limit. As I have said, there is no limit that I can see to possible speed except the fusion of metal caused by friction with the air.

Let us look at the passenger aspect of aviation. Cost must be regarded as a factor of first importance. During the war it cost the United States Government sixty cents a mile for each person that was carried in the air, and that is about the cost today. In Europe, the cost has been reduced since the war to eighteen cents a

mile. Mind you, that is cost, not price.

The cost is high because an airplane is expensive and short-lived. The cost of an unloaded freight train is said to be about five cents a pound, but the cost of an airplane is \$3.00 a pound. The freight train not only costs, pound for pound, but a twentieth of the cost of an airplane, but the freight train lasts for years while the airplane has but a brief life.

The cost of a train is charged against all the goods or passengers that it carries during a long life, while the cost of the more expensive airplane must be charged against what it carries during a brief period. The cost of propelling a pound through the air, even in Europe, is about ten times the cost of hauling it on a railroad.

When the cost of aerial transportation can be reduced to eight cents a mile I believe there will be an opportunity to do an express business up above. In traveling along Chesapeake Bay the other day I came across a place where fishermen were unloading their boats. They sold their fish for five cents a pound. The buyers iced the fish, loaded them upon boats, and took them to the nearest shipping point. The fish were then loaded on cars, iced

again and shipped to New York and sold for forty or fifty cents a pound.

Now right here is an opportunity for good business. An airplane today can take a ton of those fish, fly to New York and make a profit of \$300 a trip.

There are many such opportunities for airplanes in the express business. Some of them are in the Arctic Circle. That country is full of valuable furs—skins that are worth hundreds of dollars each, yet weigh but a few pounds. I believe a great industry could be created in this field. The flying time from New York to Nome is but fifty-four hours.

I NEVER travel by train when it is possible to go by air and I have reason to know how much time it takes to go to aviation landing places. It takes an hour and twenty minutes to go from Chicago to the place outside the city from which I fly. Think of that! I often have luncheon in Washington and fly to Chicago to dinner, and spend an hour and twenty minutes of the time getting from the flying grounds into Chicago.

I do not look for extraordinary speed in the air in the immediate future. We shall probably make 250 to 300 miles an hour but that is all. Higher speeds will come later—much higher. We cannot much concern ourselves with higher speeds until things on the ground are in better condition. Airplane development has already proceeded more rapidly than arrangements for air traffic. We have already more than doubled the speed of the fastest trains, and have made travel in the air reasonably safe.

People do not realize how nearly safe it is to travel in the air. I have mentioned that there are practically no casualties in the air mail service.

Here is an interesting fact about the Mount Clemens air maneuvers. Flyers came to Mount Clemens from all over the country. The flying that was done on account of this meeting was equivalent to 200,000 miles for one flyer. Yet there was not an accident. This is an illuminating fact. Military flying is far more dangerous than commercial flying. Yet 200,000 miles were flown without a mishap.

Aviation has made tremendous strides. Yet it is in its infancy. The present type of plane will disappear. I think I can see the airplane of the future as clearly as if it were before my eyes. It will be a monoplane. It will be all metal. The plane will be ten or twelve feet thick. Inside of it will be the engines and the quarters for crew and passengers. The only things visible except the thick plane will be the propellers.

But never forget the gliders. A few years hence our goods and ourselves may be carried along, at great heights, by winds of millions of horsepower—winds that cost nothing. For a long time we have been trying to devise ways to transmit power from the earth to airplanes without the use of wires.

Perhaps the winds of the heavens are destined to do for us, and do without charge, what we have not yet been able to do for ourselves. What we want is great power in the air without the necessity of carrying fuel, and what matter it if we get it from the winds without charge instead of paying for electric current?



Not Like Any Summer that you've ever spent

HERE is real difference, real change, real relaxation, new interest, new fun, new healthfulness, for the coming summer.

All in Southern California—a place that you, perhaps, have thought to be too warm for that season of the year. And yet summer is preferred by Californians to the winter months. Note the U. S. Weather Bureau's figures—a forty-four-year record—(average mean temperatures taken in a great central city in this section):

44 Junes, 66 degrees.
44 Julys, 70 degrees.
44 Augusts, 71 degrees.
44 Septembers, 69 degrees.

And summer is the rainless season. Mark that this makes each day available *all* day for all you want to do, and there are a thousand things in this strange land to do and see.

And all within a radius of two hundred miles from a great central city, with 4,000 miles of world-famous motor roads reaching out from it in all directions.

A desert like Sahara, turquoise lakes on mountain tops, stupendous views over rich valleys, rocky scenic grandeur, the center of the moving picture industry, which came here because of the same variety that makes this country so interesting to travelers—great sea shore resorts, famous golf courses, old Spanish Missions, brilliant hotel dining rooms and dances, or quiet mountain retreats where one may merely rest, or go trout fishing—this is the unique section of your country that you should see.

*Southern California is the
New Gateway to Hawaii.*

It absorbs you, revitalizes, renews your interest and spirit, and rebuilds torn nerves in a remarkably short time. A great playground, it has the playground atmosphere in which troubles vanish over night.

Truly a summer here is unlike any that you've ever spent; for in varied possibilities in sports, sight-seeing, or in methods and kinds of *pure rest* that you can take, there is no other land within your United States that is similar in any way.

Change is the essence of a good vacation. Completely new environment is magic medicine. Golf is *more fun*, likewise tennis, swimming, and all other pastimes take on zest in the midst of such change.

Do the things here that you can do in other places and *enjoy* them more. And do a thousand things, if you have time, that you can't do anywhere *but* here. That is Southern California, and it's at its best in summer.

Plan the trip now. The railroad journey through the Great West is teeming with historic interest. You have the finest limited trains, the most comfortable travel in the world.

Any railroad ticket agent will gladly furnish further information. Or mail coupon below and get our "Southern California Book."

Let next summer be a *different* one—the best you've ever had.

All-Year Club of Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. M-2204, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about
the summer and year around vacation
possibilities in Southern California.

Name.....

Address.....



The Women who Waited



WITH big, alluring advertisements in almost every newspaper and magazine she read promising her an entirely new complexion, it took more than a little resistance for the average woman to refrain from trying one of the many beauty clays and similar concoctions which enjoyed a spasmodic popularity last year.

The illustrations were tempting. In fine drawings and colors they showed the beauty the concoctions promised, and did lure some women, too young to need beauty aids.

But Miss—or Mrs.—American Average has too fine a sense of feeling to make herself unsightly to be sightly on a mere paper promise of results. She wants to hold some individual responsible in case the promise is not fulfilled.

It was women of this type who dropped into the A. D. S. stores and asked the dealers about it.

The average A. D. S. dealer has from four to six hundred such women customers who take his word as they would his bond. And there are around 26,000 A. D. S. dealers. The greater part of these women have been dealing at these stores for years and expect to be greeted by name on entering the store.

Most of the toilet articles they use daily, tooth pastes and so on, were recommended by their A. D. S. men. They know they are guaranteed because the A. D. S. men make them in their own laboratories and factories. This is common knowledge between customers and dealers.

When a woman of this standing saw that her A. D. S. dealer carried one of the facial clays she had read about, she would ask if he guaranteed it.

"Is it made by the A. D. S.?"

"No, Madam."

"Then you don't personally guarantee it?"
Naturally he said he didn't.

And when the A. D. S. dealer told his customer that his organization was making a preparation of that kind, it was noticed that she either said she would wait, or left without purchase or comment. These women, and they number a great many thousands, knew that their own dealers would have a vote, through State Formula Committees, on every ingredient in the formula.

Eventually the A. D. S. Beauty Mud was put on the market, and displayed in A. D. S. stores from coast to coast.

With none of the usual spectacular advertising it is selling in quantities that amaze ordinary manufacturers and merchants. It sells on the word of the dealer. These women know they are not experimenting with that word.

Their mirrors are showing them the beautifying values of A. D. S. Beauty Mud after one application. They see filled in wrinkles—a smoothness of skin not seen for years—and a pink and white color associated only with early girlhood. The A. D. S. man promised these results with his A. D. S. Beauty Mud.



*Let Nature
bring back
the Complexion
she gave you*

In your early teens Nature gave your face a skin as smooth as the finest silk, firm to the touch, yet delicious in its softness. And you had a color, a pink and whiteness, that no one has ever yet imitated by artificial means. Nature can give these charms back to you from the marvelous restorative qualities of Mother Earth in

A.D.S. BEAUTY MUD

Use only a Light Film

Spread it lightly over the face. In ten minutes it will penetrate the pores, cleansing thoroughly every one of the thousands covered per inch. With all impurities cleaned away, it stimulates the blood circulation, freshens the surface skin, and accelerates the growth of the skin just underneath which was waiting to be brought to the surface in its natural function of renewal.

After one application of A. D. S. Beauty Mud you will notice a much clearer complexion—and a pink and white color that will remind you of early girlhood. And you will notice a quicker diminishing of wrinkles than with any massage treatment you ever tried.

A. D. S. Beauty Mud is guaranteed safe and beneficial for the skin of any woman—by the 26,000 A. D. S. druggists throughout the country.

for Men

It is fine for a man's face after shaving. Cleanses the pores, clears the skin. Better than an expensive massage.



Try a Bottle Today—Any A.D.S. Store

Octavus Roy Cohen's Idea of a Prize Fighter and Cash—From page 31

The Goofy Guy

an' he wouldn't budge. Not even one wiggle. It was the three-fifty or no scrap. An' while, bein' his manager, I had a perfect right to make his contracts, there was nothin' in the world could make him fight if he didn't want to. An' he was goofy enough to pass up the date unless I come around to his way of thinking.

All my arguin' didn't do no good. I fin'ly went home alone tellin' myself a few things about the Kid which was awful libelous. Also I did a bit of thinkin' an' that night about midnight I got me an idea. I'm awful good about gettin' ideas.

A little Q. T. telephonin' did the work and two days later I parked myself in Old Man Warren's room at the Ansley in Atlanta. After the usual formalities like me acceptin' a couple of his cigars also something which tasted like somebody must of dropped a little alcohol in it, I sat right down on brass tacks.

"Well," I says, "there ain't gonna be no fight Labor Day between Kid Dorgan an' Mickey O'Toole."

H E BIT a cigar right in half. "S'pose you explain yourself."

"Cheerfully. I'm the grandest little explainer in the world. First off, grab this one: I can't make the Kid fight if he don't want to—nobody can't do that. But by Heckalorum! I've got a contract with him which keeps him from fightin' on his own. I make his contrac's an' he fights by them an' them alone." I looks at him keenly. "Does it begin to simper in?"

It had begun all right: I could tell that much by the expression on his face. "An' your proposition?" he questions.

"It ain't no proposition, Warren: it's a statement. You're perfectly willin' to give me twenty-five percent for that fight. All right, I'm perfectly willin' to take it. That much is a contrac'. But my Kid don't want that much money; all he wants is the three-fifty guarantee. All right; we give him that. You ain't partin' with a cent more than you are willin'; Kid Dorgan is getting every dime he desires an' we're all happy. Furthermore, we ain't gonna argue this very long because you either accept them terms or there won't be no fight."

Old Man Warren was game. He knew that he was beat but he wouldn't admit it. And so finally, just to keep the peace, I agreed I'd split fifty-fifty with him the difference between the Kid's three-fifty guarantee an' twenty-five percent of the gross an' no questions answered.

"An' there ain't no reason why both of us shouldn't get all of it, either," I says.

"How so?"

"Well," I says, "the folks down in Columbus think Mickey is good but they don't really think he's good enough to beat the Kid, do they?"

"The boobs do, but the wise ones don't."

"Exactly, an' the wise ones make the betting, don't they?"

"Sure. But—"

"If they're really wise," I explains, "they're gonna be betting even money that O'Toole gets as good as a draw. It'll be an even bet all right, y'see, with your boy getting the advantage of a draw; Kid

Dorgan will have to win the decision for his backers to collect, ain't that about it?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well," I continues. "I an' you both know that the bout is gonna be a draw, or, if any fluke happens it's gonna be that O'Toole wins . . . so anybody that backs Mickey is playing a hogtied cinch. The Kid has agreed to carry him and you've agreed to it that the decision ain't gonna be no worse than a draw. Now if I an' you could sink our share of the rake-off in an even-money bet along them lines there wouldn't be no reason why both of us shouldn't grab off a neat piece of change, would there?"

The Old Man nodded slowly. "It looks pretty good," he says.

"It is pretty good. It's about the best thing I've seen since the last circus come through town. If you're willin' you just keep your eye on the box-office Labor Day an' send out an' bet the difference between three-fifty an' twenty-five percent of the gross as fast as same comes in. Savvy?"

"I savvy plumb fine. Well," he says, rising to his feet, "I guess you got to be goin'."

It had become real late at night when we hit Columbus for the big fight. We chartered a seagoin' taxi an' on the way to the hotel the Kid kept throwin' a critical eye around an' tellin' me what a good business man he was.

I got in touch with Old Man Warren the next morning an' he reported that they had a two-thousand dollar advance sale. "It'll be the biggest gate Columbus has ever drew," he says.

W ELL, THERE wasn't no use in wisin' the Kid up to the pleasant little surprise in store for him when he seen the crowd. I figured he could go get his bad news for himself instead of having it told to him.

We driv up in front of the ball park an' walked in; all the way in. The Kid was halfway down the aisle between the gate an' the ring before the size of the crowd got to his brain. Then he clutches at me with his right hand an' grabs his forehead with his left—"The robbers!" he howls. "The dirty thieves!"

"Kid," I says reproofingly, "you sound like you was fixin' to call somebody some harsh names."

"Fixin' to? My Lawd! Lookit this house. Lookit it. Four thousand here if there's a dime. Six hundred an' fifty bucks they've skun me out of."

Well, he raved an' cussed an' he would of tore his hair if he had had much of same.

He was sullen an' surly but not entirely a fool. He begins strippin' off his clothes like each garment had done him a personal injury, an' all the time he was expressin' his opinions of Columbus an' all the Columbusers.

An' then all of a sudden the Kid stopped an' looked over at me. He had an expression on his face. I could see then an idea had slipped by the guards of his goofy brain.

"By gosh!" he says, "I'll teach these crooks somethin'."

"What's that, Kid?"

"I'll teach them to put a dirty trick across on a Big Time guy like I."

"Just what are you drivin' at?"

He digs out a pencil and a piece of paper. "There's about four grand in the house, ain't there?"

"Uh-huh."

"If I was takin' twenty-five percent of the gross that'd give me one thousand for my end, wouldn't it?"

"You're hell on arithmetic, Kid."

"I'm more'n that," he says. "I'm a wizzid. Because I'm due to be gettin' one thousand bucks for ten rounds—that's one hundred a round. All right. I'm just gonna fight three hundred and fifty dollars worth."

I RECKON my think-tank must of been on a vacation right then because I didn't make him right away. "I don't get you, Kid." "I ain't gonna fight but three an' a half rounds," he states.

"Holy smokes! You agreed—"

"Agreements is nix with a gang of cut-throats like this. One hundred berries a round is my price an' when three an' a half rounds has been fit I'm going to knock this bird for a goal."

Then somethin' begin to agitate my own head. I suddenly realized that here I was knowin' something which nobody else in the whole gang knew, barrin' Kid Dorgan. I knew that the Kid was gonna stop O'Toole . . . an' I knew he was man enough to do it any time he got good an' ready. Also my motto has always been that knowledge is power an' power is money.

"By gosh!" I says to myself, "I can hedge by playin' the Kid to win by a knockout."

The money part of it didn't worry me at all. For ten years I've carried a di'mond headlight around in my tie. I don't love it no more than a chorus girl does her neither limbs an' I wear six different varieties of safety devices on it so it can't get lost, strayed or stolen. That hunk of ice has tided me over many's the time . . . an' never was it more dear to my heart than at that identical moment when the plan come to me how I was gonna make money anyway.

Down to the ringside I go, where all the big gamblers are sitting rubbin' elbows with other respectable citizens, an' right off the reel I spots Ed Harris, the owner of two of the most educated ivories which ever bounced off a door onto gunny-sackin' an' come right.

"Ed," I says, "my boy is gonna knock this O'Toole loose."

"Hang out a For Rent sign," he advises. "Your head needs a tenant."

"I'm serious, Ed."

"You're a nut. They can't nobody knock this baby off. I ain't sayin' the Kid won't win, but O'Toole will be there fightin' at the last bell."

"I tell you I know what I'm talkin' about."

He looks at me closely. "Durned if I don't believe you're serious."

Well, he didn't know how doggoned serious I was. Of course if I had of had

time to do any marketing I could of got two to one on that knockout proposition but here I was caught short and needing to hedge in a hurry.

"You're doggoned tootin' I'm serious. An' I'm willin' to bet you on it."

"What's your proposition?"

"I bet you six hundred an' fifty plunks Kid Dorgan stops O'Toole."

"A'right. Put up."

I unscrewed my di'mond pin. "You know this stone as well as you do me, Ed. Will you accept it as security for my six-fifty?"

"Sure," he says, "an' we'll get Joe Marshall to hold the stakes."

Well, that was attended to an' I went back to the dressin' room an' helped dress Kid Dorgan an' fix the tape on his hands. I seen to it that the Kid was all ready when the Old Man poked his head in the door an' said the semi-final was over an' we should climb in the ring. I wanted to get Dorgan in there prompt so he could look the crowd over an' get madder'n what he was already.

THE CROWD was in a delirious of excitement when the men had fin'ly been instructed an' sent to their corners. The Kid was still mutterin' something about thieves an' robbers an' the like of that an' he only stopped once to give me a big wink.

Then the gong sounded an' they come out fightin'. That is the Kid come out fightin'. Mickey merely come out.

Well, I'm here to say that if the Kid didn't look like a topnotcher that first round then Joe Gans never did in his palmiest days. As he got within range he socked O'Toole on the jaw with a stiff jolt an' follered it up with nine hooks to the body. Kid Dorgan just threw them gloves into O'Toole until that guy didn't know whether he was goin' or comin' and wouldn't have bet he was doin' either.

The second round was just like the first only more so. I don't know which looked the most unhappiest: Mickey O'Toole or Old Man Warren. He edges over to me and busts loose: "Holy smokes! What's the matter? He looks like he's trying to kill my boy. He'll ruin him if he keeps on. Make him ease up." As for Ed Harris, which I had bet with, he was a good scout an' he was nodding approval t'ward me as much as to say he reckernized I was a better judge than he thought I was.

In the third Mickey rallied a bit only to get one hung on the button which sent him staggering across the ring an' from then to the end of the round he wasn't among those present. But the minute rest between the third an' fourth rounds they worked over him hard while I discussed matters with Dorgan.

"Fourth round comin' up, Kid."

"Uh-huh. I'm gonna stop him this round."

O'Toole must of suspected that them was the Kid's plans because he come out in a shell. That didn't phase the Kid none an' he flung a few gloves in his face. An' then O'Toole started talkin'. I seen Dorgan sort of slow up an' shake his head an' then he begins talkin' right back to O'Toole. First thing you know they was chatterin' away at a great rate . . . an' fin'ly the gong rung an' O'Toole went to his corner fresher than he had been since the beginnin' of the scrap.

Dorgan had a kind of goofy look on his face as he sat down in his corner an' he was starin' across the ring at O'Toole an' shakin' his head—"The big stiff," he was saying to himself, "I'll show him whether I'm strong enough or not."

I asked the Kid what was the matter but he didn't tell me nothin, an' the fifth round wasn't hardly under way before I seen that there sure was something wrong. O'Toole seemed to be keepin' up a line of airy conversation an' the Kid was kinder crownin'.

Also he was doin' something else. He was boxin' like a streak an' pretty as a picture—but I seen plain as daylight that he wasn't puttin' nothin' on his punches. Not one of them would of killed a mosquito which already had paralysis.

In the ninth round they didn't hit each other hard enough to dent an ice-cream cone an' between that round an' the last I tried to talk to Dorgan. I chattered away real passionate, thinking of my six hundred an' fifty which was gone to glory if he didn't stop O'Toole, but all he done was to turn around an' sneer right in my face. "You lay off me," he says. "I'm gonna show this O'Toole lad something."

Well, maybe he was, but I couldn't see what that something was unless it was how gentle a guy can be an' yet make a livin' fighting. The closer we come to the end of that final three minutes, the sadder I got, an' the first thing you know the gong sounded for the end of the fight an' the referee raised the hands of both fighters—declaring the bout a draw.

THE CROWD yelled with approval an' Kid Dorgan come struttin' to his corner like he had done something. "The poor fish," he was sayin' an' I wondered whether he was discussin' Kid Dorgan.

Well, there I was just where I would of been if I hadn't ever gone anywhere. Old Man Warren had six hundred an' fifty dollars for me—my split of three twenty-five doubled by the bet he'd made for me that O'Toole would get as good as a draw; but I had to take that six-fifty an' hand it over to Ed Harris.

But I was puzzled. All the way to the dressin' room Kid Dorgan was chuckling an' shaking his head like he'd done something fine. Once alone with him I took him by the shoulders:

"You big bum," I says, "you couldn't even stop a ham like O'Toole."

He grins. "Of course I could of stopped him any time I wanted," he says. "But I was out to show him something."

"What?" I asks. "What were you showing him? Why didn't you dust him off?"

A slow smile spreads over his map as he hands me an explanation. An' all I've got to say about it is that never again so long as I live will I ever manage a goof. You never know what they're gonna do an' then they don't do it.

"It was this way," he says. "You remember in the fourth round when I was measurin' him for the kayo an' he commenced talkin' to me?"

"Yes," I answers. "What about it?"

"Well," explains the Kid, "he started tellin' me that I wasn't strong enough to carry him ten rounds. And I just naturally showed him that he was a liar."



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C. Dorothy Canfield Writes the Book of the Month—From page 107

Rough-Hewn

She knew what had happened. She had come to her senses in time. She had almost slipped into the trap, the trap set for her by life, which she had so mortally feared. She had been playing a foolish, reckless game of hide-and-seek with herself, pretending that she did not know what was happening. She knew perfectly well what was happening. Neale Crittenden was in love with her. And she was falling in love with him. She wanted him.

She drew the covers about her, as she sat bolt-upright in the dark, her teeth chattering. Love! She sickened at the sound. The gray cat . . . Jeanne . . . Isabelle . . . the pictures in one of the hidden books at school . . . the passages in her mother's novels . . . her mother . . . Madame Vallery . . . Madame de la Cueva . . . they were all of them looking at her out of the dark, pointing at her, shaming her, exulting over her . . . "You too . . . you have come to it."

The gray cat! She was like the gray cat! She began to sob hysterically and thrust the covers into her mouth to smother the sound.

What could she do? What could she do? She had no strength left. She did not know how to defend herself! She did not want to defend herself!

She could run away. Even poor defenseless things could run away. She stopped sobbing, and sprang out of bed, lighting her candle with trembling fingers. Her watch showed three in the morning. There was a railroad time-table down in the dining-room. She huddled on her wrapper, thrust her feet into slippers and, shading her candle-flame, crept downstairs.

AT FIVE, hatted and cloaked, she was gently shaking Eugenia and saying, "I'm so sorry to bother you, but do you happen to have some money on hand? I've been worrying about Father for some time. It's so long since I've been back to straighten out the household for him. I've just decided to get off on the early morning train. I ought to go to see Jeanne too. It's past my regular time for making her a visit. If you could just loan me enough to buy the ticket to Paris? I've almost enough as it is, but I must leave some for Miss Oldham and my pension."

How kind Eugenia had been! How discreet and uninquisitive! She reached under her pillow, pulled out her gold-meshed purse with the ridiculously large sum in cash she always carried with her, and gave her a five-hundred-lira note together with a kiss on each cheek.

Going down the hall, silent and empty, in the dawn, she stopped for an instant before his door. For an instant she was forced to think of him, the thought like a weakening potion. She stared hard at his door, her hands pressed tightly together, trembling from head to foot. She was going away. She would never see him again. She turned back toward her own room. She could not go. She ran desperately down the stairs, sick at the idea of what love is. She had almost been

caught. She heard the steel jaws snap shut as she fled.

EUGENIA, who harbored a secret passion for Neale, sought to win him after Marise's flight, but the young man thought only of the girl who had gone away. He did not know that Marise had resolved never to return and he stayed on miserably waiting for her.

Marise away found herself more wretched than she had imagined anyone could be. She went from Paris to the home of her old nurse. She resolved to stay there a long time; she vowed never to return to Rome. Her vow was impossible of fulfillment. She could not direct her own actions; she surprised herself by returning, quite suddenly to Rome.

Neale had berated himself for letting Marise escape before he had said a word about his love for her. Now he took advantage of the first opportunity and was amazed to find himself loved. So the foursome was broken up and Eugenia and Livingstone were left rather desolate:

LIVINGSTONE was reduced to solitary mornings spent in museums, with a book of art criticism in his hand; or on Sunday mornings, when the admission was free, on a bench in the park on the Palatine. The benches were very comfortable there, and when you felt like sight-seeing you could get up and lean over the wall and look down into the Forum and pick out where the different buildings had stood.

He stood thus, his back to the long, cypress-shaded path, trying to be archeological, his guide-book open on the wall.

He heard voices back of him. To be exact he heard Marise's voice back of him.

"Here, exactly here, is where we stood when you said you were like the puppy, and when you rolled the dusty weight of all those centuries off my shoulders. And now come along. The next place in the pilgrimage is St. John Lateran, where you said, you brutal Prussian, that nothing would induce you to protect a woman!"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Livingstone, loudly, not knowing what else to say.

They turned about, and saw him, and seemed neither surprised nor ashamed. Miss Allen stepped quickly toward him, smiling and saying, "Oh, Mr. Livingstone, we were meaning to tell you anyhow . . . Mr. Crittenden and I are going to be married."

"Married!" he cried, really aghast for both of them. That sensitive, imaginative girl tied for life to that unfeeling, rough, hard fellow. What on earth did she, even for a moment, see in him? And as for Crittenden . . . any man with a little money of his own, personable enough to marry advantageously, throwing himself away on a girl without a penny either now or in prospect! To what a wretched, cramped life he was dooming himself and her . . . back rooms in greasy, third-rate pensions, never any margin for decent clothes. . . .

"Yes, and we're going to live in Ashley, Vermont."

"Oh, no! No! No!" he cried to her as

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though he were clutching at her as she sank to ruin. "No! Don't say that! You've no idea . . . my dear young lady, you haven't the faintest idea what an impossible life that would be. You mustn't consider it for a moment. Crittenden, you mustn't let her consider it. An American country village. Good God!"

"Yes, I do, too," she told him gaily, giving the effect, though she stood quite still, of executing a twirling pirouette of high spirits. "I've lived there. It's really going back home for both of us."

"Home! Why, Crittenden certainly told me he'd never been there in his life!"

"Oh, pshaw, Livingstone, don't be so heavy-handed and literal. Why wet-blanket every imaginative fancy?" said Crittenden, laughing loudly.

LIVINGSTONE turned imploringly to the girl. "But . . . but . . . but . . ." He was so agitated that he could not bring out his words. He stopped, drew a long breath, and passed his hand over his forehead. Then, very solemnly, "Do you know," he said to her, warningly, "do you know that you will probably have to *do your own work*?"

At this, she burst into an inexplicable, foolish shout of laughter, opening her eyes very wide at him and saying, "Appalling!"

She looked up at Crittenden, who for his part never took his eyes from her.

How foolishly she talked! How foolishly she laughed! Why, they were acting as sentimentally as . . . Mr. Livingstone could not think of any comparison adequate to their foolishness.

They were moving away now, nodding good-by to him and smiling at each other. At the top of the dark steps leading down through the Palace of the Cæsars to the Forum they turned and cast a backward glance at him, who stood stockstill where they had left him, staring after them, dumfounded. Miss Allen looked at him and then came flying back, running, her light dress fluttering. What did she want? What was she going to do with that shining, tremulous, mirthful face? Livingstone felt afraid of her, as if, like a swift bolt of summer lightning, she might strike him through and through.

What she did was to take his face in her two hands and give him a hearty kiss on each cheek. "Dear Mr. Livingstone!" she said (or was it "poor"?).

Livingstone had the impression, from the expression of her face, that she would have kissed a cab-man with equal fervor, and that Neale would have watched her do it with the same fatuous look he had now.

They went down together into the vaulted darkness and desolation of the ruined palace. Livingstone, leaning on the wall high above them, saw them emerge together into the Forum and step off over the ancient flagged paving. And still hand in hand! Mr. Livingstone thought of an adequate comparison. They were as sentimental as a couple of Rogers statuettes!

Looking up, they saw him leaning there. They waved their hands and called up some laughing greeting to him. But he could not understand what they said, because they were too far away from him.

Hand in hand in the fierce, literal brightness of the noon-day sun, they trod their new path over the ancient stones.

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¶ *Leroy Scott's New Novel of Society and Love—Continued from page 81*

Cordelia, The Magnificent

What she has added to this account, such as my trying to blackmail her into marrying me and the like, are all fabrications intended to discredit me, exactly as she had threatened."

Cordelia had barely been able to constrain herself during this long opening statement, with its few truths and many falsehoods.

"That is a lie!" she now burst out hotly. "Everything he's added to my statement is all a lie!"

"I cannot prove that part of my story, I admit," Franklin continued. "Perhaps, for the sake of establishing my credibility, it would be wise to turn at once to some point which I can prove. Miss Marlowe has several times referred to a certain woman with a secret and whom she says I claimed to be trying to protect. She refrained from giving this woman's name, and has let me infer that her reticence was due to a desire to shield the woman. But there is no necessity for the reticence. Miss Norworth, I believe you are the woman referred to?"

GLADYS went white. She had no idea to what this question might lead. But there was his order to back up his every move.

"I am," she said.

"Miss Marlowe has said that, at the time I first spoke to her, I was not engaged directly or indirectly to represent Miss Norworth. I may say, parenthetically, that I have with me a number of documents which I shall show in their proper order. Miss Marlowe has been threatening to do just what she has done this morning, and I have been carrying these documents for self-protection."

Franklin paused a moment to let these points sink into his jury. Then he continued:

"I shall leave the charge of blackmail alleged by Miss Marlowe until a little later. To repeat, I have long feared this threat of Miss Marlowe, and since I was going to deliver to her my ultimatum this morning I came here prepared against her carrying out this threat. To make my later points clear I shall now introduce some evidence that may at the present seem unimportant. Miss Norworth, will you kindly ask Mrs. Marlowe and Mrs. Thorndike to join us for a few moments?"

Again Gladys promptly obeyed. Jackie came in and looked about her in bewilderment; Mrs. Marlowe came in with an expectant smile. Seeing the crowd, and the tense attitude of everyone, her smile vanished and she blinked about the room in her surprise.

"Just a few little questions and both of you ladies may then be excused," said Franklin. "First you, Mrs. Marlowe. About the first of last June your entire fortune was swept away, was it not?"

"Yes. But with Cordelia's help you very quickly got it restored to us, Mr. Franklin. And I shall never stop being grateful to you!"

"You believed, at least, that I restored your fortune to you. Now the loss of your

fortune would have meant social obliteration for you and your two daughters, would it not?"

"Of course."

"Thank you, Mrs. Marlowe. That is all. And now, Mrs. Thorndike, did, or did not, Miss Marlowe confide to you about the first of June that their fortune had all been swept away?"

Jackie looked questioningly at Cordelia.

"Answer him, Jackie," Cordelia ordered proudly.

"She did," said Jackie. "But a few days later she told me it had all been a mistake, or at any rate the fortune had been returned to them."

"Thank you, Mrs. Thorndike. That is quite all. And now both of you ladies may go. By the way, Mrs. Marlowe, I find I shall be detained here for some time. I suggest that you return to the city in my car. Just tell my driver your wishes. Good morning, and thank you both again."

Mrs. Marlowe hesitated, her face anxious.

"Do you need me here, Cordelia?"

"No. You'd better go," Cordelia answered. "Jerry and I shall be leaving here in just a few minutes."

Mrs. Marlowe and Jackie passed out of the library.

"To return once more to my narrative," Franklin continued. "Miss Marlowe, after our first interview, tried to sound me out with suggestions. At length she made me a proposition.

"The family had lost its money, she told me, and she was in desperate straits; she had a chance to make a splendid rich marriage, but she needed money to put that marriage over; if I would help her, she would pay me a large sum after her marriage. She had a plan to secure money, but she could not swing that plan alone, and she asked my aid. The plan she proposed to me was to blackmail a certain lady. The person she named as the victim of her matrimonial scheme was yourself, Mr. Plimpton. The first victim of the blackmailing scheme was Miss Norworth."

"WHAT—what infernal lies!" gasped Cordelia, now furious.

"Of course you would say so, Miss Marlowe. Miss Norworth, you have personal knowledge of some of these statements. Have I lied in any statement that concerns you?"

"You have told only the truth," Gladys said emphatically. "And I know that she was all the time scheming to get Jerry Plimpton to marry her."

As Franklin had piled swift lie upon swift lie, Cordelia's growing rage had been appalled into sheer inability to speak by the unbelievable audacity of it all. But Gladys had gone too far! The rage in Cordelia found its tongue.

"Gladys Norworth!" she cried, "you can't tell such lies about me and still expect me to be loyal to you and shield you! You've been paying real blackmail, and you knew it! And you've been paying blackmail to Mr. Franklin! And I'm

going to tell exactly why you were paying blackmail!"

"Stop her, Mr. Franklin!" shrieked Gladys in sudden frenzy. "Stop her. For God's sake, stop her!"

But Franklin, for that moment, was interested in Gladys only in so far as she might serve him to clear himself.

"At last the world is going to know the exact secret you have been paying blackmail to have hushed up!" Cordelia's voice rang on. "And here it is. Because François is your illegitimate child!"

Slowly Gladys shrank away, ashen pale, shivering, eyes wide with terror; stricken utterly dumb by the disaster she had been fighting off for years.

Then suddenly she came out of her paralysis as if flung by a spring.

"It's a lie!" she gasped hysterically. "She's lying, I tell you!"

She whirled about upon Esther and her frenzied hands clutched her stepsister. "Tell them it's a lie, Esther! Remember what you promised! What you promised if ever the time came!"

THEN Esther Stevens, for one who had no gifts as an actress performed a most excellent bit of acting.

"Gladys is right—it is all a lie!" she cried. "Gladys has tried to protect me, but I can't let her suffer or pay for my fault any longer! François is *my* child!"

They could only stare at her, all silent.

Cordelia turned to Mitchell, and for the first time during this long scene she addressed him.

"You know the truth, Mr. Mitchell. You know Esther is not the boy's mother."

"I know nothing," said Mitchell, "that would carry weight as evidence against the words of a woman who publicly stands forth and claims a child."

"That's my case, Mr. Plimpton," said Franklin. "Miss Marlowe entered into a conspiracy to blackmail, and into a conspiracy to trap you into marriage."

At last Cordelia was seeing the devilish cunning of all the man had been saying; at last she was seeing the direction in which he was driving her.

"It's not true, Jerry!" she cried. "Not a word of it, except the things I told you! The rest of it is lies—all lies!"

For a single moment, Jerry met the wild entreaty in her eyes. Then his gaze shifted from her. There followed a moment of breathless waiting, all eyes on Jerry.

Jerry's figure tightened. He still avoided Cordelia's eyes; he looked at no one—just looked straight ahead of him, into space. Then he spoke.

"Perhaps it may be just as well to announce now," he said, "that there will be no marriage. My engagement to Miss Marlowe no longer exists."

Cordelia gave a silent gasp, shivered away from him, caught a chair, and stood staring at him. But though still falling, falling, she did not faint.

It was Mitchell who was now the first to speak. He crossed the room in three swift strides, and faced Jerry Plimpton.

"You damned cad!" he cried. "You skunk! You could have saved Miss Marlowe if you'd stood by her like even half a man, and not been thinking only of yourself!"

So dazed was Cordelia from the blow which had fallen upon her, so dizzy from her fall, that she hardly knew what she did, or what was done to her. Afterwards she had a dim memory of having pulled off her engagement ring, and Jerry's other presents, and letting them fall to the floor.

Someone—at the moment she didn't note who—led her silently out and put her in a car. Then this someone silently transferred from Jerry's Hispano-Suiza to this other car her bag containing her intimate bridal glories. Then this someone silently got in beside her. Only then did she become conscious that the person next her was Mitchell.

Gladys and Franklin were in the midst of a scene of extremely private but extremely enthusiastic congratulations, when word was brought to her that Esther wished to see her immediately in Esther's sitting-room. Esther was standing, hat and coat on, over one arm François's cap and overcoat, and on the floor near her were two big traveling-bags. Esther's usually gentle face was hard, her eyes were flashing.

"Why, what's this all about, Esther?" exclaimed Gladys.

"Do you think, after what's happened this morning, I'd stay a minute longer than I had to in this house?" Esther whispered intensely. "François and I shall not need, and certainly shall not accept, a penny of your money. What François may lack in luxury, he will more than be compensated for by being free from your contaminating influence. And now goodby!"

As Cordelia and Mitchell drove back to the city, little was said between the two; only a few words. At the time Cordelia hardly knew what they were saying.

"I want to apologize," Mitchell began, "for the things I said to you that day in the taxicab. Not till today did I realize how terribly unjust I had been, and how terribly mistaken."

He let a minute pass before he spoke again.

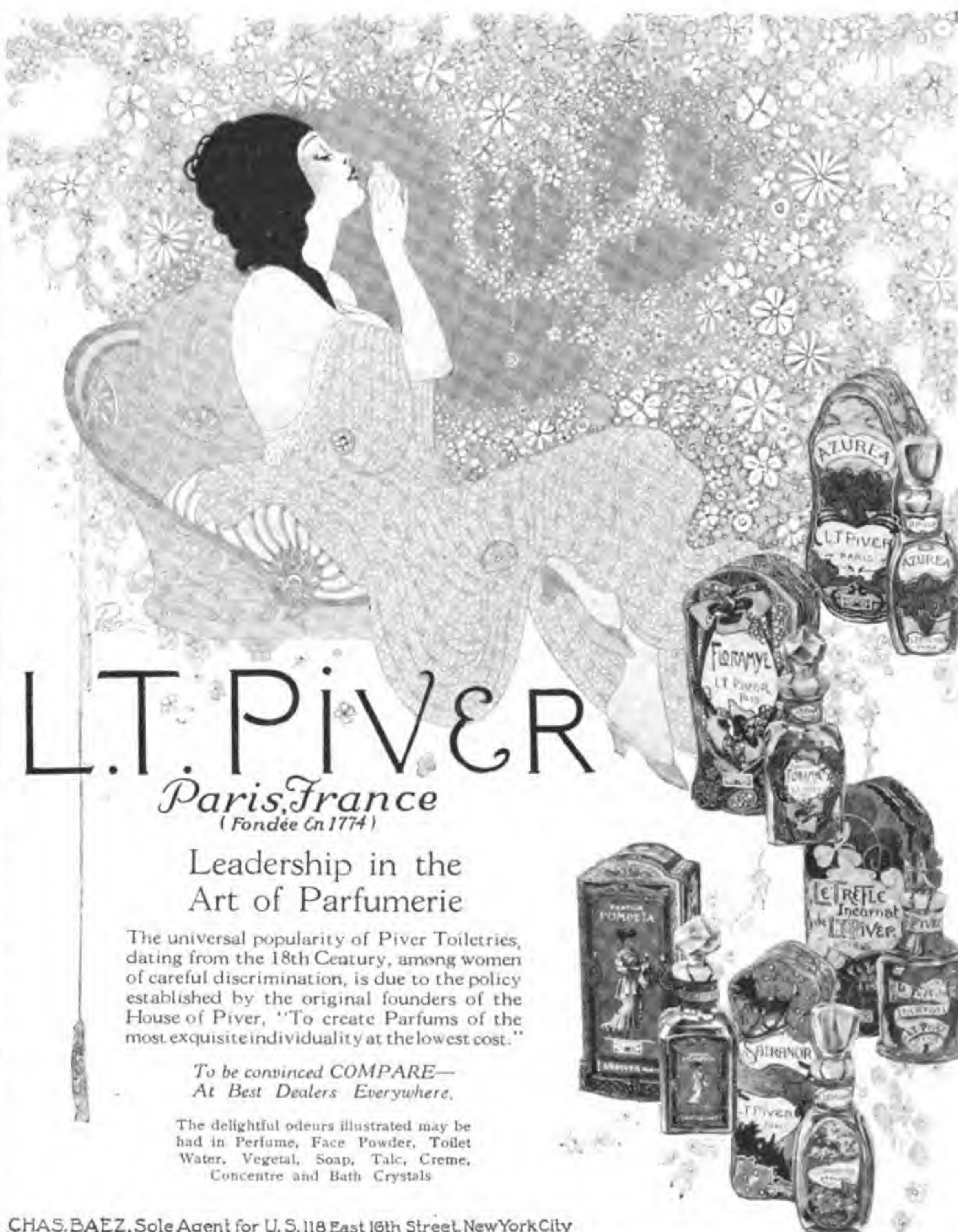
"At least, one good thing has come to you out of all that's happened today. You've found out the sort Jerry Plimpton really is. Think of being married to such a man, and then afterwards finding out there was no loyalty in him."

She made no reply to this. He subsided into his former calm.

"I'm sorry I couldn't help you," he went on. "This—this just wasn't my day. I lost my head at the last and started to say something, and it almost got away from me. But I caught myself just in time. Saying it just then wouldn't have done you a bit of good. But saying it and saying it at another time, well, I'm hoping there'll come another time!"

From the hour when Mitchell had quietly taken possession of Cordelia in Gladys's house, he seemed to have become a part of the Marlowe household. He was never intrusive, but was always present when a man could help.

He quietly suggested that they let him go out to Harcourt Hall and bring Lily home. They let Mitchell do it.



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Mitchell and Lily took to each other as sponge to water, as flowers to rain. In five minutes these two had known each other forever. She was as flippant with him as she might have been with Cordelia.

"Say, you nursling," he growled in mock severity at one of her audacities, "cut out the rough talk! If things work out the way I intend them to work out one of these days I'm going to be your brother-in-law."

"You mean Cordie? Holy mackerel, Cordie is a quick worker! But, gee, this

is some blow. Here you tell me you're going to be my brother-in-law, and here was I getting all primed up to tell Cordie when I got home that you were going to be *her* brother-in-law! This's a hard life!"

So Mitchell and Lily drove away from Harcourt Hall. Lily, as she told him, being uncertain in her mind as to whether her future status was to be that of his wife or his sister overlooked neither bet and snuggled close to him and joyously hugged him all the way into town.

[To be concluded]

So Cordelia faces not only a new life financially, but a life robbed by lies of the friends she had known, the homage she had received. For the spirit in which she meets this great test, see Hearst's International for May, ready April 20th.

Norman Hapgood on Klan Activities—From page 55

The Ku Klux Klan

"Los Angeles, Calif., 8-31-1922.
Mr. E. Y. Clarke,
Box 966, Atlanta, Ga.,
My Esteemed Klansman:

Having been authorized as a committee we are writing to extend our thanks for the men who took part in the Inglewood Enterprise, for the support which you so generously extended.

The Klan case was played up in the press with flaming headlines against us. We went into the court room naturally with a great deal of anxiety for the outcome. We were soon put at rest by the masterful way in which our counsel, Paul Barksdale D'Orr, dominated the situation. It is our regret that you were not present and did not have the chance to observe him in action.

In spite of the bitterness of the District Attorney's office against us, D'Orr kept them gasping at every turn. He absolutely wiped the floor with them, in fact he had the jury so aroused that when they had returned their verdict, members of the jury stated that Woerner (the town Marshal who killed Mr. Mosher) should be tried for murder and the District Attorney should be recalled.

We would like very much to send you a copy of D'Orr's speech to the jury. He had jury, spectators and even the judge shedding tears. He is hailed as the legal genius of the generation out here on the Pacific Coast, and after seeing him in action, no one can doubt that.

We shudder to think what the outcome might have been in less worthy hands, for of course we realize what awful and overwhelming prejudice that there was to overcome before a jury who had been a part of the reading public of a press that refused consistently up to the last moment of the trial to adopt an attitude of fairness toward the defense.

You can realize our precarious situation when you consider that it became the thing for public officers, prominent men, and civic bodies to come out in lengthy denouncements of the Klan and all the men connected with it.

Where the public was laying the odds for a conviction before things started, it wasn't long before they were prophesying a hung jury, and finally when the jury had been sent out to make up their verdict, our friends, the newspaper reporters, threw up their hands and said 'it's an acquittal.'

It was a great victory and we sincerely believe that the complete vindication helped our cause.

Again we wish to thank you most heartily for your support. We believe as stated before that Paul Barksdale D'Orr has one of the greatest legal minds and is one of the greatest orators west of the Rocky Mountains, and with Mr. Abrahams's association they are a combination of attorneys that are invincible.

Yours very truly,
In the Sacred Unfailing Bond,
Signed, L. L. BRYSON."

AFTER the Inglewood trial was over The Searchlight, which is the Klan's official organ stated that the evidence brought out at the trial showed:

"First, the Inglewood raid was not planned by the Ku Klux Klan.

Second, the Inglewood raid was not carried out by the Ku Klux Klan.

Third, the Inglewood raid was planned and carried out by duly authorized officers of the law, who summoned good and responsible citizens to assist them, among them being thirty-six members of the Ku Klux Klan."

The Searchlight naturally did not go behind the court victory to the inside facts as we now report them. The Klan, in short, is able to live only because its members deny their membership and the Klan itself denies the outrages which it permits.

This is a sort of falsehood that matters, forming the very basis of the Klan's activity. Let us learn the lighter touch by examples of the kind of explanation the Klan has undertaken to make of this series of exposures.

The Klan's organ in Kansas is a newspaper called The Jayhawker. We quote its remarks, not correcting what is obviously a misprint, in the middle of the article.

"Washington, D. C.—Klansmen here are talking of starting an investigation of the means employed by Norman Hapgood in obtaining the data for a so-called exposé of the Ku Klux Klan which appeared in the current issue of Hearst's Magazine. The movement for the investigation is rapidly crystallizing and will shortly be taken before the postoffice department.

In the story, letters were reproduced

A RESOLUTION

WHEREAS—Provisional Klan I, Realm of Massachusetts, did pass a resolution at their regular meeting the second week in November, to the effect that resignation should be demanded of Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Klaliff, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler,

And **WHEREAS**—this aforementioned resolution was adopted on instructions given by one A. J. Padon, Jr., then Grand Goblin of the New England Domain, in whom we had implicit confidence,

And **WHEREAS**—we have since found that the said Padon was acting upon selfish motives and in violation of his oath as a Klansman, that his charges against Edward Young Clarke and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, were without foundation in fact, but deliberately misled this body for the purpose of furthering his own ends,

Be it therefore **RESOLVED**:

That this Provisional Klan I, Realm of Massachusetts, hereby request of the Imperial authorities that this former resolution be stricken from all records and minutes.

That its members in konklave assembled regret that they were led by false counsel into this error.

That they assure the Imperial officers and all Klansmen of their unswerving loyalty and devotion to the leaders of the great Cause to which they have dedicated themselves.

That they deplore the action taken by the Chicago klans in withdrawing from the national organization.

That copies of this resolution be forwarded to William Joseph Simmons, Imperial Wizard, and to Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Klaliff. Passed unanimously this ninth day of December, 1921.

Lothrop Stoddard,
Exalted Cyclops.

Charles W. Taintor, 2nd,
Kligrapp

Attested by
King Whitney
King Kleagle, Realm of Massachusetts.

¶ Mr. Stoddard publicly and privately denies his membership in the Klan. The above document will therefore interest him.

photographically which could have been obtained in no other manner than by theft or burglary. It has been known for some time that Klan mail was being looted, but this is the first time these stolen letters have crept into print.

Appearance of these stories recalled the fact that Hapgood is a Jew and has not a good reputation here for so briefly. For several months he was on an assignment here for Hearst and had an office in the Bond Building, Fourteenth Street and New York Avenue, with the Universal Service. Here it was that he wrote a daily editorial for the Hearst service, and it was common knowledge that Hapgood was so nervous from the use of alcoholic liquors that he could not use a typewriter.

Consequently a stenographer or typist had to be employed for him, and he abused these so and was so hard to get along with that he could rarely keep one behind his first payday.

Hapgood is now in New York where he is editor of the magazine in which he is publishing these articles. His Hebraic antecedents, together with his general reputation here and the questionable

methods by which he obtained the documents he is printing have served to discount the effects of his articles."

If I were a Jew I should not disguise it but boast of it. If I were a drinker the Klan would have needed one lie less.

We may stop long enough to record that another Klan organ, the Fiery Cross, after the Jayhawker's charges of drunkenness, quarrelsomeness, and being a Jew, notes as its contribution venality. It says:

"With no thought to embarrass Norman, we should like to inquire how many pieces of silver he received for crucifying his conscience to the extent of deliberately and maliciously publishing, with intent to deceive, just PORTIONS of the ALLEGED Klan oath? If, for the sake of argument, we admit the truth, so far as it goes, of the documentary evidence he maintains he has, WHY NOT PRINT IT ALL?"

These childish quotations merely show that to its important lies the Klan adds trivial ones.

Next month we shall tell the story of the Klan in Washington, D. C., the nation's capital. See Hearst's International for May.



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THE BLACK PEARL OF FURS

Being the Saga of the Silver Fox

By James Wallen

IN the publicity for Garment Center Capitol, the great guild house of women's wear which gleams down upon you in the morning sunlight, like towers of ivory set on Seventh Avenue, I frequently quoted Paul Adam, "Fashion is the art of bringing before the mind's eye, on the body of a graceful woman, all the wealth of our planet—the precious stones of its mines, the wool of its flocks, the skins of its wild beasts, its silks, flax and cotton, the plumage of its birds and the pearls of its seas." The silver fox, the black pearl of furs, is now perhaps most prized of all the garnitures which clothe women.

¶ The fox, carrying his wealth behind him in his silver-tipped plume, faces a silvery future as well. Just as the field daisy submitted, for its own glorification, to the will of man and became the gorgeous chrysanthemum, so the mottled fox of the forest and field evolved into the plumed Knight Templar of animal Masonry. Maurice Maeterlinck says that the chrysanthemum is permeated thru and thru with the thought of man. The silver fox bears in his precious pelt the purpose of such men as Oulton, Dalton, Tuplin and Rogers.

The sturdy Hudson Bay men used to consider

themselves lucky beyond all words when a black fox pelt came in. To the trapper it meant months of security and ease after soul-trying experiences in the kingdom of "Our Lady of the Snows". Robert W. Service has eloquently told the tale in verse:

*" 'Did you ever see such a skin,' quoth he;
'There's nought in the world so fine—
Such fullness of fur as black as the night,
Such lustre, such size, such shine;
It's life to a one-lunged man like me;
It's London, it's women, it's wine.'
For look ye, the skin—it's as smooth as sin
And black as the core of the pit.'
And a prize likewise in a woman's eyes
Is a peerless black fox skin."*

Sir Charles Dalton and Robert Oulton are given the laurels of being the first men to domesticate the black fox and to bring out its touches of silver. They recognized thirty-five years ago what all know today—that tender care would improve the quality of the fur and the bodily proportions of the fox.

Instead of the precarious existence of nosing its food from the icy wastes, the domesticated fox is properly fed and groomed. There are no hours of unspeakable terror in a trap and when the end must come, it is instantaneous and pain-

less. Then, too, in accord with the best thought on eugenics, the noblest animals are kept to perpetuate their kind. These thoughts should appeal to the mother-heart in all women. ¶ It is likely that Minnie Maddern Fiske and others who are opposed to the trapping of furs will recognize the humanity in the kindly homing of the fox.

After Dalton, who was a colossus of the fox industry, the next great name in the chronicle is that of Tuplin. Robert Tuplin very early became an associate of Dalton and Oulton. He was succeeded by his son James C. Tuplin, known as "the Burbank of the silver fox," for Jim Tuplin, by his original system of line breeding has produced animals and pelts which capsheaf the market in price and admiration. All of this history was made on Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence River, which is to the silver fox what the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey mean to cattle.

Like all industries which have a spectacular rise from humble origins, the fox industry needed a stabilizing influence and time and chance produced the man in W. K. Rogers, who purchased the stock and ranches of Sir Charles Dalton and James C. Tuplin and the lesser ranches of others.

In 1913 Mr. Rogers, then in the insurance business, made his bow to the silver fox world. He now owns nine ranches and is the largest individual breeder of silver foxes on the planet. He has on his ranches five hundred pairs of live foxes, at the present time and enjoys a world-wide patronage.

As to the productivity and quality of Mr. Rogers' stock, we have but to cite the case of winsome Miller Girl, pictured in this advertisement, whose consort is Paddy II. In five years Miller Girl has given birth and mothered twenty-seven pups, without a single loss. Her progeny has yielded \$33,750—a neat justification for the care that has been lavished upon her ♣ ♣

Mr. Rogers is to the fox industry what Charles Frohman was to the theater. Mr. Frohman discouraged extravagance and stimulated wise progress. Mr. Rogers hopes to do for the fox industry what Mr. Hearst is doing with periodicals—to combine in the sane proportions, quality and quantity. Mr. Rogers fastens his faith to pedigree, registered stock only ♣ ♣

Mr. Rogers is not content to sit at his ease in his home in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Thru the efforts of W. D. Barron, head of the Bureau of Silver Foxes and Furs, who represents Mr. Rogers, there is now being established in the Thousand Island District, at the source of the St. Lawrence River, near Cape Vincent and Three Mile Bay, Jefferson County, New York, the American Tuplin Fur Farms, Inc. Here pure Tuplin foxes will be bred exclusively under the personal direction of James C. Tuplin. The offices of this Company are located at Watertown, N. Y., which is slated to become the fine fur capital of the United States. "Lexington for horses, but Watertown for foxes" say the men of Watertown ♣ ♣

Mr. Rogers has dual aims in producing on this American farm, as well as on the home ranches on Prince Edward Island, Canada, pelts queenly enough to slip over the porcelain-like shoulders in the golden horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House but which will also be available in a thousand and one comfortable cities America over ♣ ♣

The silver fox, like platinum and pearls, will never become too common, but there will always be a sufficient market to command the interests and attention of expert breeders and capitalists who like a business that has the stamp of individuality.

Mr. Rogers has unbounded faith in the future of the Tuplin fox, for he says that there is as marked a difference between the Tuplin strain of fox and the ordinary silver fox as there is between the chrysanthemum and the field flower from which it was evolved. To improve the strains of American silver foxes thru the introduction of Tuplin and Dalton blood, is another one of Mr. Rogers' major aims.

He is equally interested in the sale of live foxes and pelts. I recently saw priced in the Parsons Fashion Drawing-Rooms in Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, at \$750.00, a raw silver fox pelt of Mr. Rogers' breeding, which was raised at Watertown, N. Y., by a customer and correspondent of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Ned Day.

The Bureau of Silver Foxes and Furs, directed by W. D. Barron, which has for some years represented Mr. Rogers, will have the marketing of the Tuplin Fur Farms, Inc., in charge. The offices are located in Watertown, N. Y. Buffalo and New York City.

❀ *Royal Brown Turns the Spotlight on Love's Young Dream—Continued from page 51*

Peggy Calls It a Day

here, Peggy, what are you driving at anyway? You don't mean to say that——"

Peggy, however, freed herself precipitately.

"I mustn't interrupt you when you're busy, must I?" said she, virtuously. "Anyway I'm going for a swim. I guess I'll take the Wasp——"

"I'll waste a minute more on you," he promised, grimly. "I want——"

But Peggy had already departed.

The broad, shimmering expanse of sand was nearly deserted as she came alongside the pier. Yet some bathers still lingered under the gaily-striped beach umbrellas that made brilliant bits of color against the gleaming pavilion. One of these, Peggy saw, sheltered Esther——

"Oh, yes, you do!" Esther was saying, oblivious of Peggy's approach—she and Dicky being too deep in brilliant repartee to notice anybody else.

"I mean it," Dicky protested. "I know just what your little game is but you do it so darn' well that you can practice on me any time."

"How many girls have you said that to?" she challenged.

"Upon my honor——"

"Your what?"

Dicky grinned. "I've got some stored away in moth balls. I"—he paused and glanced up—"look who's here!"

Esther looked. "Well," she demanded, icily, "what do *you* want?"

"The key to the room," Peggy informed her, as icily.

"I always leave it at the desk and you know it," Esther retorted, with a rising temperature. She knew perfectly well what Peggy's little game was.

"She makes me absolutely sick!" Esther assured him, her anger mastering her. "She's reached the stage when she's crazy about every man that comes into sight."

"She's sort of a cute kid at that," Dicky said, complacently. "But do you mean to say that the reason she looks at me as if she'd like to bite me——"

Esther's eyes scorned him. "You don't know much about women, do you!" she remarked. And rising added, "I think I'll dress now."

IN THE bathhouse room Esther found Peggy ready for her plunge.

"Even if you aren't old enough to know better than to butt in the way you do," said she, with cold fury, "you *are* too old to wear a bathing-suit like that. I'll speak to mother about it!"

Peggy's eyes widened with honest surprise. Then:

"If you do," she retorted, "I'll tell the world what *you* wear under *your* bathing-suit. Anyway, I come to swim, not to sit on the beach and pose."

And out to swim she went. That Dicky should still be lingering on the beach surprised her, but she did not show it. Nor any other emotion that the now thoroughly awakened Dicky could see.

"She does it well," ran his thought. "I'd never have suspected it."

He watched her as she plunged and kicked her way through a roller and once clear of this, settled down to a smooth crawl stroke. The raft, lifting and falling with the swells, was her evident goal.

Ever so briefly Dicky hesitated. Then, surrendering to an instinct as old as man, he flipped aside his cigarette and sprang to his feet.

"I'll catch her before she gets there," he promised himself.

But he was still yards behind when Peggy thrust herself up on to the raft, blinked the water out of her eyes—and saw him.

"You've certainly got that crawl down pat," announced Dicky, pausing to tread water and look up at her. "I think you go almost as fast as I do at that!"

During the next quarter of an hour she discovered the secret that Cleopatra, Madame DeStaël and other conquerors of men learned young. And that is that it isn't difficult to talk to any man—you don't have to. All that is necessary is to get them talking about themselves.

THIS MUCH Peggy achieved in fifteen minutes. Achieved, because it is true that if you can make a man think well of himself he will think well of you. And even there she did not rest content.

They dove and Peggy, whose diving should have placed her in the Olympics and who had never been backward in scoffing at Sumner Boyce for his form, played the part of a properly impressed audience. And when, finally, they turned shoreward, he gave her ten seconds head-start—and beat her in.

"I suppose," his thought ran on, as he dressed, "that it would have been kinder to have kept out of her way. The poor kid probably has a worse case than ever on me now."

Lest he engender further false hopes in her he decided, as he emerged, that he wouldn't wait for her to reappear. It was a surprise therefore—almost a shock, to discover her already departing in the Wasp, without a single backward glance.

But an instant later he understood and was soothed. A youth with an irate eye and an irrepressible cowlick, who gave the impression of running wholly to feet and height with nothing left for breadth, stood glowering at the day cruiser.

This was Sumner Boyce.

"I've been looking for her all morning," he informed Dicky, he being in the mood to vocalize his emotions or burst. "She promised she'd play in the junior mixed doubles with me and she has only practiced with me once since."

"The thing to do is to corner her," advised Dicky. "Don't let her escape you. Go and sit on her front doorsteps——"

"That," Sumner assured him, "is just what I'll do. She'll go home to lunch and I'll catch her when she's through."

Later Dicky felt remorse. Peggy, he decided, had used Sumner in a feminine way until he, Dicky, appeared and now she was trying to give Sumner the gate.

And he had sicked Sumner on to her.

Arriving at the Stanley's, with whom he was staying, he telephoned Peggy.

The call came during lunch. Peggy's mother was not present but Esther was, almost oppressively silent. Peggy, slipping into her place, was still dizzy with her triumph, and so inclined to silence, too.

"I'll bet it's that old Sumner Boyce," said Peggy, as the butler summoned her to the telephone. "I'll finish him *this* time!"

She departed like an avenging fury. Presently she returned looking as if she were not sure she was awake.

"Have you telephoned the proper authorities?" asked her father. "And asked them to remove Sumner's lifeless body from the other end of the wire?"

"Oh," said Peggy. "It wasn't Sumner. It was Dicky Norris. He wanted to know if I was coming over to the Country Club this afternoon, because he'd like to play tennis with me."

Peggy was five minutes late in reaching the Country Club. The preparations she had made were partly responsible for that, but Sumner Boyce shared the blame. Sumner had reconsidered his threat to sit on her front doorsteps until he saw her.

So instead he hid in the shrubbery, leaping out and establishing himself on the running board of her roadster with a suddenness that startled even Peggy.

"Look here!" commanded Sumner, "Are you going to play in the mixed junior doubles with me or aren't you?"

"I promised I would, didn't I?" she retorted indignantly.

"But how can we play together without practice?" he exploded.

"That," said Peggy, "does not interest me!"

AND THAT was where Sumner Boyce got off both literally and figuratively. Yet though the roadster all but flew to the Country Club, she was late. But Dicky had waited, and there he was, simply superb in tennis flannels.

They played tennis and though Peggy did her honest best, here she was no match for him. At the end of three sets she confessed it, ruefully and without guile.

"Let's run off somewhere for tea," he suggested, and there was nothing in his voice to suggest that the invitation was proffered condescendingly, or with nothing more than brotherly interest.

And so off to tea they went.

Now tea is ever an innocuous beverage. To it, therefore, can be attributed no responsibility for that which occurred later, as they motored homeward toward the end of what to Peggy had certainly been a perfect afternoon.

"I'm sorry I misunderstood," he assured her, angrily—his left cheek still glowed—"but you certainly looked as if you expected it!"

"I didn't," she denied, passionately. "I hate such things and I hate you!"

And she did, absolutely. All she craved, when she reached home, was a chance to tell her father. And, of course, Esther

had to be snooping around the front hall!

In spite of her perturbation, she suddenly paused to demand, "What are you all dressed up like a plush horse for anyway?"

Esther, who wore a new blue sequin décolleté, which Peggy knew was held for special occasions, colored under her rouge.

"I'm not," she denied. And added, quickly, "If I were you I wouldn't bother to change—you know father is always cross when dinner is delayed."

Peggy emerged, a few seconds later, from her room without a glance at the mirror. At the head of the stairs she swung a careless foot over the banister, intending to facilitate her descent by sliding down it, as she sometimes did in spite of her advanced age. But a voice from below halted her.

"Father," Esther was saying, in her most practiced tone, "has been telling us all how simply wonderful you are!"

Peggy swiftly drew her foot back, and glanced warily below. There was Esther and there, smiling down at her, was:

"Father's assistant!" gasped Peggy.

Then without even a second thought she turned and raced back to her room.

Every second was vital now. Briefly her mirror glimpsed an excited young nymph rushing about, from closet to bureau drawers turned topsy-turvy. Then, swiftly, Peggy began the process of self-adornment. The dinner-bell rang as she finished but even so she paused for a long lingering look at herself in the mirror.

"Esther will howl," she realized. "But if she can wear décolleté so can I. I've got better shoulders than she has."

Then, drawing a deep breath, she sedately descended to the living-room where everybody was waiting for her.

"Well!" exploded her father. "I had begun to wonder if——"

Then he really saw her and his eyes widened.

"Great Scott!" he murmured.

Yet, because he was masculine, it struck him as humorous and he smothered a smile. But it did not seem humorous to Esther nor to Peggy's mother.

As for Peggy, her hour of reckoning came.

"He's simply perfect," she mused, even while her mother scolded. "And his voice! I think I love that best."

So, when her mother commanded her to put the offending frock in the closet and never, never wear it again without permission, she meekly acquiesced. But she didn't go straight to bed, as was also commanded.

In her boyish pajamas she sat by the window and watched the moon come up.

"I'll call it a day," she thought, contentedly. "I wonder if—he is thinking of me!"

He whose mind she would have read if she could, without the slightest compunction, had strolled down to a sunken garden that overlooked the sea, there to smoke a cigarette.

"She's a darn' cute kid," he thought as the picture of Peggy, shining-eyed and so exquisitely young and eager, filled his inner vision. "She'll drive some man crazy one of these days."

"I'll bet," mused Peggy this August night, "that he is the kind that puts success before everything. And Esther and mother will do their best to queer me by making him think I'm a kid. But I'll get him or—bust!"



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Elinor Glyn says.

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C. Ibañez's Serial of Many Men and One Woman—From Page 41

The Temptress

apprentices, who was keeping a lookout from a slight rise of ground, gave the alarm.

"An engineer!"

With a jump they picked up their tools and went to work, bending to the task as though they were all models of diligence, while Robledo walked his horse slowly through the groups.

But all the while they were pretending to work they kept an eye on the engineer and no sooner was his back turned than they let their tools fall once more to the ground. Robledo turned several times to look back. The demon was busy there.

IT WAS a little after sundown when Moreno hastily left his house; Canterac had sent him an urgent message, asking him to call. The Frenchman was pacing nervously up and down.

Moreno noticed that on all the pieces of furniture and in all the corners there were numerous packages carefully wrapped in tissue paper, tied with ribbon, and sealed.

"This Pirovani fellow, for all his vulgarity, is always getting ahead of me—just because he is rich!"

Canterac pointed to the packages.

"There are the perfumes we ordered from Buenos Aires. Perfectly useless purchase! The Italian got his before I did."

Moreno made haste to exonerate himself. He had done everything he could to get the order sent down in time. But the other order had in some mysterious way come sooner.

Canterac accepted Moreno's excuses, and slapped him on the back in friendly fashion.

"I want to do something unique, something that this uneducated emigrant would never be able to think of. The idea occurred to me last night. Pirovani offered to the Marquise a house. . . . Well, I shall offer her a park—a park that I'll make here in the middle of this Patagonian desert. . . ."

The government employe needed further explanations and Canterac continued:

"In this park I shall give a fiesta, a garden-party in honor of the Marquise. You, my dear fellow, are to direct everything. Here are full instructions."

THE next day was Sunday and Watson, about midday, went to Pirovani's former home to see Torre Bianca.

The young man knocked on the door cautiously as though he particularly desired not to be heard by the other inhabitants of the house, and smiled with relief when Sebastiana came to the door.

"The master is not at home. He went with Don Canterac to Fuerte Sarmiento this morning."

Watson was just leaving when the hangings of the reception-room were pushed aside by a white hand at the base of which shone a jeweled wrist-watch. The hand was beckoning, and the next instant Elena herself appeared, urging Watson with words and smiles to come in.

The young man followed his hostess into the drawing-room where he sat with lowered eyes in embarrassed silence.

"At last the pleasure of seeing you in my house," she exclaimed. "You must think me a very disagreeable sort of person, you never care to see me!"

Richard Watson proffered excuses. It was impossible for him to come every evening like the others. He got up earlier than they did.

But Elena was not interested in these explanations. There was something she wanted to say.

"Perhaps people have spoken ill of me to you. Why deny it? It isn't strange that it should be so. Whenever women resist certain advances they run the risk of making enemies!"

Moving close to Richard she addressed him without reserve, as though they were comrades. The youth, meanwhile, began to be uneasily aware of the fragrance and close proximity of this beautiful woman.

"It hurt me very much to see that you avoided me," Elena said gently. "Surrounded as I am by selfish and materialistic men, I need a friendship that is pure and disinterested. I want a companion who will appreciate me for my real self, my soul, and not for whatever physical charms I may possess!"

HOW COULD HE help approving such words? And as she talked he made up his mind about her.

"Then you are going to be my friend—the friend I need so much in order to go on living?"

The young man stammered a few confused words. But he took her hand and pressed it. Elena welcomed this reply with childish joy.

"How happy I am. You will go out riding with me, you will keep off those tiresome suitors of mine who keep following me around?"

From that day on Watson became the Marquise's only escort on her rides.

As they rode along one day they noticed another rider appear and then disappear in the distance ahead of them. This occurred several times. The rider zigzagging thus capriciously from river bank to the sand dunes was Celinda Rojas.

Elena was the first to mention what both were well aware of.

"I think she is looking for someone," she said maliciously.

Richard looked in the direction to which she was pointing.

"It is the señorita de Rojas," he said blushing slightly. "She's still nothing but a kid! I know her quite well. She is like a younger sister to me, or rather, a pal. . . . You don't for a moment imagine. . . ."

Elena was smiling ironically as though she did not believe what he was saying; and, finally, in a tone so cold that it hurt the youth's feelings, she commanded:

"Go and speak to her, otherwise she will be following and watching us all the afternoon. Then come back to me!"

Obediently the young man turned his horse into the brush that crackled like dry wood under his mount's hoofs.

Celinda at once stopped her cavorting in the distance and galloped to meet him, shaking her finger at him as she came near, and looking as like an offended school-teacher as she could.

"Haven't I told you more than a hundred times, Mr. Watson, that I didn't want to see you with that—woman?" Besides I have been riding everywhere these last few days without finding you, and then when, at last, I do stumble upon you, I find you in bad company!"

But Richard Watson was no longer the youth she had known. He no longer greeted her foolish little speeches with an outburst of laughter. On the contrary, he looked offended, though her tone had been a jesting one. Dryly he replied:

"I shall keep what company I choose,

señorita. There is, I believe, nothing more between us than a sincere friendship, in spite of what people may choose to say. You are not engaged to me, nor do I need to limit my acquaintance simply to satisfy your whims."

Celinda was speechless with astonishment. Watson saluted her in a coldly ceremonious fashion, and galloped off in the direction taken by Elena.

As Celinda watched him go tears blurred her sight. But suddenly the rancher's daughter looked out toward the dunes where Elena and Richard were riding, and turned white with anger.

"May the devil carry you away with him, miserable gringo! I don't want to see you ever again. . . . And if, some day, you want to see me, you'll have to catch me the way I used to catch you—if you can!"

[To be continued]

Robledo is concerned at the havoc wrought by Elena in the South American Settlement. Two of the men have become dangerously jealous of each other while her husband sees nothing. See Hearst's International for May.

Panic In War

Colonel Wedgwood Describes Fear—From Page 48

But you can't do that with an armored car, and you can't drive through a rout of horse, foot, artillery and dog carts with any comfort to them or to yourself; and again I could not forget that we were the only English there. So perforce we halted at the road fork, and when the mob got to the other side of our two cars—had us between them and the terror—their pace slowed down and their courage came back; the mob became an Army again.

It was one of those early ill-considered 'pushes' in Gallipoli. The three Brigades had gone forward in the morning without preparation or objective. Towards noon I had found myself accidentally alongside a budding general, who was of the friendly sort—Williams was his name—specially friendly he became afterwards and got me the D. S. O. and joined the Labor party. Seeing me with a bunch of idlers and machine guns, he told me to "push them into Krithia"—a nice vague order for a complete civilian to interpret as he chose.

More and more stragglers and wounded came back on us—men telling the tale that they were coming back for more ammunition, and a half-dozen kindly helpers for one man whose arm might be bloody. Greener and greener in the gills, we went up through the debris. By a last effort of my palpitating will we did another one-hundred yards and found the whole attack coming back upon us—French of both colors, Welsh, Essex, Irish, Borders—not so much running as coming away. There was under me a Chief Petty Officer, called John Little. He had joined us from Berwickshire, older than I, on the wrong side of fifty—the bravest and most modest gentleman I have ever met. Genially waving his revolver he held up all who came huddling back. "I think, Sir, we might get them forward now—just another one-hundred yards, Sir!" Our parcel of men had increased to 1,000—all lying down now hiding their faces. I wanted to lie too, but there was Little standing away on the left, and I dare not lie down.

If panic by day is bad, panic by night is ten times worse. My final example shall be in darkness. It was our last night on the grounded "River Clyde." Presently a figure rolled along the deck, actually rolled over the step under the poop and into a corner, huddling up, groaning. "What is it?" I asked terrified. "Are you hit, old man?" "No! I can't stand any more," and groans. That and the bullets, and the absence of boots and breeches in the dark, switched me from sanity. I knew the Turks were upon us, coming aft, and my feet were bare. Alone under the poop were two terrified crouching figures awaiting death—they both got the D. S. O. Fortunately I had men to look after and I got something on those exposed parts, and crawled forward along the deck, into the Turks who had so obligingly left the dark poop in peace. Of course there were no Turks, but fear pervaded the ship.

One more vision I have of that night. On the steel decks below us there was a sudden rush of feet. More and more shuffling footsteps. Blind men pushing, thrusting in the dark. Louder, louder, louder! What do they run for? "Go down and see" said Williams. Clenching my teeth to prevent them chattering, I went down two ladders into the pitch black allyway. Everyone seemed blindly pushing aft. "What is it?" "What is it?" I kept asking the unseen crowd that jostled past me. No one knew, no one even answered, they just pressed aft pushing each other in their haste to escape from they knew not what. They could not know, for there was nothing to know. Perhaps one man had gone aft quickly and the others thought it most reasonable to do the same, and so the noise and panic grew and their tongues clove to the roofs of their mouths. But there was nothing, only the black night, and the gusts of bullets from the unknown shore, and the unknown doings on the beach. They fled, like Wellington's regiment, from the unknown, silent in the dark.



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Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story of Love and Business—Continued from page 25

in your Help-a-Home. What then?"

I remember so well when it began to happen. I was hunting around, 'way uptown, for a laundress. I was passing one of those big moving-picture theaters that are everywhere, nowadays, when whom should I see but Bill, sort of strolling about in the vestibule!

Just as I started to say hello to him, I stopped, for he raised his hat, and a queer sort of woman hurried up to him, and I couldn't think where I had seen her before. They hurried off ahead of me, and by the time I had seen them turn into a restaurant together, I remembered her face. It was Lovaline De Vanne.

OF COURSE I tried to be sensible.

"She wants something, of course, and I suppose she got more or less friends with him when the boys did that funny movie together," I said to myself. "It's all right. Only why does he have to come 'way up here to meet her?"

You see it wasn't as if Bill had anything to do with that sort of people any more. The boys never had any more luck with any other scenarios they wrote, and Bill was a real business man, now.

A few days after that, Margie asked me in to lunch, and a matinée, and while I was waiting for her in the office, in Bill's little room, she walked in to his desk and looked over the engagement pad.

"What's this 'De Vanne' call that seems so important, Miss Reynolds?" she called out. "Anything that I can attend to? Mr. Etheridge is in Jersey City for the afternoon."

"No, Mrs. Etheridge," said Miss Reynolds, "Mr. L. De Vanne, isn't it? The gentleman is to see him over there. He's been calling all the morning."

Of course, I couldn't help but remembering. . . .

It seemed to me that from then on, they were a little different, Bill and Margie.

Of course Rissa began to get an idea, through Aunt Ella.

"It's the old story, Florrie," she said. "You can't get away from it. Whatever it is that's keeping Bill away, *whatever it is*," and she stared hard at me, "it all comes to the same thing. George Hawkesworth may be worrying himself sick about the money, as his mother says, but Bill never worried over money in his life. We all know that. And young married people may have changed into business partners, as Sarles assures me they have, nowadays, but when a young woman feels herself neglected, we all know what she does. Sometimes it works; sometimes it doesn't."

When Sarles found out—then I knew it couldn't be all my imagination.

"Since when has Bill got in with that De Vanne woman, Florrie?" he asked me one night just before bedtime.

"In with her?" I stammered.

"Yes. I thought you might know. Of

Marriage à la Bill

course I wouldn't speak to anyone else. I was in the car, on the Weehawken ferry, and there was Bill and that actress girl in his own car just ahead. He didn't see me. He's not trying to write any more movies, surely?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"And surely she isn't buying any property? You know, Flossie, I've always stood up for Bill. But if he's worrying Margie—and Aunt Ella seems to think there is some trouble—and he's been fool enough—I tell you, Flossie, he ought to be kicked! This is a little too much: I thought he'd grown up. Margie won't stand much nonsense. The boy needn't count on that. Do you think she really feels there's anything? You'd know."

I couldn't deny that Madge seemed worried and different.

Elephants are Different To Different People

By Carl Sandburg

WILSON and Pilcer and Snack stood before the zoo elephant.

Wilson said, "What is its name? Is it from Asia or Africa? Who feeds it? Is it a he or a she? How old is it? Do they have twins? How much does it cost to feed? How much does it weigh? If it dies how much will another one cost? If it dies what will they use the bones, the fat and the hide for? What use is it besides to look at?"

Pilcer didn't have any questions; he was murmuring to himself. "It's a house by itself, walls and windows, the ears came from tall cornfields, by God; the architect of those legs was a workman, by God; he stands like a bridge out across deep water; the face is sad and the eyes are kind; I know elephants are good to babies."

Snack looked up and down and at last said to himself, "He's a tough son-of-a-gun outside and I'll bet he's got a strong heart, I'll bet he's strong as a copper-riveted boiler inside."

They didn't put up any arguments. They didn't throw anything in each other's faces. Three men saw the elephant three ways. And let it go at that. They didn't spoil a sunny Sunday afternoon. "Sunday comes only once a week," they told each other.

"Not that she shows anything, or complains," I said.

"She wouldn't," Sarles answered, very short. "She's not that kind. But you can bet your boots, Flossie, she'll do something! This isn't entirely marriage à la Bill!"

And when I found out that she was lunching with Mr. Fleed and going off in the afternoons with him, I saw that she was doing something, indeed!

So I tried to speak to Bill. But it was the hardest thing I ever did.

I had to see him in his little private office: he couldn't leave the telephone, he said.

"And I've only got about a half-an-hour, Flops, so cut it short, will you?" he began, looking as nervous as I felt, nearly. "I'm going to put over a pretty big thing, this afternoon. It may be right and it may be wrong, but I've got a hunch to do it and I'm going to. And George backs me up—if nobody else will."

"Now, see here, Flops," he began, drumming on the table, "this is a poor time for Marjory to butt into this, if you ask me. I know what she wants, of course. But as she's been out of the office half of the time for weeks, now, running about with Lawrence, leaving nobody but George and little Reynolds to attend to everything——"

"And where have you been, Bill?"

"That's my own business," he said shortly. "I thought I could depend on them, for once. I don't care what it is they think they're doing——"

"Oh, Bill!" I cried, "you don't mean that!"

"Why don't I mean that?" he insisted obstinately. "We all agreed to that, all right. They were to be free enough, but just now was a poor time to start anything, I can tell you!"

I could only stare at him.

"And if *this* is Marjory's idea of being a good partner, it'll be a long time before she is one," he dashed on, "and you or Sarles or anybody else can tell her so from me! And that's why I've decided on another one, as a matter of fact—her unreliability as far as she's gone!"

"Why, Bill," I gasped, "what do you mean?"

"You see, Flops," he said, in that confidential way of his, "I've always been crazy to get into theatrical work. And Lovaline De Vanne turned up a while ago, and asked if I'd like a job, if she could get it for me."

"She's certainly white, that girl. She's right in with Evans, the new Independent man, you know; and he's going to produce the film of a well-known Southern novel, of which she's to be the star. Isn't that great? He believes in her. And he was saying how so much depended on the old Colonial stuff for the sets, you know, and she remembered me and all the advertising we got in the beginning, you

know, and she said, 'If you want a new touch, why not try a young man I know who has a lot of ideas like yours?'

"And she got him interested, and I went to see him, and made some drawings, and he found out that I really did know Southern Colonial, and just as we were

going to sign up for it and I was going to surprise the rest of them (I knew they didn't believe I could do it) his wife butts in, darn her, with a new genius *she's* discovered, named Jones. She's half-owner, Mrs. Evans, it seems, and Evans had to listen to her.

"This Jones man had made his own drawings and he knows the old Gailey mansion, too—the very one I had in mind! and Evans brought me his plans, and they certainly are clever, Flops! I'll say that. And we had it all out, and he underbid me a little, and the end of it was that Lovaline finally asked me if I'd go fifty-fifty with him and put it on together—we're all more or less new, you know. Evans wants to get out of the rut.

"I finally agreed, and Jones agreed, and as I want more of this work and he seems to know a lot about decoration and has done houses and offices, too, it seems, I've decided to ask him into the firm!"

"And what does Marjory—"

"Marjory is secretary here—not a partner," he said, rather stiffly.

And just then Lawrence Fleed poked his head in the door.

"There's a person named Jones to see you," he said.

"ALL RIGHT," said Bill. "Would you mind, Florrie—"

"I hear from Hawkesworth he's to be a new partner?" said Mr. Fleed, looking rather embarrassed.

"I shouldn't wonder if he was, Lawrence," Bill answered, very grandly. "I'm glad to see you taking an interest in the office again! Perhaps we'll get something done, now! Show him in, will you?"

As I hurried out, Marjory came in quickly, and bumped into me.

"Why, Florrie!" she said, breathing very fast, "where did you—"

"Excuse me a moment, will you, Madge," Bill began. "I'm expecting a rather important—"

"Yes, I know. Mr. Jones," said Margie, looking very excited and strange. "I—I'm Mr. Jones, Bill, dear!"

"Wh—what d'you mean?" said Bill.

"I—I wanted to show you! Lawrence made the drawings for me! I knew Lucy Evans at school!"

Margie was nearly crying.

"Oh, Bill I *can* be a partner now, can't I?" she begged him.

Bill drew a long breath and then he began to grin.

"You little devil!" he said slowly.

"So *that's* why you had a pull with the Gailey mansion!"

"Yes, Bill."

"And it was you that thought of the spinet and the macaw? You that—for the love of Pete, Madge, it was you that underbid us?"

"I had to, Bill," she said, "I wanted the job!"

He rushed over and shook her—hard—and then he kissed her.

"All right. You win—Partner," he said. "But now you're a member of the firm, will you promise not to hold anything out on me, from now on?"

She held out her hand just like a man.

"I won't—if you won't!" she said.

And that was all there was to it.

But since then Bill has always called her "Jonesy!"



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The Inside Story of Dope in This Country

Q. Sidney Howard's Exposé of the Drug Plague—From page 19

the miserly government appropriation, pasting ten-dollar bills together to make thousand-dollar notes. Now a rope ladder is dropped over the side of the towering liner and Oyler, clutching his absurd currency, armed with half a dozen guns, goes aboard.

INNUMERABLE balls of opium and infinite little bottles of cocain are tossed over the side. They come so fast that some of them miss the launch entirely and will rest forever in the harbor mud. Sacks of dope. Bushels of dope.

The captain, who handles the deal, calls a halt and demands more money. Oyler has expended his fictitious capital. He tries a badge and gun fire instead. The fun begins. Oyler lies on the deck, Frederick Remington fashion, to empty two automatics and three revolvers into the murder-intent crew. One of them tries to cut the rope ladder by which reinforcements are mounting from the miniature federal transport. Oyler shoots him and some others of whom three die outright and eleven more lie wounded.

Whereupon—attention at this juncture, if you please—a police launch and coast guards show undue and suspicious interest in affairs aboard the ship and take up the battle, not for the law but for the lawless. They openly open fire and the thin black line of federal heroes toils up the vessel's side a rain of lead from shore and harbor spattering about them.

The crew surrenders and is taken prisoner three hundred strong. The ship is libeled and placed under a fifty-thousand-dollar bond. The drugs (such as have not been lost overboard) are carried from ship and launch to the customs warehouse on the pier. The customs personnel "views with alarm" very ill-disguised, very unfriendly to federal enterprise.

Greed gets the better of certain braver customs spirits and Oyler must himself mount guard, gun in hand.

The British embassy protests that American agents have no right to shoot and kill under the British flag. Threats against Oyler come from every side. Oyler retains his liberty and his job. The eleven wounded prisoners do not. The sailing of the ship is held a week while the entire crew is further examined. At last the affair blows over to all but some regretful customs grafters. The King Alexander sails the seas again, her ways presumably mended for her last voyage brought schoolgirls from burning Smyrna to Vassar and Bryn Mawr.

Lately we Hearst investigators learn from a Boston Custom man that the King Alexander had not been scheduled to dock in New York. "We were expecting her here," he said. "If she'd come here, that raid wouldn't have happened. We were ready for her here."

In the beginning of this series I quoted Commissioner Blair on the increase in dope smuggling. Now I submit some figures delivered to me from the custom records of the port of San Francisco. They show

the mounting tide of narcotic smuggling in the values of custom seizures there over three years. In 1920 these seizures totaled \$78,571.90; in 1921 they rose to \$116,659.79; in 1922 they passed \$162,000.00.

Some of these smuggling ships seem as persistent as our dope pedler friends of the Underworld. The Nanking of the China Mail, in the San Francisco-Orient service, has seven times been found guilty of narcotic smuggling and the sum of her sins reduced to cash is set down at exactly \$139,639.10. Her last little difficulty arose over a trifle of 9,000 ounces of opium which canny sleuths discovered washing about the interior of a cold boiler.

I discount the picturesque fantasies of many dope litterateurs whose imaginations carry deadly drugs over borders and through custom houses in fountain pens and hollow suspender buttons. I have already said that dope smuggling on a scale compatible with profit can only be accomplished directly and with simplicity of technique. *I now explicitly define that technique as synonymous with that of corrupting the officials of the customs.*

A FEW WEEKS ago a barrel of fish broke open under customs inspection in Brooklyn. It was quite evidently one of a long series in a new dope smuggling scheme. The resident of New York to whose disguised address it had been consigned must have suffered acute disappointment. Certainly its lamentable end shocked the officials who had been paid to facilitate its admission. In spite of the lack of direct evidence, the gentleman himself and his official henchmen as well are familiar to the narcotic officials. It is unfortunate that they cannot be convicted. It is a known fact that *the same gentleman to whom it might have come, last fall, in one single consignment, received fifty thousand ounces of C. H. and M., every one of which passed through the custom house under the protection of custom officials chosen and subsidized to guard it.*

The Canadian border and the Rio Grande are similarly spotted with such crooked custom men. Dealers of Maine and Buffalo and the Dakotas never have a worry. Dealers of Montreal and Europe boast of their security. A letter which I have reproduced on page 18 certainly holds little flattery for the American protective tariff.

Wherever evasion is necessary, the smuggler has his scheme. But you can never tell where evasion to escape honest detection ends and camouflage to protect crooked coöperation begins.

One smuggler of northern New York actually trains dogs to cross the border and return, each with his allotment of ounces swung from his collar. There is the story of Roscoe Rand, a trainman on the Boston and Maine R. R. who smuggled dope from Canada into this country for thirteen years and boasted that he had made fifty thousand dollars at the game. There were three employes of the Michigan Central R. R., engineer Hickey, brakeman Fox and

baggage man Bond, all of a single crew who worked avowedly in collaboration with the customs. On regular schedule, as their homing train passed beneath a certain traffic bridge in the heart of Buffalo, they would drop suitcases of Canadian dope into the automobile of the pedler who waited for it. Only recently the Italian Vice Consul at Niagara Falls, Canada, was arrested and indicted under the Jones Miller Act for smuggling, and he made no pretense of disguising his business as he crossed the Niagara bridge.

A brilliant and unimpeded traffic goes back and forth between this country and Mexico both at El Paso and at San Diego. Sailors in every port bring cargoes ashore, on order from landlubber dealers or to take a fling at the trade for themselves. Petty officers on foreign ships do a thriving business and there are certain captains of the shipping board who live under perpetual surveillance. Italian fishermen of the west coast and Greek sponge fishers of Florida fill in the colorful detail of the smuggling picture. It is all the same in any port, on any coast line; usually easy enough to be mildly adventurous if one has no money to buy friends, quite an everyday procedure if one's friends have been persuaded to laxity.

DOPE COMES in with aigrettes, Chinese labor, booze, rejected immigrants and all the smuggler's paraphernalia. Dope is the handiest, compact as diamonds and twice as profitable. C., H., and M.,—foreign manufacture, just the right amount of adulterant, forged revenue stamps to dodge detection, forged domestic labels to stir patriotic addiction. Smuggling on that scale cannot stop for tricks, cannot succeed on any border or in any port without official connivance and a winking official eye and a greased official palm.

The alliance between dope pedler and custom house does not simplify the dope problem.

It seems incredible that any member of the police force should in the face of police intimacy with dope conditions, take money to protect dope. And yet protection is all too evidently paid and many of the law's police representatives are all too evidently willing to accept it.

I spoke last month of "Bullets," the Italian dope pedler of Harlem. According to the statement of the negro arrested with him, he paid two members of the New York Narcotic Squad twenty-five dollars a week each to protect him. According to the statement of one of the detectives of the district, these men used to stand across the street and watch "Bullets" sell, "knocking off an addict now and then to keep up appearances." Once last summer when the federal officers attempted Bullets' arrest, a policeman on post intervened, identified the federals at the top of his lungs, then walked directly across the street to where Bullets stood with two of his lieutenants and obviously warned him. *Investigators from Hearst's International were on the scene and saw this take place.*

A dope pedler named William Williams was arrested early this winter in New York and went in o custody and the press along with his autograph collection of letters from Evelyn Nesbit and Wallace Reid. Police Commissioner Simons wallowed in the publicity of the occasion. Pedler Williams walked the streets presently on \$1,000 bail.

Walked the streets to the Grand Central station and there took a train for St. Johns in Nova Scotia where he remained while the horrified policemen bewailed his duplicity with proper clamor.

Pedler Williams is back among us now. The other night he reassured one of our informants. "You needn't fight shy of me" he said. "I've got the police fixed up all right." Any officer tactless enough to disagree with this assurance, can find Mr. Williams, any night, in any of his favorite Greenwich Village resorts.

LAST MONTH I told you something of the state's evidence turned in Judge Monaghan's court in Philadelphia by the Italian pedler Cardullo. That saffron souled gentleman told still another story of his friends of the police, told of a visit he had paid to a precinct captain. "We shake hands and he says: 'Sit down. You pay a lot of money for protection. Don't you know I am boss? You pay two hundred, three hundred, four hundred dollars. You had better come across to me. I am the boss of South Philadelphia.'"

Another of Judge Monaghan's pets testified that he could hire a policeman to protect him while he gathered up his stock from ships in the harbor. Some of the officers of the force had even, on occasion, apprised him of places where dope might be stolen and had turned over to him seizures they had made on a fifty-fifty profit sharing basis.

It caused a sensation in Philadelphia when the disclosures of Judge Monaghan's court room brought about the suspension of twenty-one members of the police force. I talked with two of the suspended officers when I was in Philadelphia the other night. They felt that a deep injustice had been done them.

Small distinction for Philadelphia, this story. You cannot find a city of consequence in the United States where certain members of the police force do not ride flauntingly to infamy and fortune; on the horse of dope. I shall tell the story of Buffalo in a moment. Except for certain picturesque detail I could readily match it in Boston, where King Solomon and his henchman, Jo Valerio, pay two hundred dollars monthly to a police captain. I can match it in sleepy Louisville, in Chicago or San Francisco, or Savannah. Philadelphia suffices. Between dope and the law the ever present angel of police protection.

I have been talking lately to several of a group of addicts in New York who buy their dope exclusively from members of Commissioner Simon's force. Because I know what vengeance would follow the identification of these addicts, I shall not print their statements. It does, however, occur to me, that a lessening of the petty larceny of municipal political graft might alleviate matters narcotic. I would even go so far as to suggest that, dope being primarily a federal revenue business, the police of the country might far better lay off altogether, and leave the field to federal decency and efficiency. I am willing to make allowances for police kindness to my bootlegger. But that any officer of the law should ally himself with the kind of murderer who deals in dope, is surely an intolerable and dreadful thing.

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it the city ruled by dope. Hard by Niagara Falls, half-way between Chicago and New York, built where railroads cross and re-cross, it is as fair a meeting place for the Underworld as any city of the land. Two weeks ago federal agents working with Hearst investigators arrested more than a score of dope peddlers there in a single night.

Go back with me a year in time to the Michigan Avenue apartment of Mr. John O. White, dope king and political impresario of Buffalo's Underworld. He is a sallow, pleasant chap, soft-voiced with just a touch of the negro in his talk. You do not pick him for a man of power.

THE FEDERALS, raiding, find the city narcotic officer just concluding a friendly visit to the premises. Which visit is vaguely incriminated, upon the federal invasion a moment later, by the vision of opium pipes and ounce bottles of dope which are strewn brazenly upon the dining-room table. Before the raid is over further incrimination is supplied by telephone, the same officer calling to inquire of his friend, now handcuffed and impersonated vocally by Agent Connelly, if the federal officers whom he has seen have given him any trouble.

Later, police in the jail shrink in horror from the apparition of this arrest. Says the chief jailer: "I'll do anything you federals ask, but for God's sake don't make me turn the key on John O. White."

While they argue, the secretary of the mayor appears with confidential instructions that Mr. White shall be forthwith released.

And Mr. White, mind you, is a dope pedler.

For answer, federal authority itself turns the key and tosses it through the window.

The king is dead in Buffalo. Long live the king!

Upon the fall of John O. White and the smash of all the wide ramifications of his smuggling and selling organization of trainmen, of custom officers and local police, the brothers Dyke arise and shine. Their real name is Bellantomio, for they hail from Italy. There is Tommy who runs the Ritz Cabaret and the Thomas J. B. Dyke Association (more later) and is head of the family. There is Joe who directs the Broome Street Italian Gardens in New York. And there are Jimmie and Tony who make cigars for Dyke cigar stores in Buffalo and Cleveland and Detroit. When I told you last month of the adventures of two Hearst reporters in Jim's Spaghetti House in New York, I touched upon the Dyke dope ring. It was to Joe's establishment that the Spaghetti House group went for supplies.

And there is Johnny, the baby of the family, who indiscreetly sells dope to the government out of brother Tom's Buffalo cigar emporium and brings more disgrace upon the family name than all the shooting scrapes of former years put together.

And Buffalo awakens to the sensation of a Dyke in jail for dope.

All politics, city, county and state, rally to the defense. Federal officers are besieged and federal judges hear pleas and threats and are unmoved and the like of federal stubbornness has never been seen. *The Dykes are prominent in Tammany Hall.*

As a final blast Governor Smith is himself impressed into the Service. He may not have been willing to exert any very great pressure in behalf of this shady constituent, but he cannot politically refuse outright. He makes, at least, the gesture of intercession.

Johnny Dyke was a dope pedler. Remember that.

The newspapers get hold of a startling document, the souvenir journal of the Thomas J. B. Dyke Association. Its honorary member rôle includes the brightest and best of the political worthies of Buffalo; mayors and ex-mayors, state senators and congressmen, even the state probation officer and most of the local police. This discovery fairly rocks the community, but Federal Judge Hazel and Wild Bill Donovan, U. S. Attorney for Western New York, are enemies of dope and stand fast. Once more the dope ring of Buffalo crashes in ruins, political and criminal. The Dyke attorney, pleading on sentence day, minimizes his client's offense and inadvertently hits the nail on the head.

"There undoubtedly is a drug ring in Buffalo," he says, "but the federal authorities have not yet scratched the surface."

THE FEDERAL authorities are already in town once more and scratching for the third time.

Which the local police appear to suspect for they immediately clap the over-well-disguised Hearst investigator into jail and keep him there on charge of vagrancy.

Until that Saturday Mr. Mangano's drug store was a popular resort quite in the center of town. When Mr. Mangano himself ran for the Assembly he pointed with pride to his drug store, "the result of honest work and solid endeavor."

Both honesty and endeavor appear, that Saturday, together as some thousands of dollars' worth of unregistered narcotics. Mr. Mangano cannot believe his eyes.

He steps suavely to the telephone and in five minutes a Congressman of the United States is knocking at his door.

Suggested "arrangements" and veiled threats and many senatorial names and addresses.

Federal ears are deaf and Mr. Mangano is indicted by Attorney Donovan.

From the drug store to the Stella restaurant, a lowly eating place entirely lacking anything to eat. The lack of food is accounted for when Agent Manning leans against the wall and demolishes a cabinet, exquisitely concealed with shelf upon shelf of assorted decks, C. H., and M.

All in a spirit of good clean fun, federal authority dons cap and apron and runs the restaurant, serving customers as they come. No lack of trade.

The jest turns serious, for customers come in serious mood, the dregs of Buffalo, bluntly desperate for dope and so undiscerning that they buy it from the officers themselves and are held as witnesses in recompense.

Then suddenly, into the sniveling mob of pedlers and addicts—the police, two buxom, elderly specimens with a startled air and a feeble alibi of a rumored hold-up. After their departure, question and answer to the customers.

What do they know about the police and the Stella restaurant? And they know a good deal.

They know, for instance, that Barone the proprietor is a wild boaster on police protection. Claims to have made arrangements that addicts who quit his trade for any of his rivals must return or be arrested. Can guarantee safety to the faithful. Has been heard to defy a police captain who warned a young girl against the goings on of the joint and advertises the payment of four hundred dollars monthly to a certain officer.

THE ABOVE young girl deposes and swears to the presence of municipal police in the pocket edition dining-room while she wrangled last Christmas over the price per ounce of her Christmas dope.

Which, in all conscience, might have been evidence enough but for Agent Mellon's visit to the soft drink parlor innocently named "The Ace in the Hole." Spica the proprietor mistakes federals for police. The federals want the dope. Plaintive expostulations. "You've got the money out of the till and now you want the stuff too? Be reasonable. I can't pay shake downs every week."

The dope is found—ounce boxes of it—quaintly sharing the baby's crib with the baby.

Rumors leak out in Buffalo and police chieftains run to confer with Agent Oyler and Attorney Donovan. Mr. Donovan prophesies concretely, and ruthlessly: "If you don't clean your police force up yourselves, by God, I'll do it for you."

Colonel Donovan and his federal associates do clean it up. The narcotic squad of the police has changed personnel. The new one is working under federal direction and is obtaining results. So Buffalo is set to rights in the matter of dope. The concentration of federal energy, plus a little extra money, turned the trick. The pity is it cannot be turned more often. The lesson might well be learned by many other cities blocked in the vicious circle of police and dope alliance. Particularly would I commend it to New York.

All these things to tell you how authority may obstruct authority where dope is the issue. But, above all, dope grins out upon the world through the loopholes in dope law itself.

Federal law accounts easily for the dope pedler and in spite of its small man power and extreme poverty, has worked disciplinary wonders on the narcotic wholesalers.

A year ago, the great narcotic manufacturers could shift dope about with impunity on any kind of government order-form, whether genuine or forged. And any man could register as a wholesaler and in those good old days draw unlimited pads of order blanks and safely call the sky his limit in the business of buying or selling dope. By virtue of working twenty-four hours a day, the New York federal men have, in two years, reduced illegal wholesale transfers in their districts from a total of two hundred thousand ounces in 1919, to a total of zero in the present year.

But the law is strangely careless about its registrants. The suggestion that the

heroes of criminal records be forbidden the right to deal in narcotics looks to the law like a very radical departure.

The law likes order forms and regulations to be as vague and intricate as possible. The law makes miserly appropriation for its enforcement and pays its agents salaries which commit them to the choice between asceticism and corruption.

The law can arrest addicts for possession of drugs but it cannot cure them of the need for drugs.

I have already said that the federal law as it stands not only fails to reduce drug addiction but directly fosters the pedler's trade and the panacea cure. You may deal with dope as a criminal problem until doomsday but you will never eliminate it by criminal prosecution alone.

The law is a revenue measure and no more and *if you aim to cure a social disease, you must do more than stick stamps on it.*

Clear the criminal prosecution of the dope traffic of all these hurdles and obstructions, rid it of graft and set it sanely above the present legal hodge-podge of footnotes and loopholes.

MAKE A law with more of a social conscience than a nose for unpaid taxes. Endow it with dignity by severing it from the indignity of the prohibition administration. Deliver it from the clutches of bribery by providing it with an adequate financial basis. Equip it with more men and pay them better salaries and give it decent hospitalization for its use and you may get somewhere near the effacement of dope from the map of God's country.

I heard Ralph Oyler talking the other day to an addict. "I can't commit you to a cure," he said. "There's no such thing."

A federal agent makes what seems to him a canny suggestion for supplementing the Harrison Act. That is a bill which will, at federal expense, erect a series of sanatoriums for the treatment of drug addiction and will divide the cost of upkeep with the states whose addicts profit by the treatment. If the government retains supervision and if proper doctors can be found to assume direction, this is a good idea. But I contend that it is above all important to keep dope regulation a federal monopoly and to find the right doctors with the right ideas. State and municipal politics are bad leaders in this highly profitable and very serious business, and doctors, from all I can conclude, are chiefly notable for their ignorance about it.

Well, teach the law to distinguish between doctors. The present situation seems to have made cowards of most of them and fanatics and opportunists of the rest. That only robs the dope question of its single scientific answer.

"I submit," says Mr. Crim of the Department of Justice, "that any solution of the drug problem must have for its basis a demonstrable policy of the medical profession."

Clean up the law and then call in the doctor.

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It's just AS I said or It's just LIKE I said
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I WOULD like to go or I SHOULD like to go
I LAID down to rest or I LAY down to rest
Divide it AMONG the three or Divide it BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD or The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one or You will ONLY FIND one
Between you and I or Between you and ME
2. How do you say
evening EV-en-ing or EVE-ning
ascertain as-cer-TAIN or as-CER-tain
hospitable HOS-pi-ta-ble or hos-PIT-able
abdomen AB-do-men or ab-DO-men
mayorality MAY-or-al-ty or may-OR-al-ty
amenable a-ME-na-ble or a-MEN-able
acclimate AC-climate or ac-CLI-mate
profound PRO-found or pro-FOUND
beneficiary ben-e-fi-shEE-ary or ben-e-FISH-ary
culinary CUL-i-na-ry or CU-li-na-ry
3. Do you spell it
calendAr or calendEr repEtition or repItition
recElve or recIve sepArate or sepErate
ReprElve or reprIve aComodate or aCComModate
donkEYS or donkIES traffICing or traffCKing
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Answers

- 1
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one
Between you and me
- 2
EVE-ning
as-cer-TAIN
HOS-pi-ta-ble
ab-DO-men
MAY-or-al-ty
a-ME-na-ble
ac-CLI-mate
pro-FOUND
ben-e-FISH-ary
CU-li-na-ry
- 3
calendar
receive
reprove
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
accommodate
trafficking
accessible

In the next article Mr. Howara will describe the addict himself, rich and poor, the nature of his addiction and of his struggle against it. See Hearst's International for May, ready April 20th.

H. G. Wells's Novel of Utopia—Continued from page 61

Men Like Gods



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Utopia was very little different from the ordinary energetic and able people of a later stone age or early bronze age community. They were infinitely better nourished, trained and educated, and mentally and physically their condition was clean and fit, but they were the same flesh and nature as we are.

"But," said Mr. Barnstaple, and struggled with that idea for a time. "Do you mean to tell me that half the babies born on earth today might grow to be such gods as these people I meet?"

"Given our air, given our atmosphere."

"Given your heritage."

"Given our freedom."

IN THE past of Utopia, in the Age of Confusion, Mr. Barnstaple had to remember everyone had grown up with a crippled or a thwarted will, hampered by vain restrictions or misled by plausible delusions. Utopia still bore it in mind that human nature was fundamentally animal and savage and had to be adapted to social needs, but Utopia had learnt the better methods of adaptation—after endless failures of compulsion, cruelty and deception. "On Earth we tame our animals with hot irons and our fellow men by violence and fraud," said Mr. Barnstaple, and described the school and books, newspapers and public discussions of the early twentieth century to his incredulous companion.

The daily texture of Utopian life was woven of various and interesting foods and drinks, of free and entertaining exercise and work, of sweet sleep and of the interest and happiness of fearless and spiteless love-making. Inhibition was at a minimum. But where the power of Utopian education began was after the animal had been satisfied and disposed of.

The jewel on the reptile's head that had brought Utopia out of the confusions of human life, was curiosity, the play impulse, prolonged and expanded in adult life into an insatiable appetite for knowledge and an habitual creative urgency. All Utopians had become as little children, learners and makers.

It was strange to hear this boy speaking so plainly and clearly of the educational process to which he was being subjected, and particularly to find he could talk so frankly of love.

An Earthly bashfulness almost prevented Mr. Barnstaple from asking: "But you—you do not make love?"

"I have had curiosities," said the boy. "But it is not necessary nor becoming to make love too early in life nor to let desire take hold of one. It weakens youth to become too early possessed by desire—which often will not leave one again. It spoils and cripples the imagination. I want to do good work as my father has done before me."

Crystal was still of an age to be proud of his savoir-faire. He showed Mr. Barnstaple his books and told him of his tutors and exercises.

Utopia still made use of printed books;

books were still the simplest, clearest way of bringing statement before a tranquil mind. Crystal's books were very beautifully bound in flexible leather that his mother had tooled for him very prettily, and they were made of hand-made paper.

Only after nine or ten did the child go outside the garden of its early growth and begin to see the ordinary ways of the world. Until that age the care of the children was largely in the hands of nurses and teachers, but after that time the parents became more of a factor than they had been in a youngster's life. It was always a custom for the parents of a child to be near and to see that child in its nursery days, but just when earthly parents tended to separate from their children as they went away to school or went into business, Utopian parentage grew to be something closer.

There was an idea in Utopia that between parent and child there was a necessary temperamental sympathy; children looked forward to the friendship and company of their parents and parents looked forward to the interest of their children's adolescence, and though a parent had practically no power over a son or daughter, he or she took naturally the position of advocate, adviser and sympathetic friend. The friendship was all the franker and closer because of that lack of power, and all the easier because age for age the Utopians were so much younger and fresher minded than Earthlings. Crystal it seemed had a very great passion for his mother. He was very proud of his father, who was a wonderful painter and designer. But it was his mother who possessed the boy's heart.

ON his second walk with Mr. Barnstaple he said he was going to hear from his mother, and Mr. Barnstaple was shown the equivalents of correspondence in Utopia. Crystal carried a little bundle of wires and light rods; and presently coming to a place where a pillar stood in the midst of a lawn, he spread this affair out like a long cat's cradle and tapped a little stud in the pillar with a key that he carried on a light gold chain about his neck. Then he took up the receiver attached to his apparatus, and spoke aloud and listened and presently he heard a voice.

It was a very pleasant woman's voice; it talked to Crystal for a time without interruption and then Crystal talked back and afterwards there were other voices, some of which Crystal answered and some of which he heard without replying. Then he gathered up his apparatus again.

This Mr. Barnstaple learnt was the Utopian equivalent of letter and telephone. For in Utopia except by previous arrangement people do not talk together on the telephone. A message is sent to the station of the district in which the recipient is known to be, and there it waits until he chooses to tap his accumulated messages. And any that one wishes to repeat can be repeated. Then he talks back to the sender and despatches

any other message he wishes. The transmission is wireless. The little pillars supply electric power for transmission or for any other purpose the Utopians require. For example the gardeners resort to them to run their mowers and diggers and rakes and rollers.

Far away across the valley Crystal pointed out the district station at which this correspondence gathered and was dispersed. Only a few people were on duty there; almost all the connections were automatic. The messages came and went from any part of the planet.

This set Mr. Barnstaple going upon a long string of questions.

He discovered for the first time that the message organization of Utopia had a complete knowledge of the whereabouts of every soul upon the planet. It had a record of every living person and it knew in what message district he was. Everyone was indexed and noted.

TO MR. BARNSTAPLE, accustomed to the crudities and dishonesties of earthly governments, this was an almost terrifying discovery. "On earth that would be the means of unending blackmail and tyranny," he said. "Everyone would lie open to espionage. We had a fellow at Scotland Yard. If he had been in your communication department he would have made life in Utopia impossible in a week. You cannot imagine the nuisance he was."

Every young Utopian had to learn the Five Principles of Liberty, without which civilization is impossible. The first was

the Principle of Privacy. This is that all individual personal facts are private between the citizen and the public organization to which he entrusts them, and can be used only for his convenience and with his sanction. Of course all such facts are available for statistical uses but not as individual personal facts.

The second principle is the Principle of Free Movement. A citizen, subject to the due discharge of his public obligations, may go without permission or explanation to any part of the Utopian planet. All the means of transport are freely at his service. Every Utopian may change his surroundings, his climate and his social atmosphere as he will.

The third principle is the Principle of Unlimited Knowledge. All that is known in Utopia, except individual personal facts about living people, is on record and as easily available as a perfected series of indices, libraries, museums and inquiry offices can make it. Whatever the Utopian desires to know he may know with the utmost clearness, exactness and facility so far as his powers of knowing and his industry go. Nothing is kept from him and nothing is misrepresented to him. And that brought Mr. Barnstaple to the Fourth Principle of Liberty, which was that Lying is the Blackest Crime.

Crystal's definition of lying was a sweeping one; the inexact statement of facts, even the suppression of a material fact was lying.

"Where there are lies there cannot be freedom."

[To be continued]

Had the other Earthlings been destroyed or had they passed on to some other dimension? And what will be the fate of Mr. Barnstaple, the only surviving Earthling left in Utopia?
See Hearst's International for May, ready April 20th.

"Go and Sin Some More"

Frank A. Lord's Analysis of the Prison System—From page 87

obtain tobacco or some articles of food not on the regular prison fare. When you have worked long enough to persuade the warden that you are competent and painstaking and generally obedient to prison discipline, you can get on a train on Friday afternoon, in your old clothes, which will be sent to you, go down to New York, and visit your mother, your wife, or such relatives as you have. You will go without a keeper, and you will return at eight o'clock Sunday night."

Under the present procedure, when a man is locked up in his cell at night, what on earth has he to think of? His period of confinement is so long that he counts it in years. He has no more definite idea of what seven years is than a child has of what a billion dollars is.

Take the other way, our way. At night, going to bed, he says to himself: "twenty-nine days from tonight I go home," "twenty-eight days," "twenty-seven days," "three days," "tomorrow." He looks at himself in the glass the night before; he shaves with extreme care, he goes to the barber, he brushes his clothes, he cleans his shoes, he goes to the glass again, and looks for lines in his face which once may not have been there. He sees with satisfaction that

the whites of his eyes are whiter than he ever saw them. He wonders how his mother will receive him, or his wife, or his kid sister. He clutches in his hand \$32.60, his cash savings over and above the amounts which he has periodically sent home. He leaves the prison.

In the windows other prisoners watch, wave their hands and yell. "Good luck. Don't forget to come back, Bill. Give my regards to Central Park." He gets off the train at Grand Central Station. He looks at the clock, and finds that if he hurries he can get to a department store in time before it closes. He buys cloth for a dress for his mother, or something bright to make curtains of. The gray of the prison has got on his nerves and it occurs to him that there had been gray in his home. He picks up a doll for his sister, and thus laden he walks up three flights of stairs and knocks on the door. All hugs and kisses. He's home. He gives out the little presents: "I earned these."

When he took home the presents he had earned he went farther up than he ever dreamed he could go. At nine o'clock again the slamming of the cell door.

The prison is full of germs, germs that eat the spirit and destroy it, break the will and



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consume it, but this time it's different. For three days he has taken a virus, an anti-toxin, an inducement, a motivation, an incentive, or whatever they are calling it now.

In the course of time the warden comes to him and says: "The foreman of your room tells me that you are good enough to earn eight dollars a day at your trade. Why should we keep you here? You have learned to walk by trying your legs. You have been going and coming, going and coming. This time you can go and you needn't come back." It isn't the old pulpit cry of "Go and sin no more." It's "Go, and do something else. We have taught you how to do it, and you have shown that you want to do it."

IT MAY be said that with open windows in the barracks and temporary freedom from state's prison the inmate or the convicted prisoner will escape and not come back. Most of the so-called criminal classes have very few friends. Many of them, had they had friends, would never have committed a crime. They were boys who walked alone to school because nobody wanted to walk with them. At recess they stood around alone because nobody wanted to play with them. The few friends they have they would never willingly surrender. They live on Manhattan Island. They live in a given neighborhood. That neighborhood is their city, their county, their state and nation. They would rather divide their life equally between that neighborhood and Sing Sing than spend all of it in a distant place.

One of the most uncomfortable statuses ever visited on a human being is that of being a fugitive. Hundreds of fugitives give themselves up to the New York police every year, although they come from a place of comparative obscurity to do so. Others, coming home to aged mothers, are seized at the bedroom door. And others come home because they heard that their girl was warming up to another fellow, and they are seized at the door of her house. Others, born in a city, must live in a city, and while fugitive from New York committed a crime in Seattle, Omaha, or Atlanta. They are taken for a crime on Monday and on Wednesday the mail-opening detective at Police Headquarters says audibly, "Hello, I see they've got Jim Oddo down in Atlanta. If they settle him there let the Georgia taxpayers take care of him, but if they don't settle him we'll have to send for him."

If a man who escaped from the state of New York is never heard of again the state of New York is not endangered by his liberty and if he pursues a life of crime

in another state he will be caught, and if under another name in another land he pursues an honest living I personally could shed no tears over his absence. The number who would escape would be so much smaller than reasonable anticipation that the public would receive a new and agreeable evidence that the man convicted of crime is as honorable in some respects, at least, as his pursuer.

My first acquaintance with criminals was made when I was a prosecutor in the New York district attorney office. For four years it was my business to present evidence secured by the police and submit it to courts and juries. Later, but after an interval of years, I was in charge of the detective bureau of New York City and was thus engaged in directing the obtaining of evidence against, yes, many thousands, of men charged with the commission of felonies.

For a period of nearly three years I was a member of the Parole Commission of New York City, which commission determined the periods of imprisonment for some 4,000 or 5,000 convicts, men and women, in each year. While a parole commissioner I interviewed personally some 2,000 prisoners a year. The facts and circumstances of the crime were before me in writing. The prisoner's explanation I got orally from him.

With all the tremendous effort that has been made to rebuild the criminal, the results which I have been able to observe directly have been practically negligible. The effort has been great, but nothing happened. A small boy thinks he is shaking an apple tree, but the apple tree is really shaking him. Nothing falls to the ground unless it's the boy.

WE HAVE been treating crime as a mere hangnail of the body-politic; exclaiming "poor finger" and using pretty words and a manicure set when major instruments are required. Let the prisoners go home at intervals. They will come back to prison stronger with hope and growing gratitude. The prisoners on the inside will be hostages for those on the outside. If a prisoner doesn't return, let the warden announce that the scheduled visits home of other prisoners will be postponed one month, or until the return of the faithless prisoner. Instantly the forces which have always operated against the state will, with their wonderful secret service, join the People of the State of New York in a potent and far-reaching hue and cry. If the plan proposed be adopted, we shall instil hope and ambition in the place of fear and resentment.

The Play of the Month—Continued from page 95

Rain

other members of the party came in—last of all Davidson who was present when Bates left to return to the Orduna which was sailing at once. So he had his first sight of Sadie and his keen moralist mind immediately classified her as a former member of Honolulu's red light district; not that he had seen her there, but he

declared, "I know the look of Iweili. She is as clearly out of Iweili as though the fact were written in scarlet letters on her brow." So when the music and the dancing were resumed in Sadie's room he felt obliged to interfere.

DAVIDSON—I am not going to have this house turned into a brothel. I am

going to stop it. (He flings open Sadie's door and enters.)

MCPHAIL—Isn't it rather rash of him to go in now?

(Sounds of shouting in Sadie's room—a scream from Sadie and Mr. Davidson is heard saying, "Scarlet woman." There is the sound of a general fight and then Mr. Davidson is hurled into the room by O'Hara.)

O'HARA—There. If you know what's good for you, you'll stay out.

SADIE—The next time you come into a lady's room get someone to introduce you.

Ten days later the relations between Sadie and the other stranded inmates of Joe Horn's home have become distinctly strained. Mr. Davidson has made every effort to curb the girl's "doings," but without entire success. McPhail and Horn, in discussing the problem decided that, in spite of Sadie's assumption of indifference, she was scared. Her chief fear was of being returned to the United States. Davidson had been busy about that. He had seen the governor and of this move Sadie had learned. Sadie's condition of loneliness and fright became apparent when she interrupted the talk between Horn and McPhail:

SADIE—Evening, everybody. My the merry weather sure does carry on, doesn't it? You don't mind, do you, seeing we're alone, if I sit down with you boys and have a little chat?

HORN—Sure, sit down. Light up.

SADIE—(lights cigarette) Thanks. You haven't seen that marine Sergeant, I call him Handsome, anywhere around, have you?

HORN—No, he hasn't been around today.

SADIE—I just wanted to ask him something. If you do see him ask him to drop around this evening.

HORN—You know what I said to you last night. As friend to friend, savvy? I'd go slow on company for a few days.

SADIE—I see. Until Reverend Davidson recovers his dignity, eh?

HORN—Miss Thompson, I'd be careful.

SADIE—God give me strength! If that old sin buster minds his own business I'll mind mine, but if he's looking for trouble I'll see he gets it plenty.

THAT was Sadie's attitude when she fled to her room before the arrival of the women and Mr. Davidson. Alone with Sadie, Davidson attempted to win her to repentance but Sadie was not easily influenced. At last he flatly accused her:

DAVIDSON—Sadie Thompson, you are an evil woman. You have come here only to carry your infamy to other places. You are a harlot out of Iweili.

SADIE—You're a liar. Who do you think you are, calling me names? You listen to me: you lay off or it will be the worse for you, see?

It was obvious to everyone except Davidson that the strife between him and Sadie had passed the bounds of a religious controversy and had become a personal conflict. In such a fight Sadie must lose. The powerful missionary could crush her and he at once set about coercing the governor to gain his ends. When O'Hara appeared Sadie told him of her troubles and this led to a near-love scene in which O'Hara urged Sadie to give up the idea of going to Apia and take a boat for Sidney, where he had a



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Things We Have Always Known

The recent business condition has brought to the forefront of thought many fundamental considerations that have always been known but have been damned with faint praise.

Human nature in the mass is very much like human nature in the individual. One of its dominant characteristics has been summed up in the observation, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry." We never appreciate fundamental things until we have occasion to do without them.

This observation has a special application to the Demand of the public for the products of industry. While the Demand was at high tide and everybody was busy trying to supply that Demand at a profit no one, seemingly, gave a thought to where the Demand came from, how long it might last, or what would happen if it should fail. We merely assumed the permanent existence of the Demand, just as we assume the presence of water, air, and fire.

But a day came when Demand began to subside, and in many industries it came almost to a full stop. And then we missed it, and realized, as never before,

what an important thing it was. And we began to inquire where it came from in the first place, and how it might be restored.

We always knew—everybody knew—that Desire for things made a Demand for them in the market. That people desired things we accepted as an elemental fact. But when we discovered that Desire fluctuated we began to appreciate that Desire, as we know it, is a thing created by the art of man. It is a highly specialized form of an elemental need—just as a Louis XVI chair is made out of a tree.

This discovery led to another equally important discovery that the means of refining and specializing that Desire was Advertising. The gigantic work that has been accomplished by modern advertising now stands out in bold relief. It has been the means by which the refinements of civilization have been made known and made desirable, and this desire has been made into Demand. It is simple fact that a million profitable forms of industrial activity owe their very existence to the fact that Advertising upheld the standards of living which in turn provided the demand for their products.

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friend who wanted him to go into partnership with him as soon as O'Hara could get out of the navy.

O'HARA—If you do go to Sidney, Sadie, I'll be hoving in sight in a few weeks. Not that that might mean so much to you, maybe.

SADIE—I haven't got so many friends, Handsome, but what I could do with one more. But, say, have they any kids, those friends of yours in Sidney?

O'HARA—Yeah, they got two. How about it?

SADIE—Sure. Why not? I guess no one can stop me. Sure, Handsome, I'll go to Sidney.

O'HARA—(native enters with a letter) It's for you.

SADIE—For me? Who's sending me a letter? It's—it's from the governor's office!

O'HARA—Better open it.

SADIE—Listen to this: "It has been brought to the attention of the Governor that your presence in Pago-Pago is not best for the public good. An order of deportation has therefore been issued in compliance with which you will leave this island on the first boat. A passage from this port to San Francisco on the S. S. Cumberland, leaving Pago-Pago on the sixth will be procured for you, and a sufficient sum of money for the necessities of the journey will be given you." He's going to send me back to Frisco! I won't go back to Frisco—there's a reason I can't tell you. I've got some rights haven't I?

O'HARA—Now don't get nervous. Go see the Governor right away yourself. Ask him as a favor to let you stay here until the Sidney boat goes. That'll only mean three or four days more. I'll go with you.

As they were going out Davidson entered and Sadie could not resist giving him

a piece of her mind. "You dirty two-faced mut," she cried. "I'll bet when you were a kid you caught flies and pulled their wings off just to see 'em wriggle while you read 'em a Sunday school lesson. You'd tear the heart out of your grandmother if she didn't think your way and tell her you were saving her soul." All of which, of course, could hardly be expected to help her cause. She failed with the governor.

Four days later she had yielded her will to Davidson, confessed, repented and made ready to expiate her sins. She was now convinced that it was necessary for her to return to San Francisco and when O'Hara appeared and urged her to escape and win her way to Sidney, she received his proposal coldly.

O'HARA—You're not going back to San Francisco. You're leaving in a few minutes for the Samarkind Islands where you'll wait for the boat to Sidney.

SADIE—I can't do it. I'm going through with what I've got to go through with.

O'HARA—Are you afraid of Davidson? He'll never get hold of you again.

SADIE—No, no. That isn't it at all. It would be awful hard for me to make you understand what's come over me. I can't understand it myself.

O'HARA—Sadie, this stuff ain't making you happy. You ain't yourself. You've got to come with me.

SADIE—You don't understand. I've got to go back and serve my time—I've got to be punished for the life I've led.

But O'Hara was insistent and with the help of two of his friends he was ready to carry Sadie off at once, but the girl screamed for Mr. Davidson and the missionary appeared in time to save her from her friends.

Late the same night Sadie came from

her room crying for Mr. Davidson. She was terrified and needed him to pray with her. When he appeared, he relented toward the girl. "You don't have to go back," he told her. "From now on you will be strong. You are one of the daughters of the King, radiant, beautiful." In this mood, and obviously under strong emotional strain, he went into Sadie's room to pray with her. . . . The next morning there was much excitement around the trader's home. Mr. Davidson, had gone down to the beach and cut his throat. McPhail was called and the women and in the midst of it, Sadie was heard playing her phonograph, though she had not played it for days. Mrs. Davidson was returning from the shore and it was necessary that someone should stop the phonograph. Horn started to do so as Sadie came out of her room, but she stopped him:

SADIE—Stay out of that room, old Horn. That phonograph stays on.

O'HARA—(who has just arrived) Sadie, something has happened.

SADIE—Yes, you're right; something has happened. You men are all alike. Pigs, pigs! I wouldn't trust any of you.

O'HARA—Sadie!

SADIE—No offense to you in that last remark, old Pal; and I'm going to Sidney if that invitation still holds good.

O'HARA—You bet it does—Sadie, Davidson has killed himself.

SADIE—So he killed himself. Then I can forgive him. I thought the joke was on me. I see it wasn't.

MRS. DAVIDSON (enters with McPhail)—I understand, Miss Thompson. I am sorry for him—and I am sorry for you.

SADIE—I guess I'm sorry for everybody in the world. Life is a quaint present from somebody, there's no doubt about that.

[Curtain]

☞ Damon Runyon's Character Sketch of a World Champion—From page 69

The Real Jack Dempsey

Cripple Creek, Colorado, five years before, and that was big money for Dempsey then.

I doubt if Dempsey ever felt the slightest rancor against a ring opponent, before or after a battle, unless it be Fred Fulton, the long plasterer from Minnesota. Dempsey beat Fulton in a single round and Fulton afterwards intimated that the fight was a "fake." Dempsey felt that this was an uncalled for reflection upon his ability.

THE PERSON Dempsey might have been expected to keenly dislike is Georges Carpentier, the Frenchman, if only for the reason that Carpentier had most of the public sympathy when he met Dempsey.

Yet Dempsey has a real fondness for Carpentier. They met, casually, before the fight. They met afterwards in this country, and again in England. Dempsey was at the ringside when Carpentier fought Ted-Kid Lewis, and they held up proceedings while they chattered, Carpentier, in his corner in ring togs, Dempsey from his seat in evening attire.

Following the fight, Georges and Jack

knocked about London together, comrades in quest of pleasure. Dempsey speaks no French, Carpentier speaks little English, but they seemed to get along nicely.

Dempsey always talks admiringly of Carpentier's pugilistic ability. Even before the battle he took the Frenchman more seriously than some of his closest advisers. Experts who saw Carpentier in training at his Manhasset camp went to Dempsey's quarters at Atlantic City with tales that the Frenchman was "a joke."

"That's all right about him being a joke," Dempsey remarked to the writer on the Boardwalk one evening a week before the fight. "I've been studying his record, and from the way he knocks 'em over he can't be much of a joke. No man who can hit like he must be able to hit is any joke. Don't be surprised if he knocks me down a couple of times, but I'll get up again!"

Along toward the latter part of 1916, the Dempsey fortunes were at very low ebb, indeed. Jack had picked up a local reputation, but not money, in a number of hard fights in Utah, and Nevada.

Dempsey finally made his way eastward,

landing in New York and making a couple of fights there that attracted passing notice—but only passing.

DEMPSEY was then about twenty-one. He had lived hard. He had rubbed against the rough edges of life. He lacked friends and judicial counsel, and was desperate for money. We find him engaging in the ring event I have mentioned which went against him by knockout.

He met Jim Flynn, "The Fighting Fireman," a famous old gladiator of his time, and Dempsey went to the floor and was counted out on the very first punch.

It was later admitted that this was a fake, a larcenous endeavor to divest the trusting Utahans who might wish to back Dempsey with their money. Dempsey was paid \$300 for his part in it. He had the money tucked away inside his trunks when he took the fall. He would not trust anyone to handle it for him.

Dempsey was always frankly ashamed of this incident, and took it out on Flynn at the earliest opportunity. He beat Jim

in one round some months afterwards.

With the money from the fake, Dempsey went to San Francisco. Then, as now, the boxing was limited to four rounds, and in four rounds a man must travel at high speed to make a showing. Dempsey, slow and lumbering, tried his hands at these sprints, and the spectators laughed.

He could get no more pugilistic employment, and presently he was again broke. Then he got a job working in a shipyard, and it was about this period that Jack Kearns came into his life.

Kearns, a dapper, knowing fellow, with years of experience in the boxing game as fighter, promoter, and manager, was at that time managing "Red" Watson, a lightweight of sorts, now, alas, meditating in the cloisters of San Quentin prison for some peccadillo or other. Dempsey showed up occasionally around the gymnasium where Red was training, and worked with him.

ONE EVENING, in the days before near beer, Kearns and Dempsey met in a way-side tavern. Dempsey had a pay check for twenty-five dollars. The Kearns exchange was quite, quite exhausted.

Dempsey began buying beer on the evening in question, as the lawyers have it, and he kept on buying it. He must have noted a certain reserve in the matter of reciprocity on Mr. Kearns' part, because he finally whispered:

"Broke?"

Kearns nodded.

"Here, take this," said Dempsey, offering Kearns just half of his bankroll.

"You know," said Kearns, afterwards, "I didn't really have any idea that big guy could fight from what I'd seen of him with Watson, but he made such a hit with me by offering to cut his bankroll that the next time he came to the gymnasium I began looking him over."

It is said that Kearns and Dempsey have divided their money on a fifty-fifty basis from the beginning of their association. Perhaps Dempsey fixed the division that very night.

At the time Kearns met Dempsey, the latter was pretty much disgusted with the boxing game, and had practically decided to quit. He was as green as grass, painfully slow, and had suffered many disappointments. The first thing Kearns did with him was to teach the big fellow to step around a little, and presently Dempsey was picking up in speed, and footwork.

He was always able to hit hard with his right hand, but he did not know how to use his left. Boxing experts will tell you that a good fighter must have a good left hand. Kearns lashed Dempsey's right arm to his side, then set two, and sometimes three little boxers to pecking at Dempsey at the same time.

Dempsey had to keep his head bobbing to avoid their punches, and from this came that peculiar weaving motion he employs in battle. He also had to use his left hand to defend himself, and soon he had developed a fair left. Kearns then began matching him against the best of the four rounders in San Francisco, and before long Dempsey was picking up a bit of a reputation.

He had not gone very far on the road to fame, however, when America entered the big war. He had no money, and was contributing to the support of his family.

He registered for the draft and was placed in a deferred class. I am not volunteering this testimony. It was afterwards brought out in court.

As the months went on, Dempsey's fame increased, and he became a recognized contender for the heavyweight title. He began hop-scotching about the country appearing at boxing shows at his own expense for the soldier funds. Willard was then the champion, and Dempsey offered to fight Willard for the benefit of the funds but he claims Willard declined.

The war over, Dempsey met Jess Willard at Toledo, and won the championship of the world. He was then but twenty-three years old. Overnight, so to speak, he became a species of king, and the center of a mad hullabaloo, with money fairly raining down on him.

Before he had held the title long, criticism of him as a military slacker began to be heard. The criticism kept growing, it became a veritable campaign, encouraged, if not actually promoted by some of Dempsey's jealous pugilistic rivals.

The thing finally culminated in Dempsey's indictment by a Federal court in San Francisco on a charge of evading the draft regulations. The case was fought out there, with all the attendant publicity, and a jury decided that Dempsey was innocent.

If you meet Dempsey after seeing him in a ring battle, a ruthless, relentless figure of fury, you get a distinct shock when you hear his voice. It is a high thin voice, almost effeminate. It is quite disconcerting to hear that voice coming from a brawny, deep-barreled six-footer when you had been expecting a low rumble.

When I first knew him, Jack was inclined to be quite bashful, especially with women, but he has gained assurance of late years. He can make himself very agreeable to both women and men, and he delights in producing a good impression.

At a dinner party he has a knack of quickly learning what his neighbors are interested in, and drawing them out on their favorite topics.

I WOULD NOT attempt to picture Dempsey as an intellectual giant. I think much of his restlessness is due to the fact that he has no mental diversion, that he is all animal energy. He is constantly under a nervous tension. I think he is happiest when he is training for a fight, and once he told me that the only moment when he felt perfectly tranquil was when the opening bell of battle rang in his ears.

In his room, or when he is traveling, he cannot sit perfectly still. He is up and down, back and forth, like a caged wild beast. If he has a friend around handy, Dempsey is apt to take hold of him any minute, and wrestle him around some.

Both in England and in France the newspapers commented at length on his boyish appearance, his eagerness, and his modesty. This last cannot be exaggerated.

"Why should I be swelled up?" he says. "They're not making a fuss over Jack Dempsey. They're making a fuss over the champion of the world. Wait till I get hit on the chin and see."

"You expect to get hit on the chin then some day?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "They all do. That's something you can't get away from. My time will come like all the rest."

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